THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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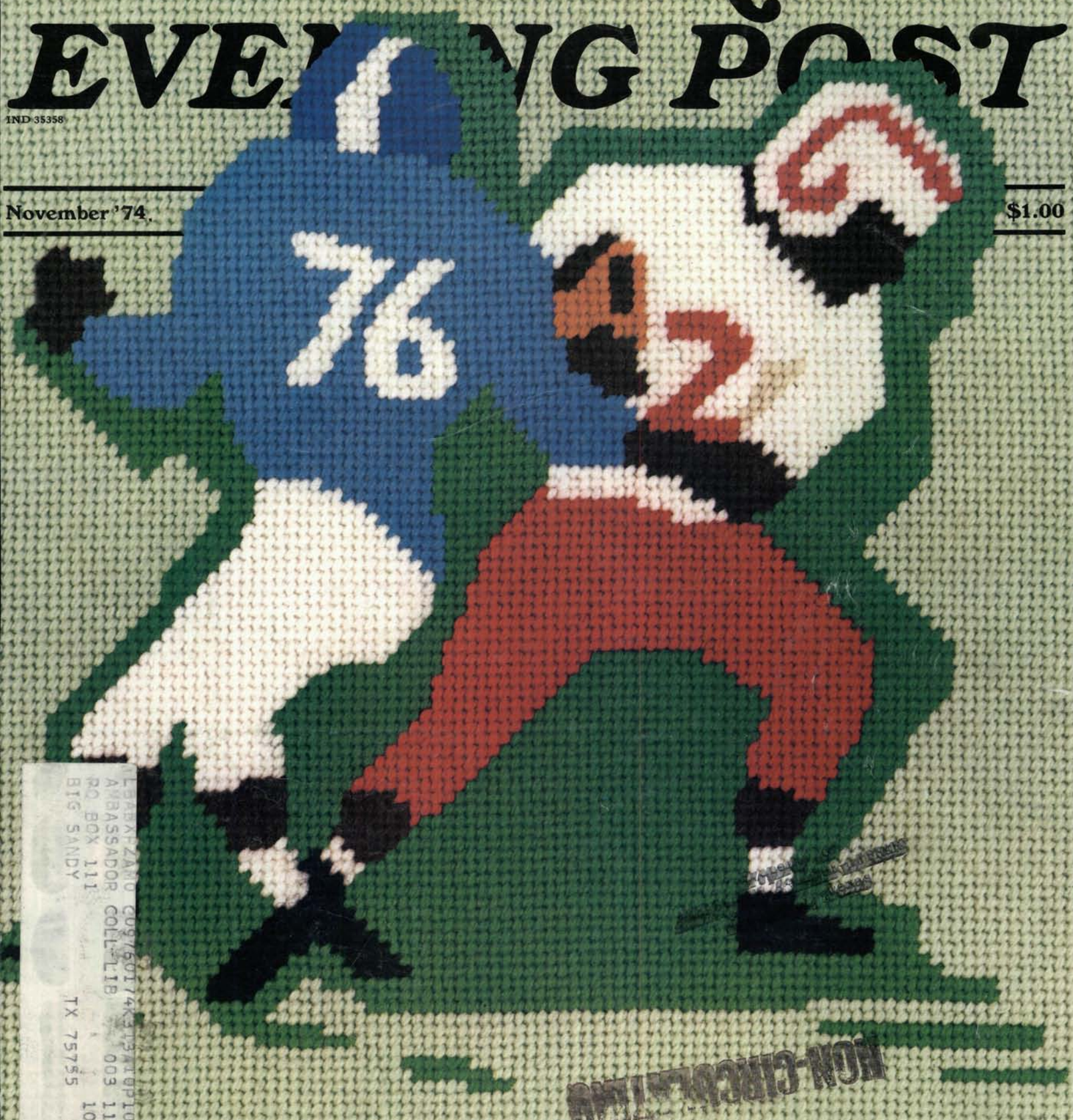

NON-CIRCULATING

Roosevelt Grier's Needlepoint

Jim Murray on the Los Angeles Rams

Our Air Force by Senator Goldwater

Russia: 1974-Style

Booming, Blooming Atlanta

Winston Churchill: American Hero

Bowling's Big Spare-Time Strike

The Grand Jury and You

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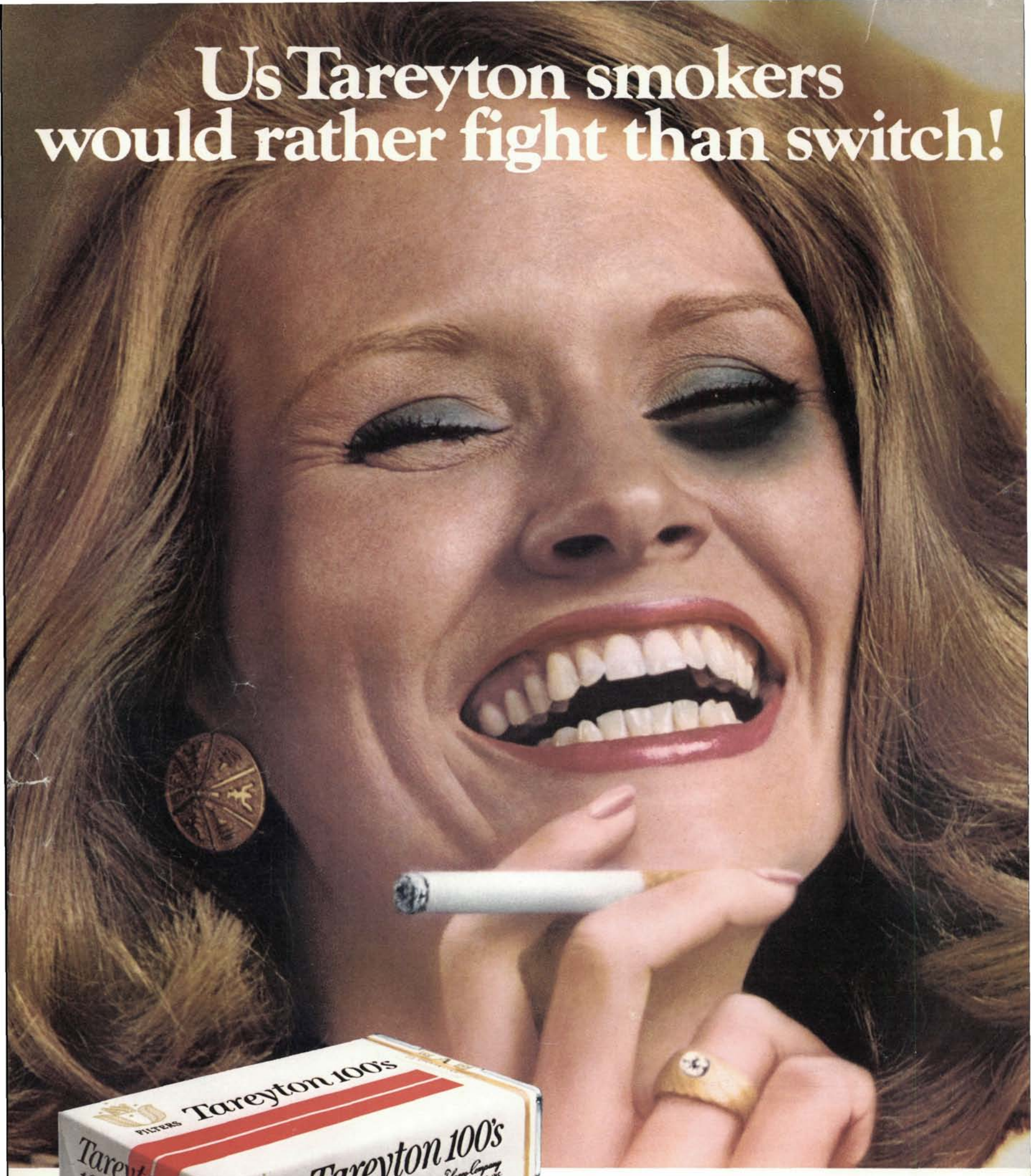
Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why
Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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100 mm: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

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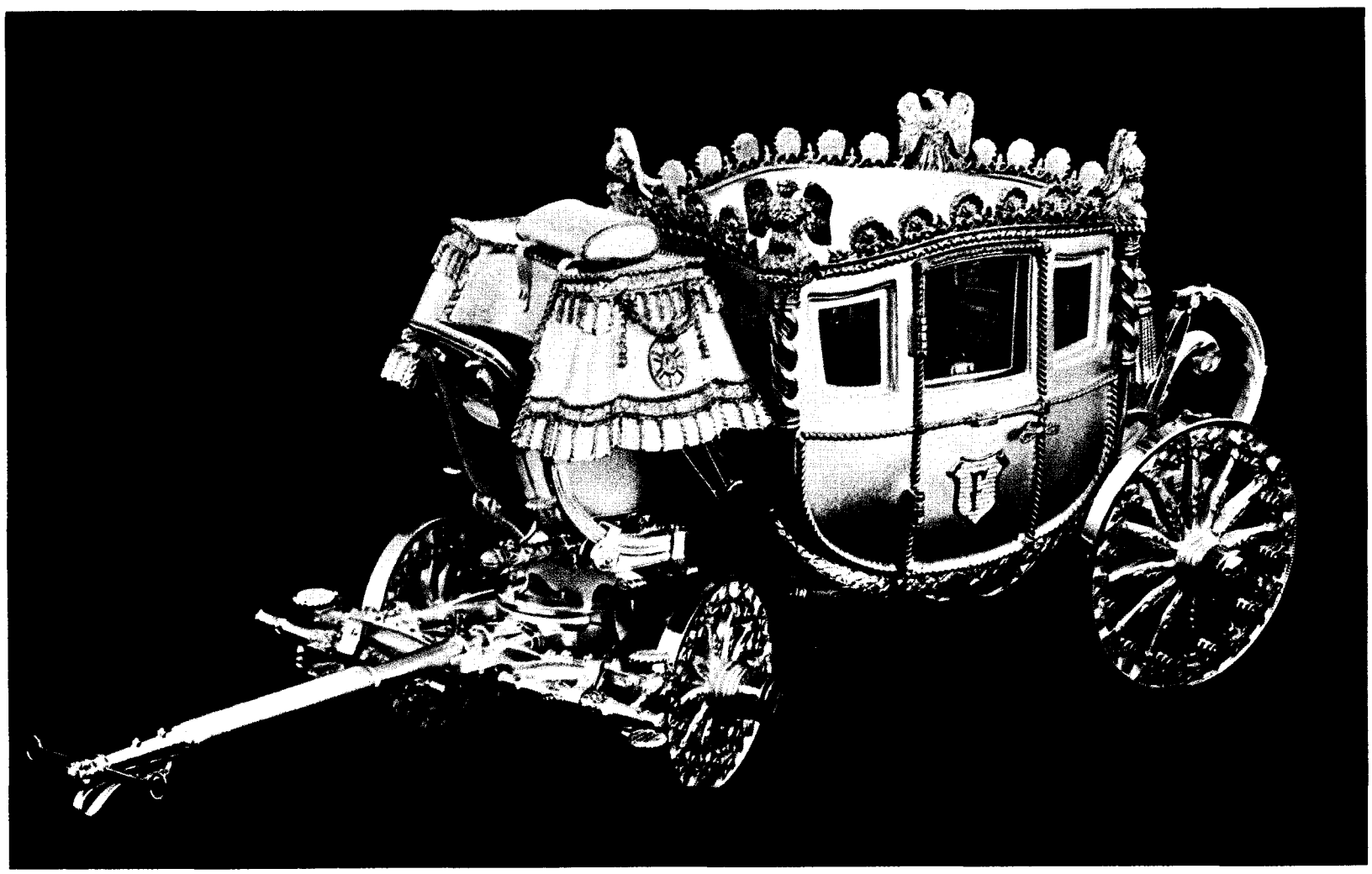

The Golden Anniversary Fisher Body Coach (Approximately 8″ x 16″)

by *Silver Creations, Ltd.*

For once in your life you can commemorate the most controversial of men . . . Napoleon . . . and the most elegant of occasions . . . this French Emperor's coronation and his Royal wedding. And at the same time you can share in the historic anniversary celebration of a more modern tradition—General Motors' selection in 1923 of the "Body by Fisher" Napoleonic Coach emblem as a trademark for its cars.

Fisher Body granted special permission to Silver Creations, Ltd. to recreate the Royal Coach and thus mark its Golden Anniversary. So with master silversmiths hammering out pieces of the Coach from restored plans, the long past age of coach building returns again . . . and in *your* lifetime!

Completely hand-assembled in solid sterling silver and accented by touches of 24 karat gold, this magnificent treasure will surely become an heirloom to be handed down from generation to generation with pride.

For once in your life . . . the Fisher Body Coach Golden Anniversary . . . and a chance for *you* to secure what promises to be one of the most sought after collector items ever produced in a precious metal!

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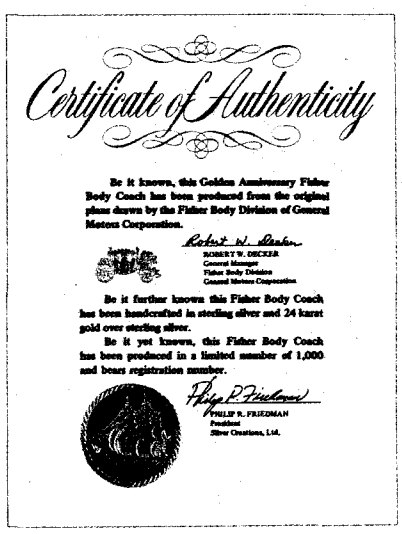
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ROBERT W. DECKER
General Manager
Fisher Body Division
General Motors Corporation
Be it further known this Fisher Body Coach has been handcrafted in sterling silver and 24 karat gold over sterling silver.
Be it yet known, this Fisher Body Coach has been produced in a limited number of 1,000 and bears registration number.
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As a Suggestion:

Due to the financial investment of this collector's Golden Anniversary Coach, we recommend that you consult your insurance agent for special coverage details.

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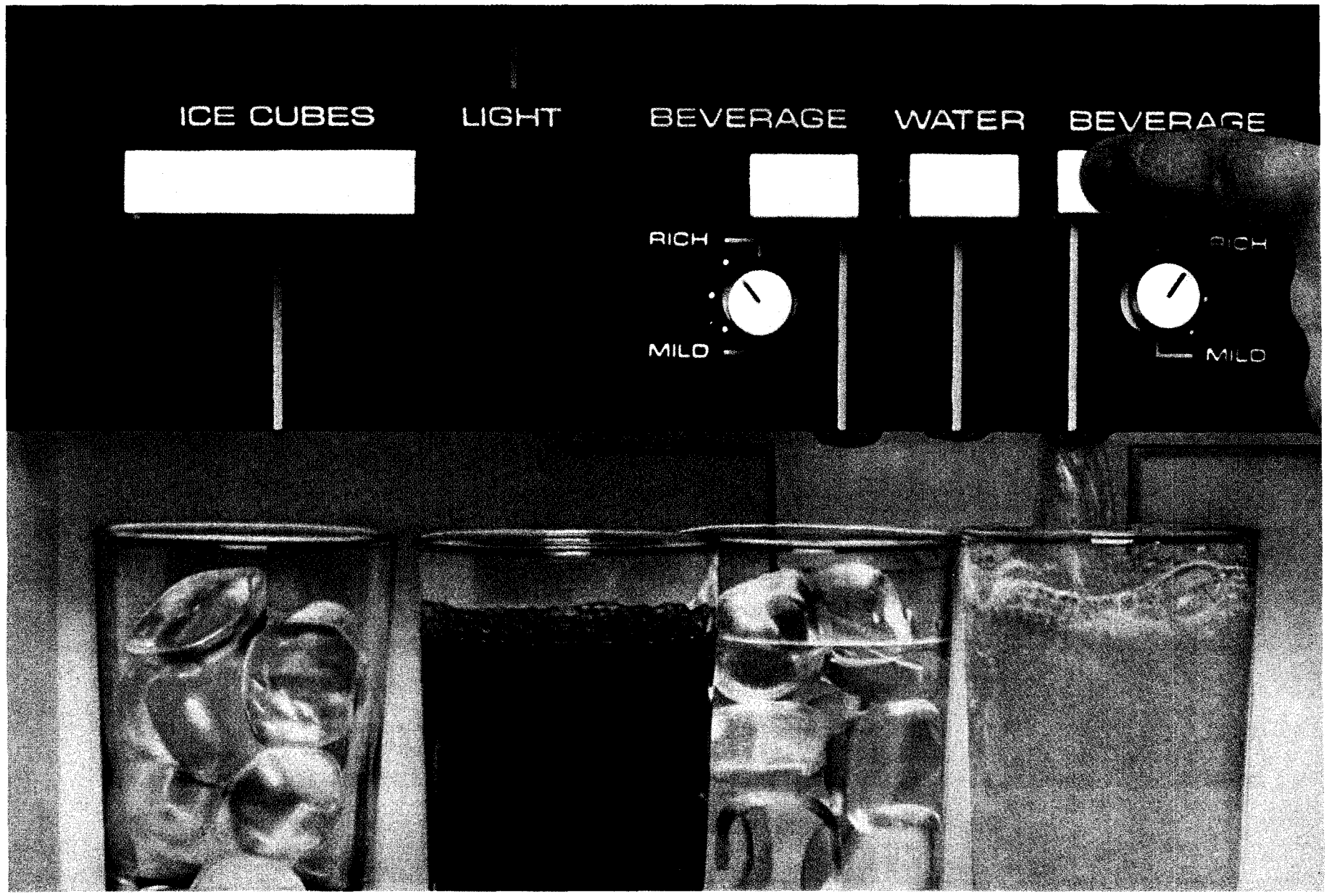
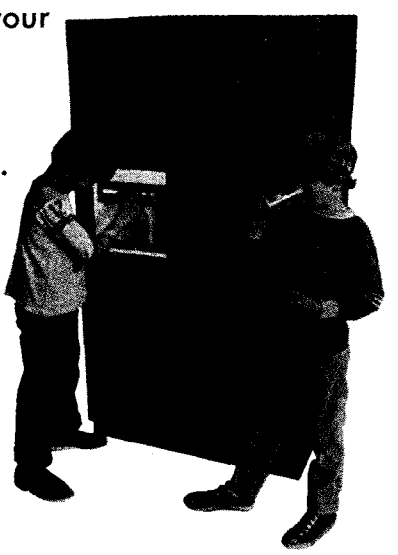
Frigidaire announces the first refrigerator with four-on-the-door.



We call it the Refreshment Center Refrigerator. It's the only refrigerator that gives you two juices or other beverages, ice and ice water, before you even open the door. Just put your glass under the tap, press the button, and it pours.

Your kids won't have to struggle with heavy containers anymore, so there won't be so many spills and accidents.

You won't have to open and close the door every time you want some ice. Or worry about mixing juice before the morning rush. And when you have a party, everything is at your fingertips.



This refrigerator features the convenience of 20 cubic feet in storage space. It's 100% Frost Proof. And like every Frigidaire refrigerator, it's backed by the engineering skills of General Motors, so it's built to take years of tough treatment.

And it's as elegant as it is dependable. Outside, a sliding smoked-onyx-colored panel conceals the dispensers when they're not in use. Inside, the compartment covers have the same beautiful look and the shelves are easy-to-clean one-piece glass, trimmed with the look of teakwood.

Ask your Frigidaire dealer to show you the Refreshment Center Refrigerator. Maybe he'll even let you test drive it yourself.

Frigidaire. Home Environment Division of General Motors.

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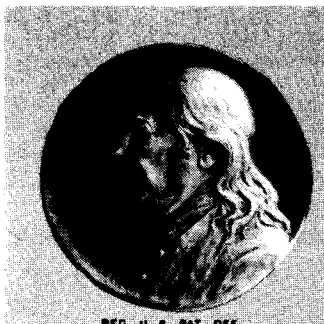

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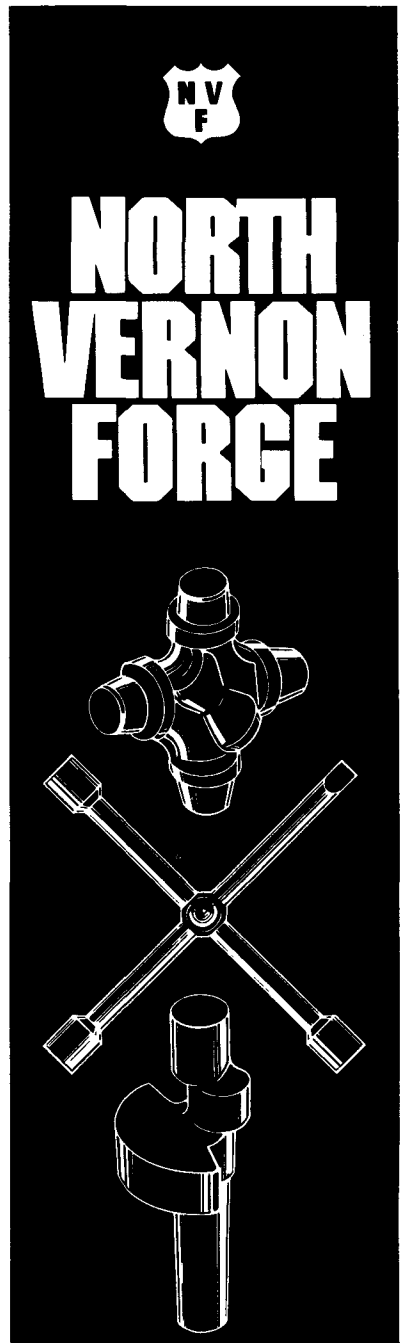

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Letters to the Editor

Lifesaver

I would like to express my grateful appreciation for the article you recently ran on malignant melanomas (in "Medical Mailbox," August/September).

I am writing this letter to you from my hospital bed, where I am recuperating from the surgical removal of a malignant melanoma. I consider myself a very lucky person for having read your article. I discovered the new mole on my back in June, at which time I started observing it for change. Quite truthfully I was not too concerned about it. To illustrate how unconcerned I was, a month later I had a complete yearly physical and forgot to mention it to the doctor.

A week after that I went on vacation in Delaware, where I purchased a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* in a drugstore. Late one night, after the entire family had gone to bed, I picked up the magazine and just happened to open it to the medical page. I don't know why I even started to read the article, I ordinarily avoid reading medical articles because I seem to quickly develop the symptoms they describe.

Well, once I started reading it, I quickly discovered I had the perfect profile for a melanoma; and when I compared the photographic illustration with the one on my back, I soon discovered they were a perfect match. Needless to say, I was petrified. But it was this fear that sent me rushing back to the doctor's, and within a few days I was in the hospital being prepared for surgery.

If I had not read your article, I'm quite sure I would have ignored the mole for at least another year (until my next checkup) or until it started giving me some discomfort.

I thought you might be interested in knowing what profound effect your magazine has on its readers, even to the point of saving or prolonging lives.

Thanks again for running the article.

Gerald W. Malky
Oakmont, Pennsylvania

Who Did It?

I particularly enjoyed Julie Nixon Eisenhower's "Read Aloud" selection, "The Mysterious Surprise," in the October issue of your fine magazine. The illustration with it was outstanding. Can you tell me who did it?

Peter B. Swick
Mamaroneck, New York

The illustration was done by Beth Krush.—Ed.

Fetal Research

The Editorials Forum in the August/September issue of *Post* entitled, "The Sacrificial Lamb," raises some serious questions you failed to consider.

Before the Food and Drug Administration can permit such experimentations with *fetal* cells the following should be understood:

Allowable would be specific experiments on a dead fetus which are directed toward eliminating a particular disease. But researchers must have *reasonable hope* the specific information—in this case, finding a "biological shield" against cancer—isn't obtainable in another way, and must obtain the parent's consent.

As far as experimenting on the fetuses of lambs, so be it. But don't reduce unborn infants to the status of experimental animals. A human fetus cannot give consent to experiments. A mother's consent on behalf of the fetus is unacceptable, because the mother has already decided to kill the child.

The only time such experiments could be permitted would be to determine cause of death in uncaused abortions and to insure survival of other infants. A procedure such as that would follow the norms of autopsy on adults.

Experiments on dead fetuses of the kind that are purely speculative, or performed simply to describe human organs to scientists or medical students, should be banned.

In concluding, I don't think controls on fetal experiments would seriously retard medical advances. While the aims of most researchers are good, good intentions don't solve problems raised by fetal research.

Edward Noon, Jr.
Sandusky, Ohio

Answers, Please

The article by Colonel R. Heinl is so very typical of the technical military articles that I could not help objecting.

What good is such an article when all it does is raise questions? Early in my military career I was given some good advice by a colleague. He said, "Dick, you are a genius at raising the right questions. What we need is answers. From now on try to deal in answers."

And so Colonel Heinl does indeed get to the questions but he doesn't answer any of them and in the same vein, neither do any of the generals, the congressmen, the secretaries of the army that he quotes.

Now what good is an article that doesn't offer answers? I say no good.

I suggest you refuse to run any more military articles no matter how illustrious the name of the author, unless it has the nerve to give answers that will stand up to public scrutiny.

R. C. Weller, Colonel USAF, (ret)
New Port Richey, Florida

George Washington's Audit

Reference is made to the article "George Washington, You Were Overpaid!" by Robert Keith Gray, August/September 1974.

If my memory is correct, President Washington's salary was placed to his account in the Treasury books, but he never drew a voucher against the account. He preferred to live on his income for his private expenditures.

He did, however, submit accounts for his expenses both prior to his being sworn in as president and thereafter. Again, if memory is correct, he had some difficulty in getting these accounts paid. Evidently the clerks quibbled about minor items even in those days.

The information was obtained in review of fiscal papers of Washington's first term now in the National Archives, but in the mid-thirties in General Accounting Office files.

William L. Litsey
Hampton, Virginia

Flat Wrong

Regarding the article on Jud Strunk in the August/September issue, please inform Mr. Strunk that Flat Rock is in North Carolina, not in South Carolina. He must have had one fantastic honeymoon to forget the state where Carl Sandburg lived.

William B. Chapman
Swannanoa, North Carolina

Knowing Know-How

Just finished reading "The Corporation" by James Scott Kemper, Jr., guest editorialist for the August/September *Post*.

In these troubled times of public suspicion toward power of any kind, this type of leadership that Mr. Kemper suggests is sorely needed!

Truly what a great benefit corporation leaders could give our nation if they would exercise their unique know-how and imaginative creativity toward social action!

Perhaps they could actually suggest cures for our sick society!

Mrs. I. M. Salmond
San Diego, California

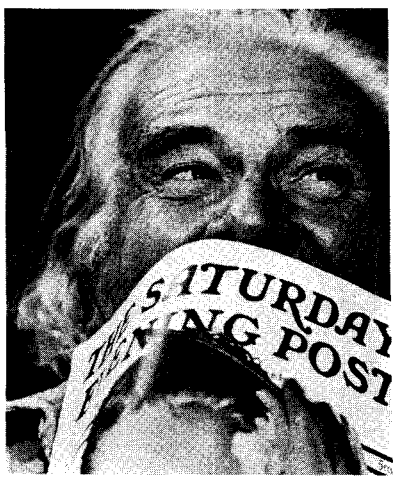
Grandma Moses Sickbert

What a joy it was to behold your August/September cover. Jo Sickbert is, as you suggest, a marvelous painter in the tradition of Grandma Moses. Her rich application of color and delightful childlike details are pleasures indeed which give her paintings an interest as well as magnificence.

Please convey to Mrs. Sickbert my admiration for her work and I hope that someday she gathers her paintings together for a showing or perhaps for a book. I would certainly attend her show or purchase such a book. Believe me, her paintings evoke memories in me of home and the things I love most about this country.

Jess Garcia
Burbank, California

Reading on Walton's Mountain



Will Geer was resting between takes on "The Waltons" set the other day when our photographer, Marv Newton, shot the enclosed. I thought you'd enjoy seeing it.

Jerry Franken
Los Angeles, California

Wow for Secretariat

I'm thirteen years old, I'm a horse lover, and to me Secretariat is the greatest. He is "wow" like Mrs. Tweedy said, and I think that's the only way to describe him.

I've read and collected all the articles I could find on him, but your article in the May *Post* was the best I've ever read, and I'm sure if Secretariat could talk he would tell you he couldn't have said it better. So I'm writing this letter, as you wrote your article, "for Secretariat," and I'm saying thanks because it was great.

Audrey Sandlin
Enterprise, Oregon

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Henry Ford Conquers New Worlds

"New Worlds to Conquer: A blueprint for realistic management," by Henry Ford II, in your March 1974 issue, is really a blueprint of why Henry Ford II should be the next president of the United States.

When Henry Ford II speaks he always says something extremely important to our country.

His accomplishments in this business, and as a leader of free men make him a unique man. Our country needs Henry Ford II now, at the head of our government.

Mr. Ford could run on either ticket and win. What a refreshing candidate he would make, but more important, what a great president he would be. He is known and respected throughout our country and in all parts of the world. Henry Ford II, his father and grandfather had a lot to do with the good things of our country. There is a time and place for everything. Now is Henry Ford's time for further leadership.

L. J. Bishop
Columbus, Ohio

Copping Kojak

In Benjamin Stein's article, "Kojak: Bad Guy Makes Good," (August/September 74) it was suggested, "The criminals are always high living, rich, brutal people. . ." That isn't true.

This trend may have been seen in shows entitled "The Corruptor," "Deliver Us Some Evil," or "Die Before They Wake," but Kojak, as one of 800 lieutenants on NYPD, bounces off some plain ol' uglies in other episodes, e.g. "Girl in the Water," "Eighteen Hours of Fear," "Marker to a Dead Booky," and others.

If Mr. Stein really believes there's no drama in anything but a clash between poor honest and rich decadent, he hasn't been watching!

Let's get it right.

A. C. Parker
Houston, Texas

Discovering Another Era

What a treat it is to "discover" your *Post* cover contest-winning artist! In a very troubled world, portions of warmth and joy, such as those engendered by these delightful paintings, are seldom encountered. What fine therapy a long and searching study of Jo Sickbert's creations would be for the world-weary, the troubled, the bedridden or others who lead limited lives.

Thank you for the cheerful look into another era. It makes one wish he had several Sickbert scenes of his own.

Mrs. Arthur W. Robinson
Hartford, Connecticut

If you're getting poor mileage, perhaps your car needs a checkup

If your gasoline mileage isn't what it used to be, AC suggests a diagnosis of your engine's vital signs from your neighborhood serviceman or mechanic.

If he prescribes a tune-up after the diagnosis, ask him to include AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs as part of the remedy. There's an AC Spark Plug engineered for your car and your kind of driving. That's important—especially with today's reduced speeds and shorter trips.

Keep an eye on your gasoline mileage. If it's poor, see your favorite serviceman or mechanic for a checkup. Tune up with AC and help save gas.

AC GM Delco

AC-Delco
Division of General Motors Corporation

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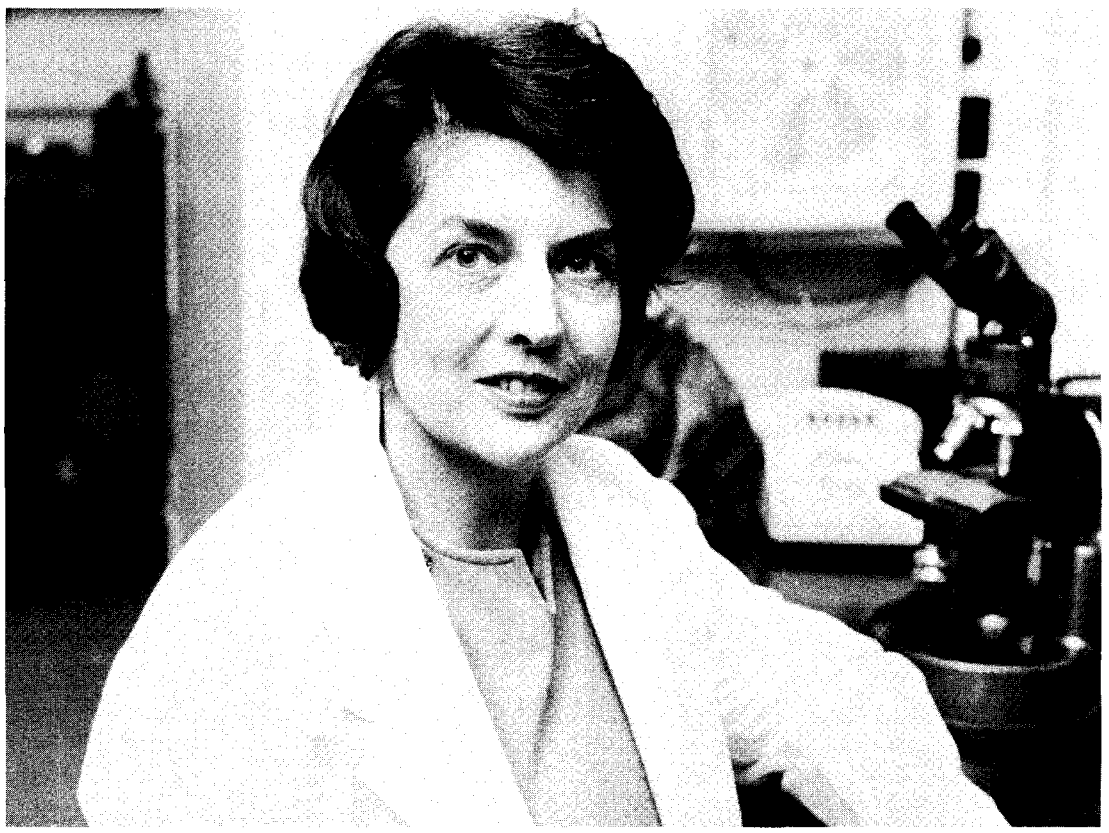

Atherosclerosis makes your old age a shipwreck. Dr. Spittle's experiments—including tests on her own body—may lead to clean arteries which will prolong your youth and vitality. She feels there is strong evidence that vitamin C destroys plaques which collect from too much cholesterol.

VITAMIN C— Can It Prevent Thrombosis?

"It doesn't matter how much cholesterol you eat, as long as you also have enough ascorbic acid; you have to get the balance right," says Dr. Constance Spittle.

By Roger Lewin

Dr. Roger Lewin is the Life Science editor for the London-published New Scientist. *He recently collaborated with Dr. Simon Mitton on an article for the* Post *entitled "Is Anyone Out There?" (January/February 1974).*

The announcements of medical discovery come most often from the scientists who speak for the university research centers or the National Institutes of Health or the great foundations. But this announcement of medical discovery—how vitamin C can save your life by keeping your arteries clean and healthy—comes instead from the almost accidental observations of a pathologist working in an obscure British industrial town.

The pathologist began a course of discovery which indicates that vitamin C carries cholesterol out of our blood, that it dissolves the plugs of cholesterol-rich sludge which blocks arteries, and that it maintains a smooth, healthy bond between the cells which line our arteries. And if this is done, then we are safe from atherosclerosis, the killing disease which is deeply involved with the delights of prime beef, sour cream, dressings, cheese fondues, and scrambled eggs.

It is no surprise that vitamin C is good for us. Three hundred years after sailors began sucking limes to survive their voyages, scientists learned that it was the vitamin C in citrus fruits which saved them from scurvy.

Our grandmothers dosed us with cod liver oil—a rich source of vitamin C—because of the folk wisdom that children who suffered the taste of the stuff were healthier because of it.

More recently, the great scientist Linus Pauling has caused considerable scientific controversy because of his insistence that massive doses of vitamin C will save us from the common cold. Our grandmothers suspected this, two generations of more modern mothers with the same suspicions have been pouring orange juice and hot lemonade into their children—but the scientists are not convinced.

And if the scientists are skeptical that vitamin C will prevent colds, then we may understand why the role of vitamin C in atherosclerosis was not announced to us from one of the university research centers or the National Institutes of Health or one of the great foundations.

Wakefield, up against the Yorkshire moors, is a drab but friendly industrial city where nothing much ever happens. But one quiet Saturday afternoon back in 1969 a young girl with a hemophilia-like disease came to the hospital because she was hemorrhaging. Still, nothing much would have happened if the girl had not needed a transfusion of fresh blood, if all the regular donors had not been away shopping or visiting, and if Dr. Constance Spittle—our pathologist—had not been the only one available for a transfusion.

What happened was that Dr. Spittle, a specialist in blood diseases who is a consulting pathologist to the Wakefield hospital, lay down on the donor's couch and gave a pint of blood. Within an hour, the girl was recovering, and Dr. Spittle had collapsed.

The doctor had collapsed so dramatically because, as part of an experiment she was doing on herself—in the best tradition of biological re-

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search—she had eaten nothing but fresh fruit and vegetables for the month previously. She was trying to discover whether there were any components of plants that particularly help the body cope with dispersing small blood clots. The heroic collapse following the blood transfusion gave Dr. Spittle a fine excuse for getting back to a "proper diet"—her experiment didn't seem to be working anyway.

As every good scientist knows, no "interesting" situation should be wasted. So Dr. Spittle decided, just out of curiosity, to see what had happened to her blood/cholesterol level during the experiment (she had stored blood samples each day of the diet). To her "utter astonishment" the cholesterol level had fallen from 230 milligrams (mgs) per 100 millimeters (ml) of blood to 160 mgs. Dr. Spittle thought that perhaps the drop was explained by her month's abstinence from animal fats. Three weeks later—three weeks of normal eating—she decided to look at her blood again, a decision she made "for no particular reason, except curiosity." And this is where the real surprise came—the cholesterol was *still* going down; it was now 140 mgs per 100 ml. The continued drop in blood cholesterol convinced the researcher that there was some *active* process going on; it wasn't just a passive consequence of her diet.

Dr. Spittle went to the textbooks to see if anyone had anything to say about the subject. She found nothing. So she returned to tinkering with her diet to try to discover what was going on. First she tried a high-cholesterol diet with lots of fruit and vegetables. The cholesterol in the blood *still* dropped! And then she discovered that if the fruit and vegetables are boiled, the cholesterol level starts to climb back. Clearly the active agent must be unstable. Immediately she thought of vitamin C. And immediately she recruited some of her technicians in a trial study of the effect of vitamin C itself on blood/cholesterol levels. Although the results were not straightforward, they were very intriguing: cholesterol levels went up in some of the technicians, and down in others. There appeared to be a tendency for young people's blood/cholesterol levels to drop, whereas most of the rises were in older subjects. What was needed was a complete project, and this is what Dr. Spittle soon organized.

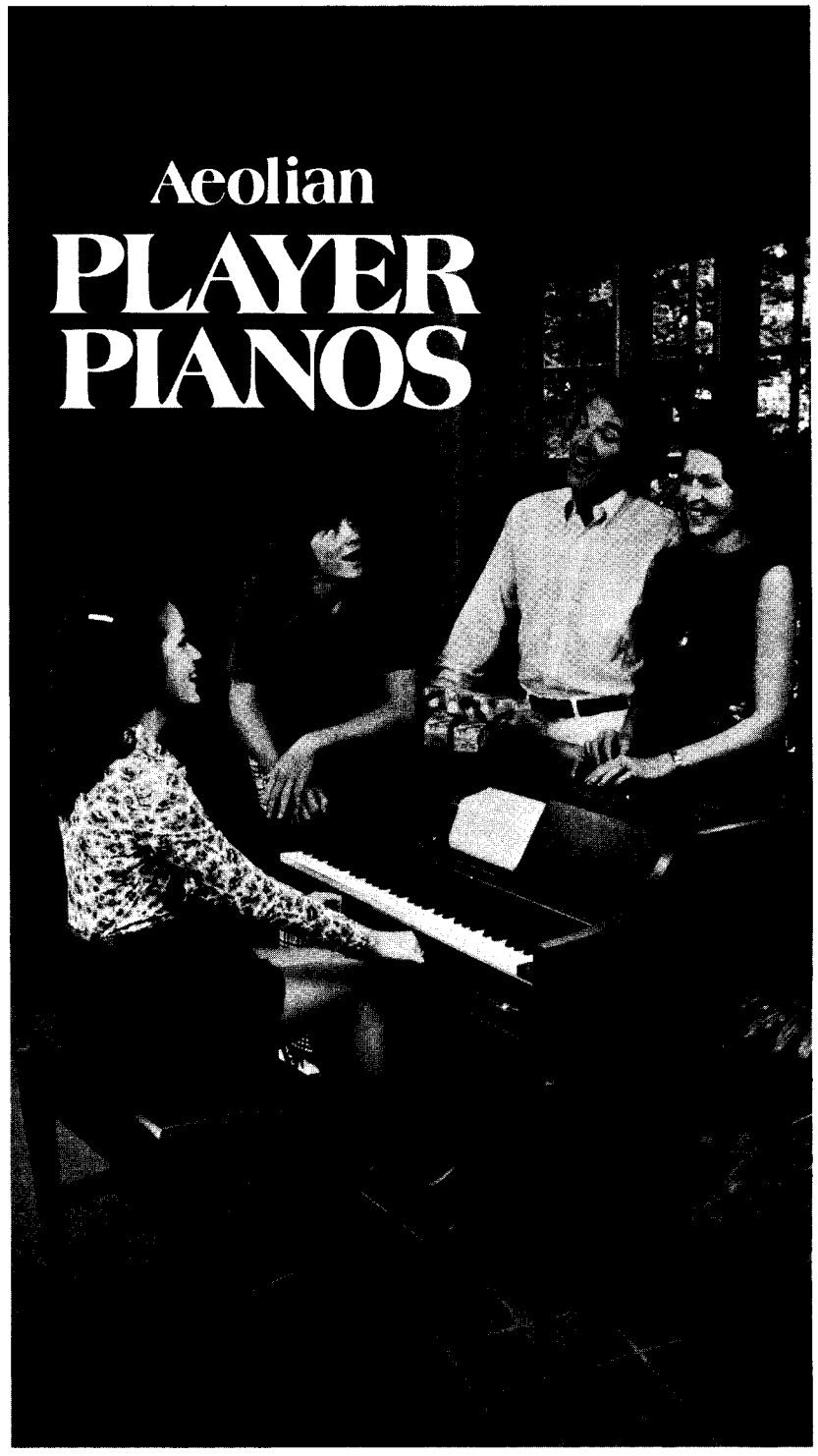
The results of this project were published at the end of 1971 in *The Lancet*, a major British medical journal, and they set off what must eventually be a total reexamination about both the importance of vitamin C in the diet, and the pathology of atherosclerosis.

In her experiment, Dr. Spittle examined the effect of one gram of vitamin C each day for at least six weeks in fifty-eight volunteers of various ages. And, because by this time the relevance of vitamin C to atherosclerosis had occurred to her, she included twenty-five patients who had had a coronary thrombosis—clots in the heart's arteries—at least three months previously. The trend came out again. People under twenty-five lowered their blood cholesterol levels 17 percent by taking the vitamin; the blood/cholesterol in the twenty-five to forty-five group rose just slightly (8 percent); but the level in the atherosclerotic patients jumped by 19 percent.

Clearly, the vitamin C was doing something to the cholesterol, but what exactly? It occurred to Dr. Spittle that very probably the vitamin C was mobilizing the cholesterol, helping to transport it from the arteries (where it can be deposited to the harm of the individual) to the liver (where it is used to make bile acids). She started to read back through the scientific literature and found two reports—one American and the other Russian—that lent support to the notion. And within the last few months Dr. Emil Ginter, the Czechoslovakian authority on atherosclerosis, has substantially confirmed the British results.

The interpretation of blood/cholesterol changes in Dr. Spittle's volunteers is that in the young group (who presumably have very minimal cholesterol deposited on the walls of the arteries) cholesterol transport from blood to liver is speeded up, thus lowering the total level in the blood. But in people who have progressive cholesterol deposition (twenty-five to forty-five), vitamin C lifts the cholesterol deposited along artery walls as well as transports it to the liver. Initially, in these people the amount of cholesterol dissolved from the artery walls is greater than that transported to the liver, hence the rise in the blood. In patients with confirmed atherosclerosis there is even more cholesterol coming off the walls, so the increase in blood cholesterol is even greater.

Last year Dr. Ginter added another dimension to this whole process. He discovered that by giving guinea pigs an insufficiency (but not a severe deficiency) of vitamin C he could push up their blood/cholesterol levels substantially. He then went on to show that this happened because one of the liver enzymes concerned with converting



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cholesterol to bile acids would not work when starved of the vitamin. Low intakes of vitamin C therefore raise our blood/cholesterol levels by causing a failure to carry cholesterol to the liver in sufficient quantities, and a breakdown in the metabolism of cholesterol when it gets there. If, like Ginter's guinea pigs, we are having too little vitamin C, we may be running the risk of raising our blood/cholesterol levels, leading to the blocking of our arteries.

Dr. Spittle points out that raised blood/cholesterol by itself is not *necessarily* a bad thing, because people with atherosclerosis taking vitamin C will raise their blood levels. The important thing, Dr. Spittle says, is that, with vitamin C, the cholesterol is moving in the right direction—away from the arteries and to the liver; in the absence of vitamin C the cholesterol deposits itself on the artery walls.

The breakdown of the transport of cholesterol from arteries to the liver and breakdown of the metabolism of it in the liver are probably just two of the factors in atherosclerosis. There is most certainly another process involved, and this could involve vitamin C, too. One thing that researchers know about atherosclerosis is that cholesterol is deposited at sites of stress in the arteries—where arteries branch, for instance. The turbulence in the blood flow at such a point tends to damage the artery wall, and this acts as a center for cholesterol deposition. If, by some means, this damage could be prevented, or kept to a minimum, the progress of atherosclerosis could be severely hindered. Dr. Spittle is sure that vitamin C can do just this.

One uncontroverted function of vitamin C is that it is needed for the efficient repair of damaged tissues. It helps to manufacture the substance that binds our cells together. Indeed, the skin changes seen in scurvy (acute vitamin-C deficiency) result from the loss of this cement substance. One place that cell cement is particularly important is between the cells lining the blood vessels. Dr. Spittle therefore suggests that as atherosclerosis begins and progresses, through an insufficiency of vitamin C, arteries become damaged by normal wear and tear, and remain so, thus forming focuses for the concentration of cholesterol. In other words, atherosclerosis is a subtle analogue of scurvy—it is a vitamin-C deficiency disease. The difference is that the amount of vitamin C needed to prevent atherosclerosis is far greater than that needed to ward off scurvy. According to Dr. Spittle, most of us have enough of the vitamin to prevent scurvy, but too little to avoid atherosclerosis.

It is not yet possible to calculate precisely how much vitamin C we need daily to prevent atherosclerosis, but Dr. Spittle guesses that it isn't terribly high. This guess is based on the observation of a marked seasonal variation in coronary thrombosis: it is highest at the end of winter and lowest in the fall. This fluctuation correlates with the amount of fresh fruit and vegetables (which contain vitamin C) we eat. Dr. Spittle argues that, since the coronary thrombosis rate can be altered simply by changes in normal dietary intake of vitamin C, the amount of vitamin needed to have a beneficial effect on the arteries must be quite modest.

What, then, does Dr. Spittle recommend us to do to help avoid atherosclerosis? A diet containing a lot of fresh vegetables and fruit is a good

Continued on page 16

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PAT SCHROEDER: Congresswoman from Colorado

She speaks out loud and clear so they can hear her in Denver.

By Patricia Matson

Patricia Schroeder is a working mother, an activist who often gets involved with social causes. So it was no great surprise last year when she joined thousands of other mothers in bringing her child to work with her (a protest against day-care budget cuts).

What set Pat Schroeder apart from the others, however, was the fact that the thirty-four-year-old woman is a member of Congress. Her colleagues in the House of Representatives had prepared their offices for protesting mothers with children that day; but they hadn't prepared themselves for Pat Schroeder.

They are beginning to learn.

During her two years in Washington, Pat has gained a seat on the powerful House Armed Services Committee and is the only woman on the Post Office and Civil Service Committee. She has spoken loudly and clearly for causes she believes in, making national headlines in the process. As a congresswoman, she has gone from a part-time Colorado workweek to a round-the-clock job 2,250 miles away.

And with all the demands and adjustments required, she has found nothing that has altered her solid commitment to her role as wife and mother of two.

Pat is the only woman in Colorado's history to be elected to Congress. She won her seat in 1972 from Republican Mike McKevitt in a year that wasn't supposed to be good for Democrats, catching wide attention as one of only five new congresswomen.

She is often not recognized as a member of Congress, and in fact is described as the type of young mother you would see at a PTA meeting. Pat Schroeder is tall and slender with a wide and easy smile. She is striking in a casual sort of way: long brown hair pulled back hurriedly with a ribbon or hanging to her shoulders. You are as likely to spot her on the House floor in a skirt and sweater or slacks as in anything else.

Her personality seems to fit her informal style as well. The eight members of her staff all call her "Pat," and it's obvious she's as much a friend as boss.

Pat's new job has required some adjustments in lifestyle. Her husband Jim gave up a partnership in a Denver law firm to move to the Capital, much the way a wife would adjust to a husband's transfer. Now employed by a Washington, D.C. law firm, both admit it is Pat's job which has the focus, and adjustments are made with that in mind.

The Schroeders emphasize the quality of time versus the quantity they spend together. Pat says she is grateful for a husband who is willing to help with household concerns. The key to their success with such a radical change in their way of life is that both are very flexible: "We're willing to experiment with lifestyles."

Pat regularly brings home about four hours of work a night, and takes advantage of the time after eight-year-old Scott and four-year-old Jamie are in bed. When her weekends are in Colorado with constituents, or in other states campaigning for fellow Democrats, her family is often along. Jim and the children even accompanied her a summer ago to Geneva, where she attended the SALT Disarmament Conference.

"We work very hard to be together as a family. We try to involve the kids as much as we can, so they can feel a part of things; otherwise, it wouldn't be fair," Pat says. "This has been a very unique experience for them as well as for Jim and me."

Although a political activist throughout her years in Denver, Pat had no ambition to run for office herself before 1972. "Jim had to talk me into it," she says. "I never saw myself as a candidate. But Jim was involved in finding someone for the congressional race, and one of his friends said, 'Hey, Schroeder, how about your wife?' I was the only person he could talk into it!"

Pat says she never thought she would win. "Any pro would've said, 'No chance.' I even kept my jobs through the election, thinking I'd need something to go back to. If either Jim or I had thought I'd win, the anxiety would have overcome us."

Generally described as a liberal Democrat, Pat's main concerns since she came to Congress have been congressional reform, the environment, children's rights, women's rights and the reordering of budget priorities. Her vigorous and outspoken opposition to the war in Vietnam was a major thrust of her first campaign and continued to be a major issue after her election.

Of the women's rights question, she says: "Women's issues are 'people issues.' It's a matter of not wasting human potential—making sure there are no roadblocks in *anyone's* way."

She has unabashedly attacked the government establishment without partisanship—from Richard Nixon to Eddie Hébert, powerful seventy-two-year-old Democrat who chairs the Armed Services Committee. Even House Speaker Albert gets his share of Schroeder flak. ("He's a fair guy, but he hates to tell people to get in line or leave the party," she said once, referring to the lack of forceful Democratic power in the House.)

She candidly admits the job has its frustrations. "It's *soo* slow and *soo* exasperating at times. It's difficult to operate effectively, and difficult to convey the problems to people 2,000 miles away."

She says the snail's pace at which Congress moves is another source of irritation. "It's hard to see what you do, hard to get direct feedback. Immediate results are just not there."

With reelection facing her this month, and tough races facing incumbents everywhere, Pat Schroeder recognizes there's a chance she won't be back next year. The possibility she won't be reelected is something she faces matter-of-factly.

"If I lose, then at that point, I ask my husband what he wants to do. It's his turn. This is not my entire life, and that works to my advantage. Because of it, I'm much more willing to take tough positions, to gamble. . . .

"If someone wants to know where I stand, I tell them. I'm not doing anyone here any good if I don't. But I'm always willing to listen—I'm never set in cement."

With all its frustrations, Pat says there are redeeming factors. "I like people very much, so it's exciting to be in a position where you can help them. You just wish the institution were more effective. You want to bring it into the twentieth century so when people call, you can respond."

She says when she's asked if her job is worth the frustrations and sacrifices, she doesn't think twice.

"If I can stay and can continue to take strong stands, it's worth it. If I have to backpedal to do it, then it's not."

There's one thing the people of Denver can count on: if they reelect Pat Schroeder to Congress, they're going to be hearing from her, loud and clear. A backpedaler she's not.

Patricia Matson has lived politics in Washington, D.C., for nearly four years, using her writing skills on Capitol Hill and in the executive branch. She is a journalism graduate of the University of Nebraska at Omaha.

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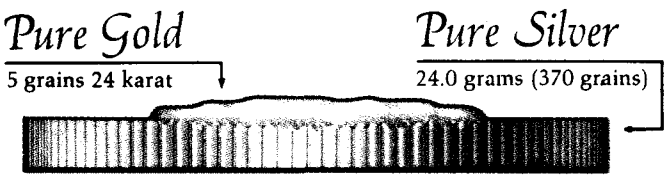

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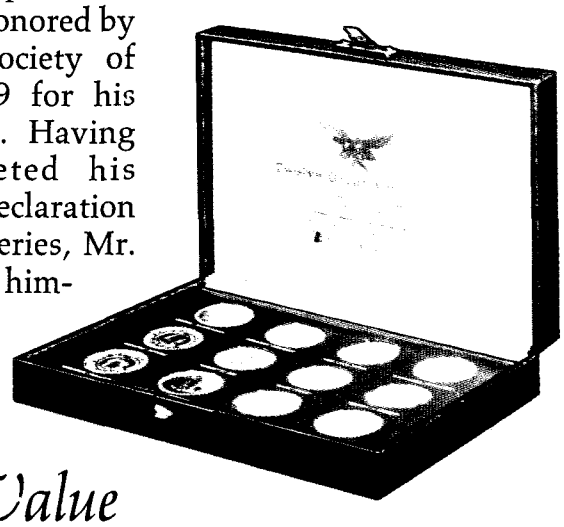

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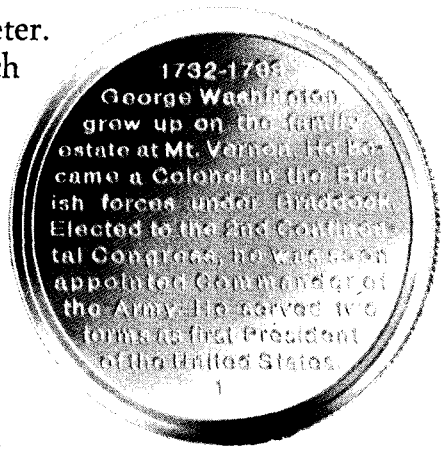
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grew up on the family
estate at Mt. Vernon. He Be-
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BEWARE, BEWARE, THE BIRDS OF THE AIR!

Not unlike the astronomer who scans the heavens through a powerful telescope—someone has to look for them.

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

Patrick Ryan is a well-known British humorist who writes regularly for Punch, New Scientist *and* The Smithsonian. *A writer for the past twenty years, he is the author of four books, one of which*—How I Won the War—*was made into a movie.*

Forget the Yellow Peril, ignore the Red Menace, but keep a sharp eye on the avifauna. Remember the recent Battle of Graceham, Maryland, where the inhabitants have been fighting back with guns, bombs, fireworks and rock concert amplifiers against an invasion of ten million blackbirds, starlings and grackles. Ponder the campaign now being fought down the twenty-six states of the Eastern seaboard to preserve the human way of life from the depredations of the voracious and multiplying monk parakeet. Mark well the warnings of Hitchcock; Big Alfie saw the birds for what they are, multitudinous, predatory and balefully honing their mandibles for the coming Night of the Long Beaks. Coming down in evolution from the reptile *Archeopteryx* and thus outranking *Homo sapiens* by some 160 million years, the birds of the air have ever regarded man as a late-coming interloper. Look long today into the cold eye of a seagull or pampered budgerigar and you can still see straight through to the rattlesnake inside.

Our feathered enemy attacks on many fronts. To deplete our numbers by simple starvation, bud-picking bullfinches plague fruit growers, rooks bankrupt farmers, emus maraud antipodean cornfields, weaver birds decimate African cereals, and when I sow my front lawn with its annual sacrifice of grass seed, omnivorous pillagers flutter in from every page of Audubon. Small fortunes of Best Bowling Green Mixture I regularly scatter on our roadside weed nursery and numbly watch it come to nothing but a charity bean feast for vagrant birds. Sated jackdaws lift the skirts of my protective nets to let hungry wagtails creep under. Woodpeckers whittle away at my supporting struts while ravens dig entry channels for gluttonous linnets. Barn owls and nightjars maintain consumption on the nocturnal shift and the great auk would be in there chomping with the dodo if both hadn't carelessly gone extinct.

While we naked apes strive to cut back our population, the proletarian masses of birdland keep mating away like mad to overwhelm us by superior fecundity. *Sturnus vulgaris,* the European starling, never set claw on the New World till 1890, when thirty pairs were unwisely released in New York's Central Park. Today there are many times more starlings in America than there are Americans. Columbus clearly wasted his time. These hordes of metropolitan starlings join with the flocks of urban pigeons in waging an aerial laxative campaign to destroy our machinery of government by converting all major buildings in capital cities into hillocks of guano. In Paris, M. le Contrôleur des Pigeons has fought back with harpoon-fired nets. Quaking jelly has been smeared as roosting deterrent on the august windowsills of Trafalgar Square. Recordings of avian distress calls have been played in defense of New York. Contraceptive corn was scattered in Geneva, manipulation of the local magnetic field has been tried in Leningrad, and I have fought the flying omnivores on my own vegetable patch with every weapon in the gardener's armory.

Those glittering aluminum strips that jingle-jangle in the breeze, the green-fingered man told me, never ever fail. I strung a hundred or more across our blessed plot until it looked like a chromium-plated Tibetan revival meeting. They flashed so fiercely in the sunshine that neighboring wives had to wear dark glasses for ogling me across their fences. Only the actual fowls of the air were quite unperturbed and perched brazenly on the posts to preen their profiles in my fluttering mirrors. An artistic thrush tore off a ribbon of brilliance and wove it into the wall of his wife's nest. All other winged husbands had to keep up with the thrushes and they shredded the rest of bird-frighteners to make home brighteners. Local nests now all have silver threads among the straw and it's going to be hell on the gums for any Chinese gourmet who comes around our way collecting for bird's-nest soup.

Children in the street catcall me shabby because I've used up all my best clothes building scarecrows. My apprentice efforts with turnip head and draped raincoat were greeted by the enemy with chirruping derision and never raised even a flinch from a neurotic finch. My later horticultural ghouls grew progressively more fearsome until I finally created a pair of horror-film crop protectors in the images of Count Dracula and Frankenstein's monster. The noble vampire, hawk features freely adapted with luminous acrylic and waterproof mascara from a spare bust of Socrates, lurked doom-cloaked over the lettuces. While Frankenstein's contribution, face left over from Halloween, head based on a bucket and bicycle wing nuts protruding from his neck, hulked menacing athwart the cabbages.

Both effigies were a terrifying success with higher primates. My wife was afraid to hang out her washing with the Transylvanian bloodsucker lurking up back of her. It was a bad year for the beans, too, and she swore they were just too damned scared to germinate. But the avifauna

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went on blithely undisturbed. Robins roosted on Dracula's shoulders, wrens made privy of his hat brim, and corn buntings played amorous tag amid the mysteries of his mantle. Sparrows made passionate love on Frankenstein's cubist chest and, when stuck with the consequences, built their nests in his armpits. Professionally depressed by this avian nonchalance, my two macabre scarecrows took sick of rainrot and sagged away into well-dressed compost.

At which the birds did sing hey-ding-a-ding-a-ding in exultant requiem. With that same enthusiasm they devote to their shrill dawn chorus aimed at keeping all humans insomniac and bug-eyed after daybreak. Pastoral poets should note that there's nothing consciously musical about the production of birdsong. All that warbling cacophony is motivated by nothing more aesthetic than a territorial imperative, dominance urge and sex hunger. When that nightingale sang in Berkeley Square, he was merely advertising the fact that he was hot in the mood for love and that any female of *Luscinia megarhycos* fluttering around Mayfair was welcome to come and get it.

Meanwhile, deranged bird lovers spend millions a year on buying packets of proprietary bird food guaranteed to keep the feathered predators in top condition for building desecration, crop desolation and prolific procreation. Time it will be to start worrying about the birds when they start worrying about us. The last time I looked into the eye of a passing peacock for sympathy, the only response I could detect was cold calculation as to whether it could eat me all at once if I suddenly dropped down dead.

At which his beaky mates might well have a practical go when the gospel according to Hitchcock comes home to roost. The world may give up speculating whether mankind will be handed its final hat by radiation, pollution or divine umbrage. Before any such simple cataclysm can overtake us, the avifauna will call us to account. And there we'll all be, starved out of house, pecked out of home, but madly bird-loving still and holding our hands to the heavens, bearing expensive packets of hormone-enriched birdseed. While our winged inheritors, darkening the sky with their swarms, will wheel ten thousand above each of our heads and, by supremely accurate defecation, will plaster our corpses, upright and impermeable, into individual memorial statues of lily-white guano.

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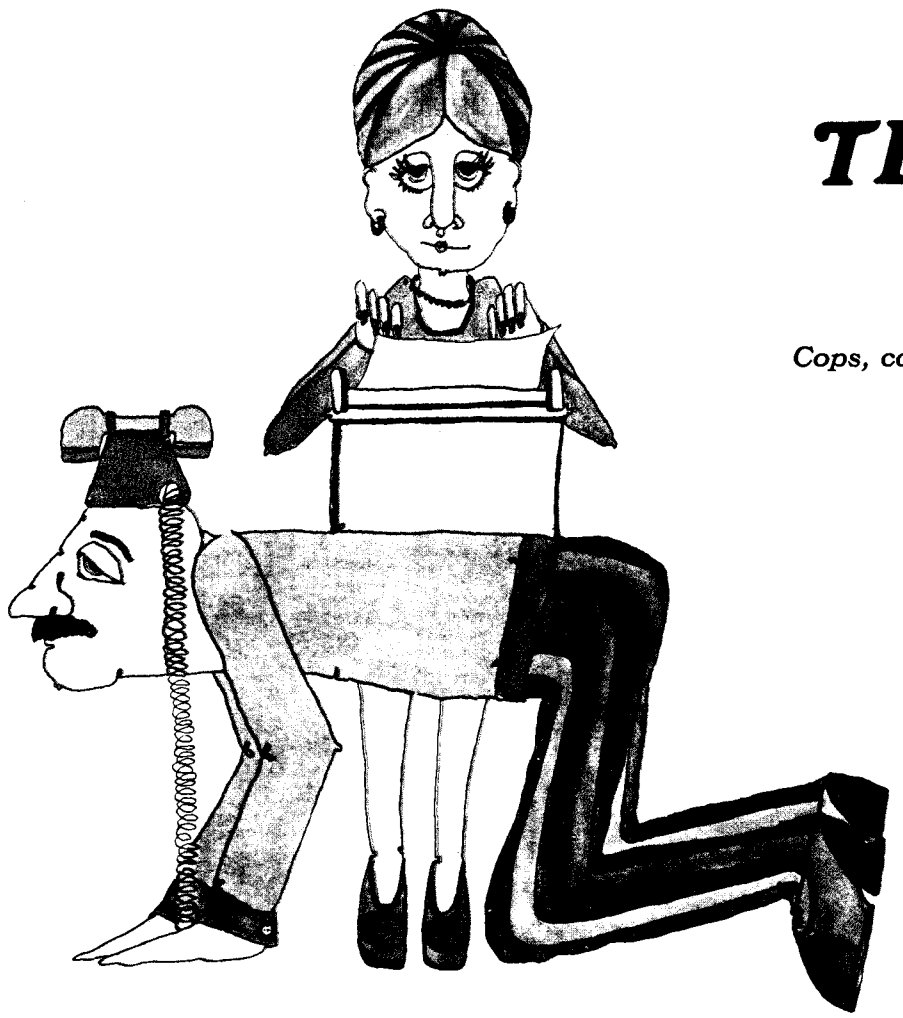

TEN BEST JOBS FOR WOMEN

Cops, computers, construction, civil service . . . they're chasing sacred cows all over the lot.

By Katherine Robinson

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

At thirty-one, Susan Parent is Aetna Life Insurance Company's first woman superintendent of health underwriting. Supervising the primarily male staff is her job after several years with the firm. But what Ms. Parent, a vivacious brunette with a warm smile, really relishes is the responsibility and variety of her work.

Like many other high school graduates, she had no clear career plan. For three or four years she did repetitive clerical work at Aetna. Hungry for more demanding work, she got her opportunity when she was one of a handful of women admitted to the underwriting trainee course. It took seven years to rise to supervisor. Now, running the staff is all in a day's work for her.

Margarita Rudolph moved from Philadelphia to Mystic, Connecticut, three years ago when the Navy transferred her husband there. Bored with staying at home, she took a job earning $67 a week. In the local newspaper she read about work as a welder at nearby Electric Boat Company. In nine weeks she completed training and joined the local of the Metal Trades Council. Now working the night shift, she burns seven or eight pounds of wire a night welding submarine parts. She now earns more than double her first salary and is proud of doing a demanding job meticulously well. She likes the work and takes pride in doing it.

Pat Howard, an outgoing, decisive young computer data analyst, signed on with the General Motors (G.M.) proving ground staff last year with a college background in chemistry and math. Her job: evaluating pollution-control devices through computerized monitoring. Her job today: evaluating engineering data for *all* of the General Motors proving grounds.

These jobs, once a rarity for women, highlight major changes for women in the working world. Significantly, about one million women have joined the work force in each of the past four years. In 1970 there were 31.5 million; now there are well over 35 million. What are the forces that have propelled women out of stereotyped "female" jobs—the ones that used to be listed in the help-wanted ads—into this whole new range of careers? What are the myths about "women's work" that are being demolished? What job areas promise the most growth in the years ahead?

The most important factor in changing women's status in the work force was the federal "equal opportunity" laws passed in 1963, 1964, and 1968, giving government agencies the tools to enforce equal opportunity for women. With today's clear legal guidelines—embodied in "affirmative action programs"—business and industry are beginning to make room for more women. Managers like Peggy Milford, head of a 3,000-square-mile commercial district for Northwestern Bell, factory supervisors like Cathy Thomas at Oldsmobile in Lansing, Michigan, professionals like trust officer Susan Ehrbar of Chicago's Northern Trust Company are proof that women are finding job satisfaction in competitive fields from which they previously shrank.

Open job posting, nondiscriminatory application forms and tests, millions of dollars in company- and government-sponsored retraining are the keynotes of present programs. A.T.&.T. has been the trend-setter—an important one since it employs slightly over one million people. G.M. is another leader. They have attacked the problem not only through extensive recruiting and promotion among the more than half million employees, but by holding managers down the line responsible for recognizing able women. Moreover, the General Motors Institute (G.M.I.) in Flint has now tripled the number of women admitted yearly. Since many of G.M.'s managers are trained at the institute, this is an important step in offering women a real voice in company affairs.

Another reason for the influx of women into new areas of employment is the fact that demand is shrinking dramatically in such "women's" fields as teaching and low-level clerical jobs. Moreover, women have become an active force themselves. Aware of technical, scientific and professional qualifications demanded by the best jobs, they are gravitating to more math, science and business courses in school. "Marketable skills is the phrase of the decade," as an advisor at the University of Minnesota put it.

More women have absorbed the fact that the average married woman's work life stretches over twenty-three years (forty-five for single women). These are years that can be used to build a satisfying career. Says Vici Bruni, who sometimes interviews college graduate applicants at New Jersey Bell, "What we're getting are people who want to grow into a career position, not just have a job for a few years."

As women have, in fact, moved without fanfare into many untraditional jobs, they have demolished a number of myths. When Ruth Baines, now a framewoman (she connects customers' phones to the main system) in Bell Telephone's Lincoln Central Office in Washington, D.C., decided to take advantage of Bell's

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incentive program and switch from a clerical to a craft job, she met typical resistance from both men and women co-workers. "I was told the tools would be too heavy, that I'd have to carry twelve-foot ladders around, that working in the maze of wires would be too hard. Of course, none of those things turned out to be true," she laughs.

Ruth finds she works more productively because her new job is more active and varied than desk work and she looks forward to moving on to the next level of skill—switchman—instead of staying put for years.

As for the idea that women meet unbudgeable male hostility on the job, the consensus is that this just isn't so. Summing up the feeling that attitudes change when people are brought together on the job, Police Lieutenant Lucille Acera says, "The more exposure men have to women the more their resistance breaks down. Policemen and women who go out on patrol together develop a loyalty that most often overrides prejudice."

At any job, some people are friendly, and some not, regardless of age or sex. This is borne out by a G.M. study led by Howard C. Carlson, assistant director of organizational research. In surveying hundreds of situations where women have recently made gains, he reports only isolated instances of outright and prolonged resistance from men. In his view, interaction on the job is always a much more complex phenomenon. As one example he cites the especially stressful situation of one woman promoted over another.

The myth that men believe "women's place is in the home" is being gradually dispelled. Husbands are often very supportive of working wives. With inflation, many couples welcome two incomes that allow them to more than just get by. The number of families in which both adults work is on the increase—up from 32.7 percent to 41.5 percent in the last decade. Many new jobs pay double the average for traditional women's work—up from $5,000 to $10,000. This helps with skyrocketing educational costs, provides extras that give life added zip and can even act as insurance when a local economic downturn imperils either partner's job.

Now that women are taking advantage of the wide spectrum of new jobs available to them, what are the areas that offer the most promise? What are their best-bet jobs for the 70's? Based on scores of interviews with women and their employers in a broadly representative group of companies, and with Labor Department officials, here are ten jobs that will recruit heavily and offer good pay and an opportunity for advancement.

1. *Local and state police officers.* Rookie Patrolwoman Kathleen Walsh Casano pounds a beat in New York City's 13th Precinct. One of New York's approximately 800 policewomen (in a total force of 32,200), she copes with assorted drunks, prostitutes and junkies. Or she may be assigned to wait for the medical examiner when an old man is found dead in his single tenement room.

One day recently, Officer Casano, five feet two inches, ran into trouble. "A professional police hater, complaining loudly about the force, was walking toward me. As he got closer, I moved my gun around so he couldn't grab it. But when we met, I just said, 'Hello, sir, how are you? It's a beautiful day, isn't it?' He was completely appeased and said I wasn't 'like the others.' Then he asked the way to Bellevue [the psychiatric ward]."

When she first applied for police work, women were still basically clerks. But Kathleen's father is a retired detective, so she went along with the new laws which equalized duties—such as patroling a beat—along with promotion and pay.

One of the 3,000 applicants admitted yearly through competitive exams, Kathleen taught six- and seven-year-olds while waiting for a place at the Police Academy. Despite qualms at the start, she and her husband now agree it's worth it to be "running around chasing criminals."

One reason is that they will be together more when her rookie year—with night, day and weekend work alternating—is over. Continuing a master's degree in education, Officer Casano has applied for transfer to the Youth Division, and eventually she would like to teach at the Police Academy.

With a high school diploma or equivalency, winners in competitive exams begin with a salary of almost $12,000 a year in most major cities. Officer Casano will make $16,000 in three years. Demand, and therefore pay, are proportionately lower in smaller cities and localities.

2. *Construction trades.* By and large stiff competition for plum blue-collar jobs has kept women out. But the government is pressing unions to open their ranks, and the word "quota" in hiring for government and other projects is now heard frequently.

Flanking pressure comes from high demand in certain trades. Over 40,000 carpenters, 12,000 electricians and 20,000 plumber-pipefitters must become available yearly.

Some of these will be hired and trained by small but growing firms like four-year-old Continental Homes of Nashua, New Hampshire. Marie Damron, a twenty-eight-year-old housewife who joined Continental when her daughter began school, is one of those people.

A day at the plant begins at 7 a.m.—Marie's husband gets their eight-year-old off to school—and ends at 3:30. Working in a team, Marie installs wiring, switches and other electrical components in the modular units that go into Continental's single family homes. Right now she is training another girl in electrical work and this working with people and the variety in her job are what make it "really interesting and a lot of fun."

Marie will earn more than $8,000 this year, and in addition will earn overtime plus receive a cost of living raise, after she has reached the top of her rate scale. Her pay is already 20 percent more than she would be earning if she were employed as a secretary. And she can opt to make thousands of dollars more if she trains as a lead foreman.

3. *Computer operators, programmers and systems analysts.* Whether we realize it or not, each of us comes in contact with a computer or two every day. It's therefore no wonder that

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continued from page 8

start. On top of that she takes a vitamin-C tablet every day—half a gram with breakfast. For people who have had a coronary, or who suspect they may have a high degree of atherosclerosis, Dr. Spittle suggests boosting the dose to one gram a day. In her trials on coronary patients Dr. Spittle found that those people taking their daily one gram really felt better—"they could walk farther without getting breathless or getting a chest pain." Regular vitamin-C consumption may therefore completely clean out even the most "coked up" arteries. The decoking operation is likely to take a long time though.

Prevention is always better than cure, and atherosclerosis is no exception. Dr. Spittle believes that if children begin a lifelong habit of daily vitamin C they can keep their arteries clean with probably less than even half a gram each day.

Because they tend to be a rather conservative bunch, the medical profession remains to be convinced about the link between vitamin C and atherosclerosis. It is not possible to do proper experiments, because atherosclerosis is a lifelong process in human beings. Final experimental proof may therefore never be forthcoming. Hence, Dr. Spittle has recently switched her attention to thrombosis in veins, and the results powerfully support her proposals.

One of the hazards of surgery is thrombosis in the few weeks following the operation. Often the thrombosis is in the legs and is harmless, if a little uncomfortable. Sometimes, however, a thrombus forms in the heart, the lungs or the brain, with disastrous consequences. One way of avoiding postoperative thrombosis is physical exercise to keep the blood circulating freely. But Dr. Spittle has now discovered that vitamin C appears to be effective here too.

In a carefully controlled trial during last year on a selection of patients following surgery, Dr. Spittle found that one gram a day of vitamin C slashed the incidence of thrombosis in the leg by a half, and many of the thromboses in the vitamin C-supplemented patients were so mild that they could be detected only with very sensitive radioactive techniques.

She has been trying enthusiastically to persuade surgical units in her hospital to give patients daily vitamin C, and those that have followed her advice have had dramatic reductions in the rate of deep-vein thrombosis.

She explains the effect of vitamin C against deep-vein thrombosis in the same terms as part of its anti-atherosclerosis activity: the vitamin C is maintaining the lining of the veins in top repair; the chances of a small thrombus snagging on a defective wall of a blood vessel, thus leading to a larger clot, are minimized. She feels that the results of her study of vitamin C's effect on the deep-vein thrombosis vindicates her belief in the beneficial effect of vitamin C on arteries. ⚜

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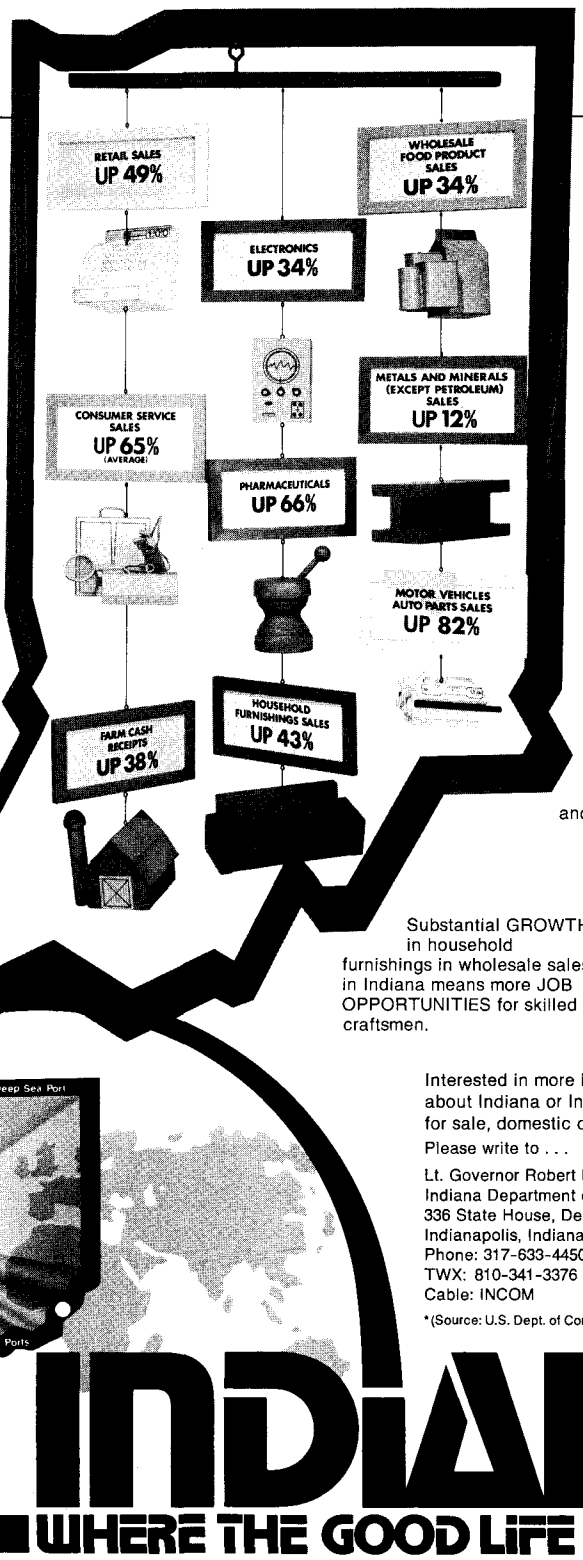
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STOPOVER

The heart of innocence is not easy to find.

By Betty Ren Wright

Illustrated by Cliff Schule

It was late afternoon when they came to a motel close to the water, a narrow, faintly shabby shed, its windowboxes crammed with white petunias like used Kleenex. Billy Joe slowed down and looked it over. Not much of a place but probably clean, he thought—the State checked on these places—and he didn't see any kids around. He looked at Tip for an opinion, but his brother's eyes were on the water, a long, slow, unraveling look that would not be interrupted.

Billy Joe stopped the car and got out. The office was small and decked with hand-lettered notices and technicolor brochures. The woman behind the desk looked hostile and dark; Billy Joe had a feeling she might be laughing at his skinniness.

"How many?" It was more than just his size; she didn't like long hair, either.

"Two."

Her thick mustached lips curved. "Got some proof you're married?"

"I didn't think I'd need any. It's my younger brother and me."

He felt good, giving her the kind of lip she had been expecting. They stared at each other for a full ten seconds, and Billy Joe thought she was going to say the motel was full. Then she reached under the counter and brought out a key, slapping it hard on the counter.

"Number seventeen. Pay in advance. Eighteen-fifty. Two single beds."

He took out his wallet with the roll of bills his father had given him to cover the cost of bringing Tip home. Three fives, three ones. He used three dimes of his own and twenty pennies, taking his time to count out the pennies.

When he got back to the car, Tip was still staring at the water. You could say he missed a lot in life, being the way he was, but sometimes what he looked at was, coincidentally, the only thing worth seeing. Billy Joe drove down the parking area and stopped in front of number seventeen.

"We're going to stay here overnight," he explained. "We stayed in a motel on the way home last summer, too, remember?" But Tip stared placidly out the window at where the lake had been visible a minute before. Billy Joe opened the door and lifted the bags from the back—the imitation cowhide suitcase they had bought Tip the first time he went away to school, and his own duffel bag, a gift from their older brother when he got out of the Army. He unlocked number seventeen's door and went inside.

The room was neat and sparse, with no reading lights on the headboards. That was always the first thing Billy Joe noticed in a new place. His bed at home had an adjustable clip-on lamp with a soft, bright light that allowed him to read for hours before the letters started to blur and shift on the page. His first impulse now was to go to the office and ask for his money back, but then the door swung open behind him and Tip came in, blinking at the darkness.

"We going to stay here?" he asked. "Sleep here?"

Billy Joe nodded. "Which bed do you want?"

Betty Ren Wright is the managing editor of Western Publishing Company, Inc., in Racine, Wisconsin. An alumna of Lawrence University, from which she received the Alumni Distinguished Service award for 1973, she has published short stories in national magazines and approximately thirty picture storybooks for children.

Right away, he was sorry he had asked. Tip looked from one bed to the other, and his forehead puckered. It probably sounded like a test to him, one of those innocent-sounding questions that revealed all your secrets.

"I like this one," Billy Joe said quickly. Tip sat on the edge of the other bed, looking relieved.

"Hey," he said, after a minute. "Can we go in the water?"

Billy Joe went to the window. There was a skimpy little beach with six or eight people scattered along its length, and also two kids he hadn't noticed when they drove up. They were wading up to their knees and splashing each other. He raised the window, and their cries came in like the squawks of small birds.

"I don't know," he said. "The water looks pretty cold. You don't want to go in if it's cold, do you?" But when he glanced at Tip he saw that he might as well keep still. His brother wore the forlorn, wounded expression that destroyed all the family's good intentions every time they ran into it.

"Well, just for a little while then," Billy Joe said. He turned to dig his trunks out of the duffel bag.

Tip undressed slowly, pulling off his T-shirt as if it were a fragile outer skin. He stepped out of his khaki shorts and then opened his suitcase, smiling sidewise at Billy Joe as the latches clicked smartly, one at a time. His body ballooned in the dim light of the motel room, wide and sickly soft against the dark green of the bedspread behind him. He sorted through the suitcase, lifting the same things and putting them back, over and over again, until he saw his trunks. The school put a premium on neatness. Mr. Nevacheck, the counselor, said orderliness was important in a complicated environment. It helped the students cope.

Billy Joe went into the bathroom and got some towels. Tip wrapped his neatly, so that it sloped shawl-fashion across his shoulders. He held it closed in front, then looked at Billy Joe, suddenly nervous.

"Maybe it *will* be cold," he said.

But to turn back now would be a mistake. Mr. Nevacheck said it was one thing to avoid a possibly difficult situation, and something else to give up a plan because of fear.

"Let's give it a try," Billy Joe said. Before Tip could protest further, he opened the door on the lake side of the motel and stepped out. After a moment Tip followed, clutching the towel tightly.

Continued on page 20

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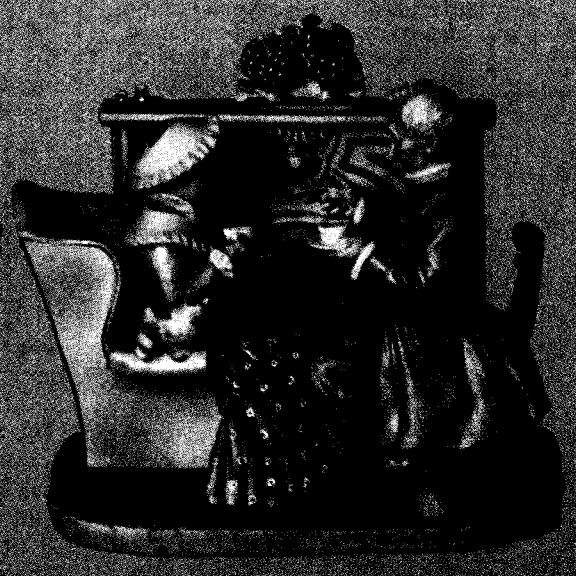

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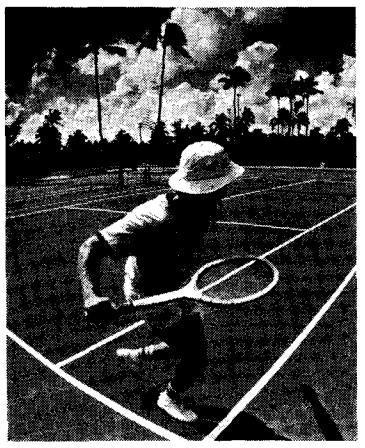

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A SHERATON RESORT HOTEL · A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

continued from page 18

No one paid any attention as they crossed the narrow strip of lawn to the beach. There were two old ladies in jersey dresses, barefoot and bent double, picking up stones at the water's edge. There was a fat lady in a brilliant blue bathing suit who waded, childlike, while her husband sat a few feet away staring out over the water. And there was a young couple—he skipping stones expertly across the water, she self-conscious in a bikini. As far as Billy Joe was concerned, there were two kinds of women, those who should wear bikinis and those who shouldn't. Outside of magazine pictures, he had hardly ever seen one who should. This woman was thin enough, but her stomach muscles were starting to go slack. The two kids undoubtedly were hers, but they played at a distance. Nice kids, good kids, stay where you are, kids.

"Let's go in on the other side of the dock," Billy Joe said. He led the way to the water's edge and dropped his towel on the sand, hoping Tip would do the same. Without looking back, he waded into the icy water and then plunged forward. When he came up for air, he was at the end of the pier. Tip stood where he had left him, the towel gone, but with a marooned look.

Billy Joe motioned to him, trying to keep it casual, but he saw that already everyone was watching.

"Come on out!" he shouted.

The stone-skipper stopped looking for flat stones and settled back on his haunches. Even the two children, far down the beach on the other side of the pier, stopped their game to watch; the family was reunited in nosiness. Billy Joe flung himself down again and swam back along the side of the pier. He knew he was doing the wrong thing. Tip was supposed to gain self-confidence by making up his own mind as much as possible, Mr. Nevacheck said. He was not supposed to be directed, which was, of course, what the whole family did constantly.

When the gravel bottom was only a foot away from his nose, he stood up. Tip was gone. Billy Joe saw him running down the beach with his heavy, flatfooted run that seemed always to be the beginning of a fall. He was heading toward the two children, and when they saw him coming, they began to run, too. Their father leaped up, and soon they were all splashing along the water's edge. Billy Joe joined the race. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the dark figure of the manager emerge from her office.

He caught up to the father. "It's okay," he panted. "You don't have to worry. My brother is very friendly. He likes children."

The man didn't turn his head, but his lips peeled back in a grimace. "I'll bet he does! Hairy apes and fat dummies are just what we needed for a great time." He made a wide loop around Tip and scooped up the little girl, who was screaming. With the other hand he pulled the boy out of the water. Tip stopped, bewildered, and Billy Joe reached him.

"Dammit, why'd you have to do that? Why didn't you come when I called you?"

"I'd rather play," Tip said, watching the man disappear into the motel with the screaming kids and his wife. "I don't feel like swimming."

"You didn't have to scare them," Billy Joe raged. "Nobody said you had to swim. You could have just walked out to where I was." He felt sick.

"I didn't feel like it." The wounded look was back. "Are you mad?"

"No, I'm not," Billy Joe said. But he was.

"Look," he said abruptly, "let's just sit down here in the water and forget it." He pulled hard on Tip's wrist, and reluctantly, the big body settled beside him. Tip curled his fingers underwater.

"Funny," he said, looking around for approval.

"Pick up some nice rocks for Mom," Billy Joe said slyly. "There's a shiny black one right there by your foot."

Tip leaned forward, and the water lapped against his pudgy breasts. "This one?"

"No." Billy Joe slid in a little deeper. "There," he said. "Look right where I'm pointing."

Tip slid along beside him. "I can't see it."

"Get on your knees and lean forward like this," Billy Joe said. "If you put your face under water, don't breathe—just keep your eyes open and look."

Tip got clumsily to his knees. He bent down, and a wave slapped his chin. He gulped air for a moment and then fell forward. When he came up, his hands were full of stones.

Billy Joe said, "Good boy. Put them there on the sand to keep them safe." Then he launched himself into deeper water and swam straight out. When he looked back, Tip was coming behind him. They went out to the end of the pier and around it, Billy Joe cutting the surface like a sharp knife, Tip churning it like a paddle wheel. When the water was knee-deep, Billy Joe stood up, but Tip beached himself, gasping and blubbering.

The fat lady splashed over to join them. "Sonny, that was very good," she said to Tip. "You swam a long way without stopping."

Tip stared down at the sand.

"He learned a long time ago," Billy Joe said warily. "It's just that he forgets he knows how."

"Well, I think he's just wonderful," the fat lady said. She had a nice face, Billy Joe decided. Under all those mounds and pouches, there was a Straight Arrow.

"Do you suppose he'd teach me how?" she asked. "I've never been able to swim worth a nickel."

Tip looked up from his digging. "Too fat," he said. Billy Joe felt his face burn.

But the lady laughed. "My daddy used to say that should be a help, not a hindrance," she said. " 'Ought to be able to float like one of those big rubber ducks,' he said." She bent closer to Tip. "Sonny, will you give me a swimming lesson?"

Tip thought it over. "Sit down," he said, patting the water next to him. She sat.

"Find a stone for your Mom," Tip said. "Find that one out there."

She leaned forward obediently, gasping as the water soaked her bosom.

"Not that one," Tip said. "Farther out."

Billy Joe moved away down the beach. He passed the fat lady's husband. Their eyes met, and the man grinned.

"Takes all kinds," he said. "She's fresh out of babies and too young for grandchildren."

Billy Joe grinned back. "Tell her I've gone in for a book, if she needs me."

"She won't," the man said. "Not that one. She's happy as a clam."

Billy Joe walked on up to the motel. He passed the manager who still stood there glaring.

"You should have told me—" she began, but he refused to break stride. The moment was a sweet taste in his mouth, like a book with a happy ending. It didn't need her kind of epilogue.

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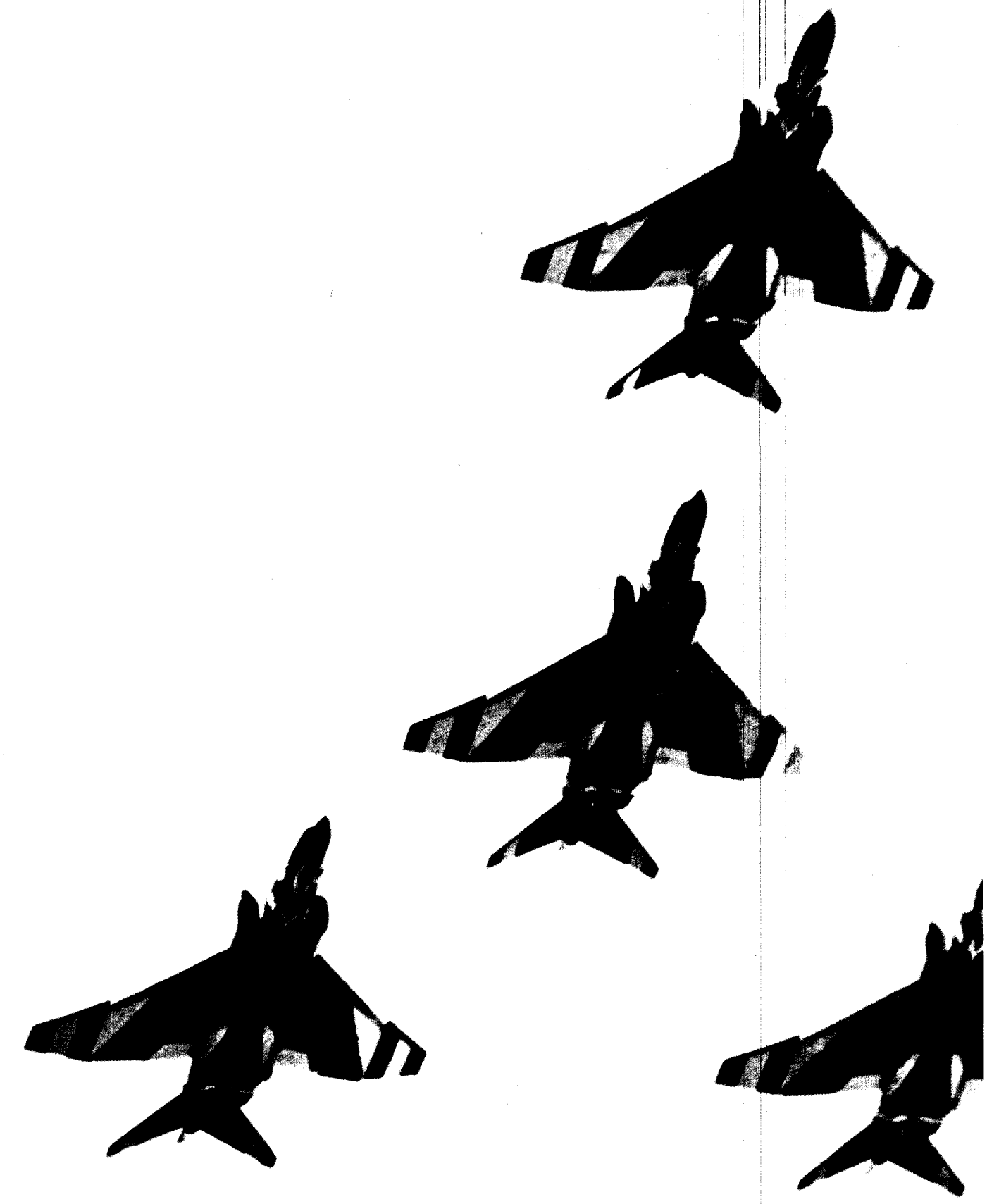

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After thirty-seven years with the National Guard and Air Force Reserve, in which he attained the rank of Major General, the author (above)proves himself to be an able spokesman for the service. The USAF Thunderbird aerobatic team (opposite) shows off a mastery of the air.

THE U.S. AIR FORCE: Ready, Willing and Able

By Senator Barry Goldwater

The military services of the United States returned home from a disastrous war in South Vietnam under constant attack by Members of Congress, segments of the media and the press and organized groups in America. It was probably the least understood war in the history of the world and it was a war in which, for the second time in the history of warfare, that I can recall, a country's forces were denied victory because of the utter refusal on the part of two Presidents and their Secretaries of Defense to allow the modern weaponry possessed by our forces to be used against the enemy.

When attacks on targets of opportunity were denied to the air forces, be they Navy, Army or Air Force, this was an inexcusable, indefensible act. I am still, for example, trying to get the Pentagon to lower classification on the documents which limited air and ground warfare to the complete advantage of the enemy, but I am unable to do so. When that happens, that itself will be another story.

In spite of all of these drawbacks, setbacks and frustrations, a recent poll shows the military is now more highly regarded than any other American institution and this indicates that the general support for the man in uniform is again on the increase, as it should be. However, in spite of everything I have said, the newest American military service, the United States Air Force, came out of that war probably the most experienced air arm in the world, officered and manned by a new breed of Air Force person, without the slouch-capped cockiness which made our airmen famous in World War II. The new breed gave rigid attention to the details required in the operation of highly sophisticated, modern aircraft in an era which marked the advent of electronic dominance in air operations. The Air Force is ready, willing and able to perform whatever it might be called on to do in the event that the United States is forced to defend itself or to fulfill its obligations to the several countries to which it has committed itself.

In previous articles appearing in this magazine, writers have presented somewhat dismal assessments of the Navy and the Army respectively.

In most respects, their appraisals do not apply to the Air Force. The Air Force is not having serious problems with the all-volunteer Army concept. Nor is it suffering from a morale problem that would lead a neutral observer to describe it as frustrated or unsure of itself in its future. I make this point because I deliberately set out to discover whether the Air Force could in any way fit the somewhat overly harsh descriptions which Colonel Robert D. Heinl, USMC (Retired), presented of the United States Army. Instead, we find that the Air Force, with few exceptions, has been meeting its recruitment goals with no difficulty at all. This is because the Army and the Navy have some special problems which are not applicable to the Air Force. In addition, service in the air has always held a fascination for this country's young people and the recruitment rate shows it.

This does not mean that the Air Force is not confronted with some problems of other natures. While its aircraft performed superbly in the skies over Vietnam, they did so primarily because of the excellent quality of the pilots, crew members and the men on the ground who kept them flying. The newest fighter aircraft we had in that war was the F-4, which was introduced in the

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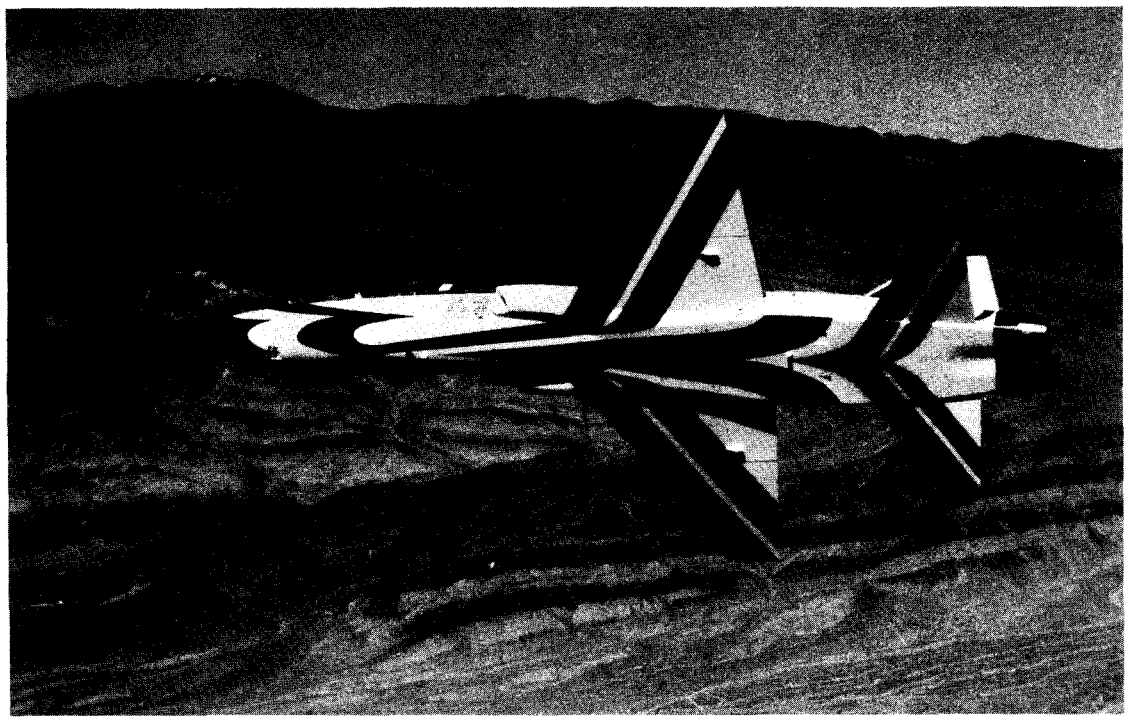

As one prototype soars over another in the international defense hurdles, numbers blur. Here, a T-38, to be replaced by the F-4.

military inventory in 1958 and the Air Force in 1965. The newest bomber that we had covering the targets of Vietnam, Cambodia and Northern Laos and Northern Vietnam was the B-52, now a twenty-two-year-old veteran whose ranks are diminishing rapidly. The Air Force found it necessary to go to the "boneyard" of the Navy at Litchfield Park, Arizona, and retrieve A-1 attack aircraft which had never seen service in World War II or Korea—they proved to be lifesavers, but they were ancient. Then there was the F-100—a ten-year veteran which did a fine job. For example, the 120th Air Guard Wing came in 1968 with the F-100C (no flaps) and did a better job than the regulars who were flying the D model. Some of the ANG pilots had 5,000 hours of F-100 time so it was no wonder they did so well. The Air Force had never developed an aircraft purely for close air support—one of its major mistakes, in my opinion—until the advent of the A-10, which is not yet in the inventory. Observation planes for forward air controllers were developed from current civilian aircraft in the United States, with only one new bird for these purposes, the OV-10, coming into the inventory.

The point I am trying to bring out here is that the youngest member of the United States military forces acted more like an old, wobbly citizen than a young baby. No other Air Force in the world that I know of has been forced to operate with such antiquated equipment and, as usual, it was more the men involved, and not the machines, that brought us the victories we enjoyed.

This situation is being remedied now with the advent of the F-15, the B-1, and the A-10, which are coming into the inventory, and two lightweight prototypes, the YF-16 and the YF-17. We have the A-7 which, while a modernized aircraft of great ability, stemmed from an earlier model of Navy aircraft.

Before I get into the whole question of the Air Force and its problem with the question of who does what, let's examine the business of equipment more closely. I don't have to explain to the readers of this magazine that the United States Air Force could have the greatest group of eager young fighting men the nation has ever seen, that it could have superlative management in every phase of its operation, that its tactics could be superior to those employed by any nation in the world, and that still all of this would not mean one thing if the tools of their trade were not available.

Potentially the Air Force could be the best fighting arm this nation has ever seen. It has a lean force of veterans who have been combat-tested in Vietnam and Korea to lead and direct the cream of America's new military recruits. As the youngest and most modern of the nation's military forces, it has fewer personality problems than the other branches. It is free to concentrate on a tradition of progress rather than on a progress of traditions. This enables the Air Force to modify its traditions as it goes along rather than becoming entangled in traditions established years ago by heroic giants of America's military past.

But all this fails to take into account the fact that there are handicaps to being "new" in the military establishment of the United States. The Air Force, to be blunt about it, suffers somewhat from a lack of bureaucratic know-how. It has important and costly needs to fill, but it is almost too naive to get the job done in the rough-and-tumble jungle of Washington bureaucracy. This makes it poor competition for the time-tested veterans of Washington's appropriations wars that are so prevalent in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. In some instances the Air Force is simply not able to cope with the expertise of the other services when a choice for a close decision is to be reached on Capitol Hill over Congressional approval for new weapons, aircraft and military equipment. Understand, I am not accusing the Air Force of any kind of service deficiency in this respect. I am merely pointing out that an experience gap exists which only time can correct.

The importance of this kind of rapport with developments in Washington and attitudes on the House and Senate Armed Services Committees and prevailing viewpoints among the lawmakers generally is greater at times like the present. This is because when we are at war, or in some kind of armed conflict which is called by another name, the situation itself argues strenuously on the Air Force's behalf. The old argument of which branch of the military service is dominant has long since been settled. We know now without any question of a doubt that the nation that controls the air, controls the territory over which its planes hold superiority. As a result, with all its naivete, the Air Force continues to get a dominant share of the American defense dollar. Even so, the biggest questions which the Air Force people must wrestle with today have to do with how many airplanes the United States needs, what kinds of aircraft are needed, whether to seek a high/low mix, and whether we should concentrate on lightweight fighters or F-15's.

Added to this is the underlying problem faced by all the military, namely, the split in this country over whether we should become isolated once again, as we were in the 1920's and 1930's, or whether we should continue to try to be the world's number one military power. There are those within the Congress and in organized groups outside the Congress who are constantly chipping away at the weaponry and personnel needed and required by the military. Ridiculous suggestions for cuts this year totaling $11 billion came from people whose whole reputations have been based in the field and areas of anti-weaponry. One group of scientists has appeared annually to protest not only weapons but also developments in space, basing itself not upon scientific argument but on the emotional argument that there will be no more wars. The arguments made by these people and these groups appeal to many Americans who are not willing to look under the surface at what the arguments really contain and what the results of accepting those arguments would mean to the United States and the peace of the world. I bring this up here because it is something that those of us who serve on the Armed Services Committee are completely aware of and the general public is not so well aware of. We face arguments presented on the floor which stem from studies made by lobbying groups who are totally opposed to preparedness.

Underscoring the need for more equipment and better defined roles for the Air Force is the continual thrust of the Soviet Union in the field of air power. The Soviets continue to field new aircraft and new weapons systems which already have challenged our forces in Southeast Asia. We can fully expect that the Russians will continue this activity and pose a constant challenge to American readiness in other places around the globe.

If the indecisive attitude of the American Congress should be followed by an indecisive occupant of the White House working with an indecisive Department of State, regardless of which party might provide these factors, I think I'm safe in prophesying that we would see a fast upswing in the number of attacks made on American interests around the world which would constitute an increased testing of our willingness and ability to react and raise the question of whether we have the tools with which to counter. I emphasize this strongly because unless we remain ready, willing and able, in a military sense, the communist countries of the world can make a fairly unattractive doormat of the United States.

This gets me to what I believe is one of the

Continued on page 26

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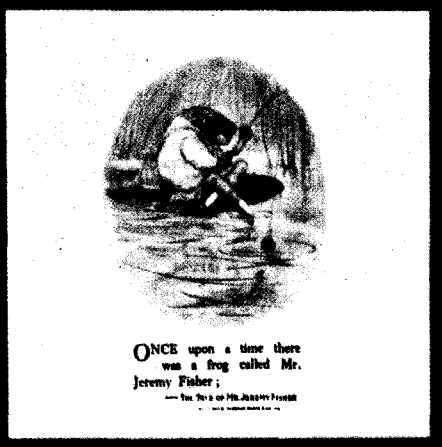

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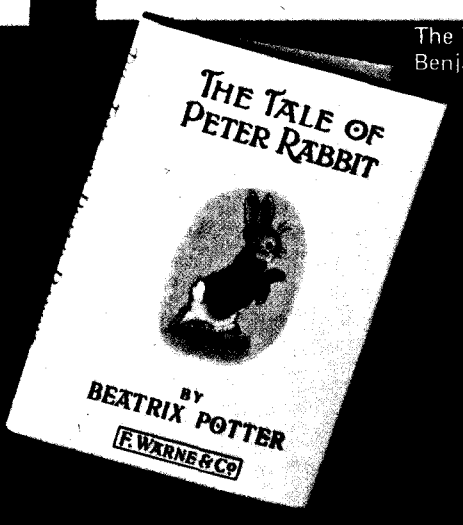

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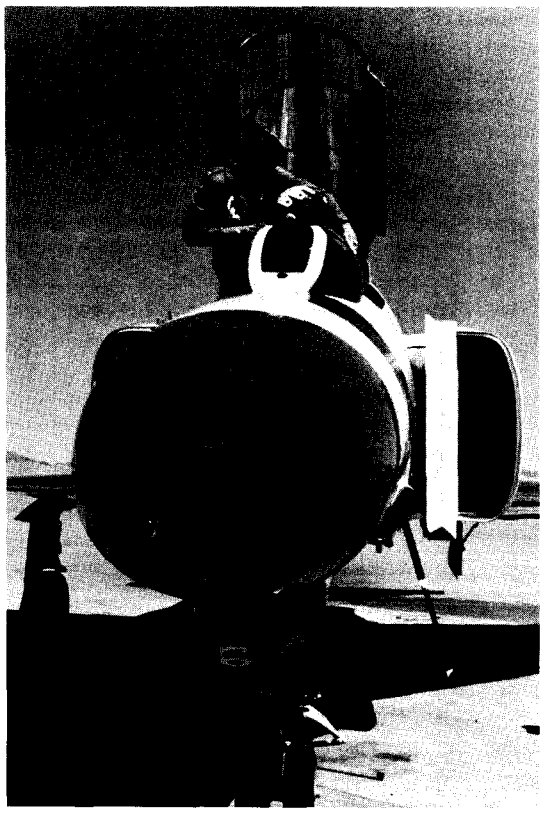
major problems confronting not only the Air Force but the entire Pentagon. And that is our antiquated, inefficient and expensive method of procurement. Starting many years ago we wandered away from the tried and true methods of procurement under capitalism and wound up with something more akin to procurement practiced in a socialist state. We continue to function in fits and starts, meeting each military crisis as it arises; while the Russians have adopted the much better approach of continual research and development, which does not require updating and long lead time in the production of weapons and weapon systems. For example, we have not had a new fighter plane for fifteen years. We are going to have to jump all the way from the F-4 to the F-15 while the Russians have moved smoothly and efficiently from one prototype development to another. They have gone through the MIG series all the way from the MIG 5 to the MIG 25. Their program has, I am sure, been more efficient and a lot less costly than the system in use in this country. The same thing applies to the bomber category. Here we are fighting over whether to approve the B-1, while the Russians, through steady prototype development, have already produced a bomber of that capability.

In the case of the B-1, we again run into opposition from Members of Congress and organized groups outside the Congress who really cannot understand that the development of this aircraft and the research on it constitute a completely new approach which has never been tried before on an aircraft of this size. Naturally, we run into problems in its development ranging from the smallest rivet to the most modern method of welding, from old metal such as aluminum to new metal such as titanium to the use of plastics. We are confronted with utilizing a crew escape capsule never before tried in any aircraft of this size. When one is aware of the tremendous amount of time, study, scientific research and practical development which has gone into the production of this airplane, we can get the best answer, in my opinion, to the method of procurement we use, namely: don't use it in the future. This bomber should have been a natural development drawing of refinements out of other aircraft to the completed B-1, but it wasn't done that way; and instead of an airplane costing, say, about $25 million, we are confronted with one that will cost $45 million—and only because of the lack of research and development.

Now, let me move into another field in which I will probably sound a bit critical of the Air Force, but if I do, the same criticism can be directed at the other branches of the service. I served for thirty-seven years of my life in the Reserve and National Guard of this country, so I know a little bit about what I am saying. Before I went on active duty before World War II, I was an infantry first lieutenant attached to a reserve regiment. While I wasn't called to duty with it, that organization had twelve officers who could have passed physical examinations. I never did hear what happened to the rest of them. I went on duty with the Air Corps. I mention that incident because it is typical of the way the forces have treated their reserves throughout the years. While the National Guard and the Air National Guard have not suffered as much as the Reserves—and this is only because the Guard can be highly political—the ground Guard has suffered from the viewpoint of equipment and while some of its units were called up in World War II, most were dispersed and the esprit de corps developed in training was never allowed to surface. When the Air National Guard and the Air Reserve were re-formed after World War II, Korea came around the corner and all of us expected to be called to active duty. Only a handful of ready fighter organizations were sent directly to Korea. The one that I helped organize was sent to Georgia and there broken up and made into training units. The same story was true in Vietnam with only a few of these highly trained, highly skilled Air National Guard fighter outfits ever seeing combat. What the general public doesn't realize is that these units, both Air Guard and Air Reserve, constitute the highest level of training and experience to be found anywhere, including the active forces. Senator Sam Nunn and others on the Armed Services Committee have recently introduced legislation which will require the Secretary of Defense to pay attention to the availability of these trained pilots, navigators and airmen, to be used in the mission of MAC. I sincerely hope that the Secretary will make every effort to see that these people are properly utilized. If they are, it will mean a return on a great investment that has been made and is still being made in the reserve forces. If it is not the intention of the defense establishment to utilize the expertise found in the Reserve and the Guard, then the whole idea should be abandoned as a waste of money. I look on it as one of the best investments the country makes, but we will see the return on the investment only if the whole advantage is used.

Before ending this article, I believe we have to discuss what the services call roles and missions. With the establishment of a separate Air Force in 1947, the roles and missions of close air support were given to that new arm. I fully expected at that time that the Air Force would take over the flying of the services which would have included all military airlift whether fixed wing or rotary wing, all close air support whether that was to be used by the Marines or the ground troops, all air-to-air interception for air superiority and superiority over the ground, eventually moving into the Navy role, to protect the fleets. Naturally, I expected the Strategic Air Command mission to remain with the Air Force as well as air defense. What the Air Force didn't reckon with, however, was a task force headed by General Hamilton H. Howze whom Defense Secretary McNamara ordered to investigate the possible uses of air for the benefits of ground troops. His report is probably one of the most brilliantly studied, written and put together papers that I have ever read, but there are times when I think that I was probably the only person interested in air power who took the trouble to read it. It clearly spelled out how the Army was going to take back part of the roles and missions, particularly in transport with rotary wing of observation and close air support, which they did in Vietnam and did brilliantly. Because the Air Force did not pay attention to the role of close air support by developing an aircraft until too late, I believe that it will now share close air support missions with the Army, Marines and the Navy, so we are right back where we started. In effect, we have four tactical air forces today, each assigned a role in close air support.



An F-4E points to the future, to the F-15: a huge jump for the United States while Russia smoothly develops one prototype after another.

The Army has more aircraft than either of the other flying services and yet, in 1947, an independent Air Force was developed and was separated from the Army. I know that this whole subject is under constant study by the Pentagon. And it should be, because there is reason to doubt whether we are able to support four separate tactical forces any more than we would be able to support two, three or four strategic forces. I believe it is perfectly obvious by now that the Army will continue to provide its own close air support with helicopters, some not even developed yet, and that it will continue the transportation of small units by helicopter as well as observation.

I am also convinced that the Air Force will have a role in the same general areas except the close transportation of small ground units. Air supremacy is going to continue to be a role played by the Navy and by the Air Force to control the air space over their separate forces and the Air Force will continue to play its one-third part in the triad which includes the ICBM and the submarine launched missiles, the most important weapon systems the United States now has.

In summation, I must admit that being asked to write this piece was somewhat like a Yankee baseball fan being asked to write an objective piece about his favorite team, but I have tried to do it even though my sympathies lean toward the man in blue. These deficiencies and blessings that I have noted in the Air Force are observed by all of its members. These are young people, as I've said before, not married to any particular area, but willing at all times to try something new, and I believe the encouragement must be constantly coming to them from the Pentagon and the Congress to do exactly that—to provide more force, more power with a constant attention to the dollars involved, even though judgments in this field might at various times deprive the Air Force of some weapons that some feel it necessary for us to have.

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SPARE TIME STRIKES IT RICH

Fifty-two million bowling Americans are trying to keep out of the gutter.

By Nora Scott Kinzer

Illustrated by Gerald Horton

Nora Scott Kinzer is an assistant professor of sociology at the North Central Campus of Purdue University. Much in demand as a speaker on the changing role of women in society, she has contributed several articles on the feminist movement to national periodicals. With a rich background in Latin American studies, she has devoted much of her writing to sociological issues in South America.

While I was growing up my mother spent innumerable hours trying to teach me how to be a lady. "Ladies always wear white gloves. Ladies never wear slacks. Ladies never drink beer. Above all, ladies never ever go bowling." Imagine her shock when I came home from high school in the late 1950's and excitedly announced that my physical education class was going to engage in a very daring experiment. Instead of boring folk dances or ridiculous girls' basketball games, we were going to have coeducational bowling at the local bowling alley.

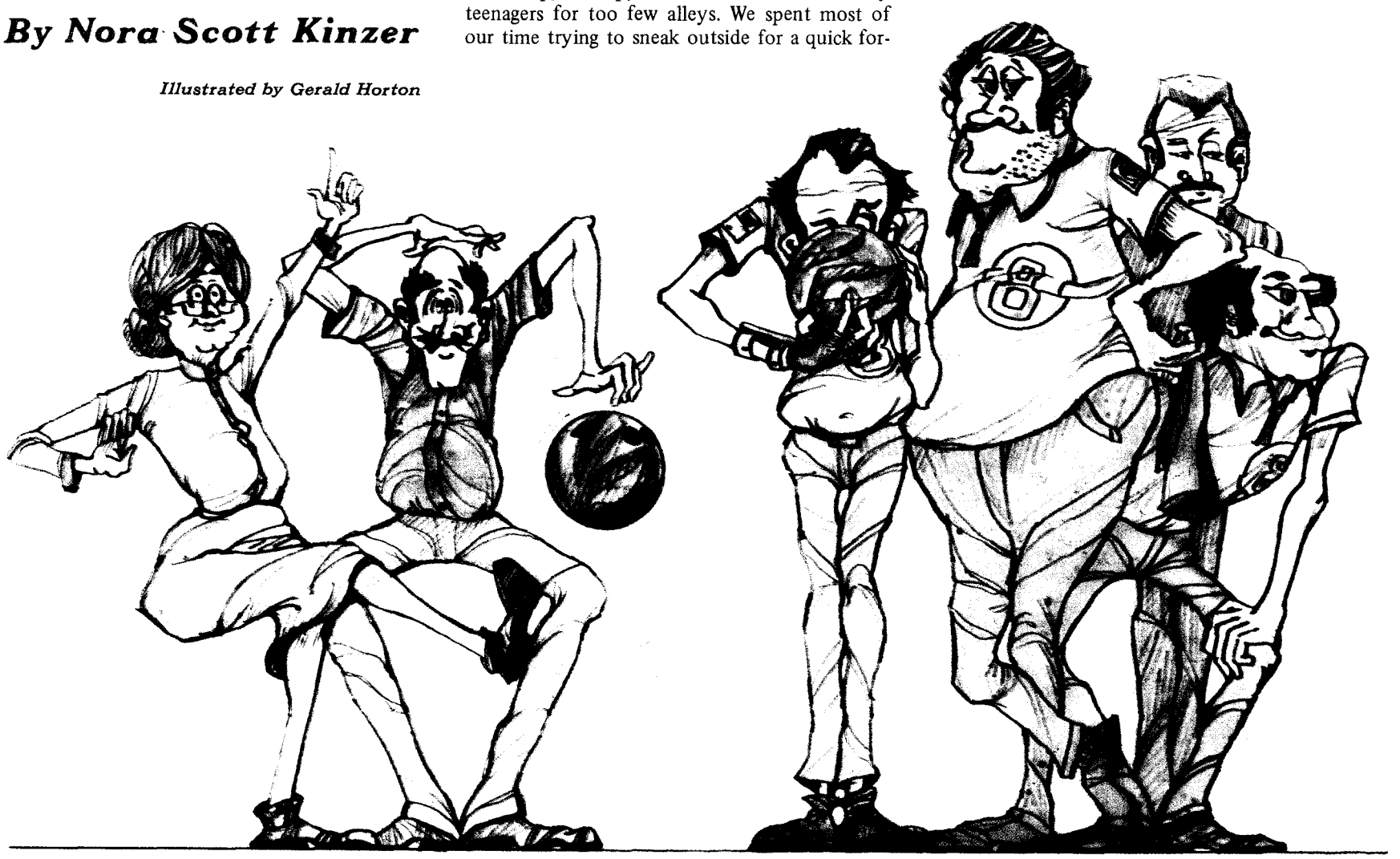
She started to moan, "Bowling! *Bowling!* Oh migawd! BOWLING!" She repeated that infamous word until she was forced to lie down with a cold cloth on her head. When my father came home from the office, he calmed her down by acknowledging that I would be properly chaperoned; it was a school function; it was in the daytime, and, after all, it wasn't a *pool* hall, for heaven's sake.

The experience was awful. The bowling alley was a horrid dark little place that reeked of old tennis shoes and last week's rancid hamburger grease. Here and there bare light bulbs dimly lit the bumpy, humpy lanes. There were too many teenagers for too few alleys. We spent most of our time trying to sneak outside for a quick forbidden cigarette. Besides, bowling in multilayered crinolines, dirndl skirt, bobby sox, tennis shoes, and a buttoned-down-the back sweater that kept popping out just as I tried to swing, made the whole event a dismal failure. And I collected a passel of splinters through my bobby sox on those days when I forgot my gym shoes. Mother was right. Bowling alleys were no fit places for ladies or anybody else except those creeps in Elvis black leather jackets and d.a. haircuts.

Time has passed, mother's lessons didn't take and bowling has changed for the better. Not only do I now not wear white gloves, but I bowl and have a lot of fun.

Today's bowling alley has smooth, sleek, shining, bumpless lanes with no slivers. Soft muted lighting lures the bowler to the lounge, restaurant, or coffee shop. Free baby-sitting and nursery facilities relieve housewives from child-care worries. Your friends, neighbors, relatives, and quite possibly your mother are among the fifty-two million Americans who bowled at least one game last year in these pleasant surroundings. Unbeknownst to most bowlers, they are the latest link in a chain of bowling history reaching far back into antiquity.

Stone implements found in Pharaoh's tombs indicate that ancient Egyptians played a kind of bowling similar to skittles. In 50 B.C. or thereabouts, the Helvetii, a tribe living in the northern part of Italy, introduced their form of bowling to Caesar's legions who, in turn, took it around the ancient world. The Roman game is the precursor of modern-day *boccie* still played by aging New York Italian men. Remember Marlon Brando



Social Bowling *The Wednesday Night League*

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playing *boccie* in *The Godfather*?

Bowling as we know it originated in third-century Germany. Frank G. Menke explains in *The Encyclopedia of Sports* why today's bowlers are called "kegelers." Germans of bygone centuries carried around a club called a "kegel," shaped somewhat like our Indian club. A medieval German twirled his kegel to strengthen the forearm and limber his wrist. But the kegel had many other purposes. The kegel was used in friendly distance-throwing contests, to pound one's enemies, to whack opponents in kegel-fencing competitions and even as a primitive hammer.

Because ancient Germans were rarely separated from their kegels, priests and bishops incorporated this instrument into church "ritual" to entice parishioners to church. A man's kegel was set up in the long adjoining hallway or cloister. The kegel was dubbed *Heide* or Heathen. The parishioner was told to hurl a stone at his *Heide*. The goal was to knock down the *Heide* and thus prove that you were living a pure and virtuous life. If the stone missed, it indicated that the parishioner was a sinner and had to do penance before trying to knock down the *Heide* again. The priests themselves would set up a number of kegels to prove their superior virtue.

As time went on, more kegels were set up at the end of the cloister, larger pebbles replaced the stones, and kegeling extended far beyond monasteries and churches. By the year A.D. 1300, wooden balls substituted for rounded pebbles and definite rules had been more or less established. However, the number of kegels varied from three to seventeen.

Martin Luther was an avid bowler who favored the nine-pin game. Because of Luther's influence, by mid-sixteenth century nine-pins was the standard game throughout Germany. When the game was played indoors, the ball was rolled at the pin. When played outdoors, players could either roll or throw their balls at the pins.

Although nine-pins spread from Germany to Austria and the Lowlands across the Channel, those perverse English and Scots preferred lawn bowls. While Europeans used beds of mashed clay and cinders, the English stuck with their beautifully clipped and manicured four-hundred-year-old lawns.

Sir Francis Drake and his buccaneer buddies were playing on such a lawn in 1588 when he received word that the Spanish Armada was fast closing on the English fleet. Exhibiting typically English understatement and predating another Battle of Britain some four hundred years later, Drake replied coolly, "There is time enough to finish the game and beat the Spaniards too." And there was. Drake finished the game. Then he burnt and destroyed the Spanish Armada. Perhaps my mother's dislike of bowling came to her from her father. My wild Highland Scot grandfather never really forgave Drake for chasing the Spaniards to northern Scotland. Because so many shipwrecked Spaniards landed on the coast of Scotland, many a Scottish olive skin and dark hair can be traced to that event.

By the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in what is today the United States, the English had introduced their form of lawn bowling. The Dutch settlers brought pin bowling to the colonies of New York and Pennsylvania. Every school child knows the story of Rip Van Winkle and the Little Men of the Mountain who bowled so hard that claps of thunder rolled across the valleys. With a press agent like Washington Irving, no wonder then that pin bowling gained prominence over the more pristine English version.

Nine-pin bowling was such an enormous success that several Puritans languished in the stocks for engaging in frivolous and wasteful activity. By the 1830's and 1840's, sellout crowds attended matches and huge side bets were placed by sporting and not-so-sporting gentlemen. Unruly drunken mobs created such an uproar and hubbub, whenever and wherever these matches were placed, that the Connecticut legislature prohibited the playing of nine-pins.

Bowlers, spectators, gamblers, hangers-on, sporting ladies, meat-pie vendors, and sellers of ale were understandably upset when they suddenly found themselves robbed of their favorite pastime. But American ingenuity quickly thought of a way to circumvent the law. Ten-pin bowling came into being. After all, the law prohibited nine-pin bowling. Ten-pin bowling was born.

Yet ten-pin bowling was still a rowdy rambunctious activity. An ordinary workingman who wanted to bowl just for sheer enjoyment had to put up with all sorts of assorted hoodlums and ruffians who frequented bowling halls. Indeed, sometimes players would deliberately lose a match game because they feared dire consequences at the hands of their opponents. Sometimes losers would lurk outside the bowling halls and administer sound thrashings to winners. Bowling was a dangerous sport and a group of energetic fraternal and sports leaders decided to remedy the situation.

In 1895, these men met in New York City and formed the American Bowling Congress. The ABC made a series of hard and fast rules regarding size of pins, length of alleys, weight of balls and generally brought order out of chaos. By

The Professionals

Sunday Afternoon Kid Bowlers

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regulating play and sticking to the rules, the ABC combated the generally unsavory character of bowling.

In 1901, the American Bowling Congress held its first national championship tournament in Chicago. Entries consisted of 41 five-man teams, 72 two-man teams, and 115 individuals. Prize money totaled a magnificent $1,592.

By 1942, the ABC reported more than a million players, but World War II took its toll of bowling and membership slumped alarmingly. However, by 1951, ABC membership was one and a half million members and by June 1973 there were over four million members.

Bowling's phenomenal growth is due to one invention—the automatic pinspotter. Prior to 1952, pinboys set pins. Waiting for manual setups made the game much slower. While automation made pinboys as extinct as the dodo bird, few ex-pinboys regret their early retirement. My husband, a long-retired pinboy, swears that none of the pinboys ever finished an evening's work without a lump, bump, bruise, or welt. Pinboys sat on a tiny ledge just above the pins and looped their legs over the narrow partition between alleys. All ex-pinboys have horrendous tales of their sojourns in the bowling alleys.

Pinboys received four to eight cents a game and lived in mortal fear of flying pins. Another former pinboy acquaintance of mine, now a veterinarian, recalls, "Firemen were the worst of any players. They came in and finished off a six-pack or two before playing. Then they aimed straight for me. They never wanted to hit the pins. They only wanted to see me jump."

My ex-pinboy husband disagrees. He contends that women bowlers were more excitable and dangerous than men. He reports that women ignored the pinboy frantically picking up the pins. They would hurl their balls down the lane before the pinboy hopped out of harm's way and keerrrr-whop—a pinboy casualty. Even though the women weren't as vindictive as firemen, their missiles hurt just as much. How do you score a pinboy anyway? Knowing my husband's fierce temper and salty vocabulary, he was worth at least ten points, I'm sure.

And so the automatic pinspotter saved many an adolescent for the adult corporate rat race. Since the advent of the automatic pinspotter in 1952, bowling alleys have changed remarkably for the better. Today's well-lit, clean bowling alley is a far cry from that dreadful dank Black Hole of Calcutta, staffed by characters straight out of Damon Runyon, that I remember from high school. Modern-day bowling alleys are luxurious palaces with soft music and deep broadloom behind the lanes. Coffee shops, restaurants, lounges, vending machines all tempt the bowler to eat and spend money. Some lounges have star entertainers who attract non-bowlers. Equipment is well kept and the staff courteous. Even the pool table area is a model in discretion. Bowling is a multimillion-dollar business designed for home folks.

Bowling continually grows in popularity. In 1951 there were 6,638 ABC-sanctioned bowling centers with 56,004 lanes. By the end of the 1973 season, the figure rose to 8,674 establishments with 138,562 lanes. Bowling is ranked as the fourth most watched sport right behind football, baseball, and basketball. Nearly twenty million viewers watch a TV championship bowling tournament. Bowling is ranked as the *number one* participant sport in the United States. Even though bowling is a man's sport two to one, the rise in bowling's popularity is undoubtedly due to the increased numbers of women bowlers.

Bowling alley managers quickly realized the economic power of women bowlers. Not only did the bowling alleys become larger but feminine frills and accents were added. Alice-in-Wonderland nurseries, free baby-sitting, comic books for the kiddies, luxurious powder rooms, and furry soft carpeting enticed housewives out of their homes. Coffee klatsches and bridge clubs went by the wayside and daytime housewife bowling leagues took over. The Women's International Bowling Congress (WIBC) in June 1974 reported membership of three and a half million members. That is a million short of the men's ABC membership but it's still impressive. Besides, the girls will always tell you that bowling is good exercise.

As a matter of fact, if you talk to any bowler—male or female—and ask—"Why do you like to bowl?"—you will invariably get the same answer: "It's good exercise." 'Tain't so.

Of course, if you bowl continuously game after nonstop game, bowling is more than good exercise, it is *excellent* exercise. Nonstop, nonwaiting, nonpausing bowling uses 8.1 calories per minute, while football consumes 10.1 calories per minute, and a running game of basketball uses up 8.6 calories. Terrific! But how many nonprofessional bowlers kegel like that? Very few.

Bowling is a sitting, waiting, chatting, relaxing, talking-to-your-friends, waiting-for-your-turn, going-to-the-bar kind of game. It isn't a high-calorie consumption game that way.

A 150-pound person uses up 270 calories for each hour that he or she bowls. Calorie expenditure for other popular sports is as follows: golf, 250; tennis, 420; swimming, 300; horseback riding, 350; volleyball, 350; water skiing, 480; and running (10 mph) 900. Dr. Carol Widule, associate professor of Women's Physical Education at Purdue University, says that bowling is no more beneficial than a slow walk. And Dr. Widule notes that eating and drinking are an integral part of bowling. Therefore, if you want to lose weight, bowling, beer and pizza aren't recommended.

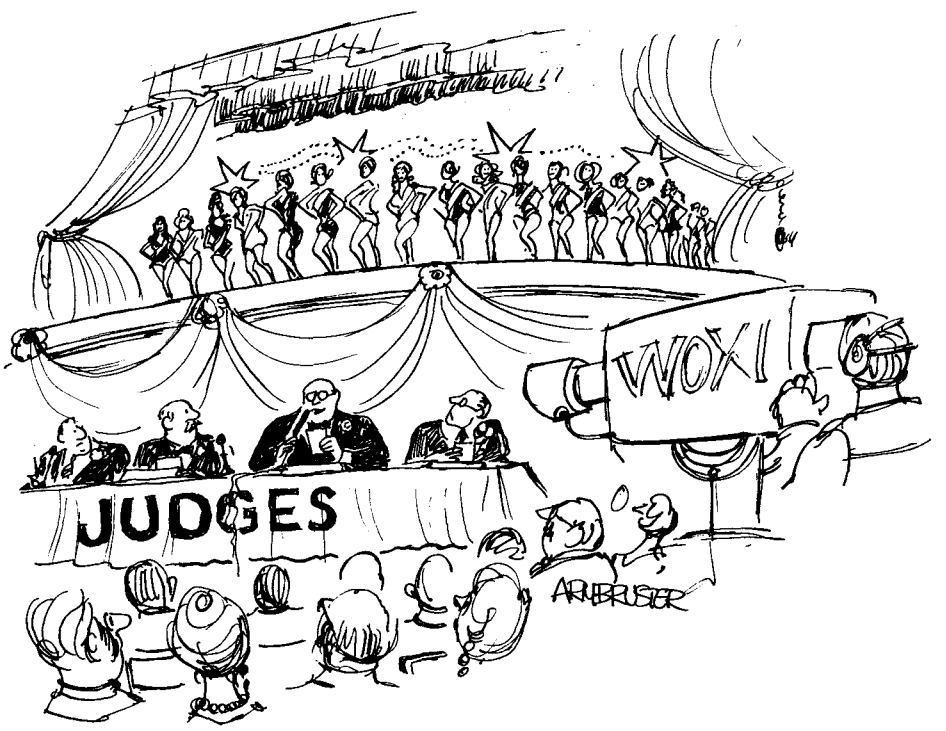
When Dr. Widule made a movie comparing average and excellent bowlers, she found that the "average" bowler spent much more time in the bar or restaurant than the "excellent" bowler. "Excellent bowlers concentrate on their game, and average bowlers on their eating and drinking." She also notes that bowling is a social activity for most people, not simply a participant sport.

And that's the secret of bowling's success. It is fun but not too strenuous. Bowling is one sport for which you don't have to go through the hassle of changing clothes. Equipment costs are negligible. You can simply rent a pair of shoes for thirty-five cents. You can get a decent pair of shoes, a ball and bowling bag for about fifty dollars at your local discount house. Compared with golf, bowling is very inexpensive. And compared with snow skiing, a downright bargain. You don't have to travel long distances to bowl. Furthermore, waiting time for a bowling lane even on a busy night is miniscule compared to the long dreary wait for a tennis court. Fat or thin, old or young—everyone can bowl.

There are even blind bowlers. The American Blind Bowling Association (ABBA), founded in 1947, reports membership "in the thousands." Average scores for blind bowlers range from the low 40's to the high 170's. Blind bowlers position themselves on the lane by using a guide rail nine to twelve feet long and three feet high, which runs alongside the bowling approach. Most blind bowlers run one hand along the rail and approach the foul line. Some run to the line but the majority walk slowly and deliberately to find their position. Sighted friends call out the numbers of those pins left standing.

The American Blind Bowling Association holds

Continued on page 36



"I've listed two. One for her overall charisma and one I'd personally enjoy."

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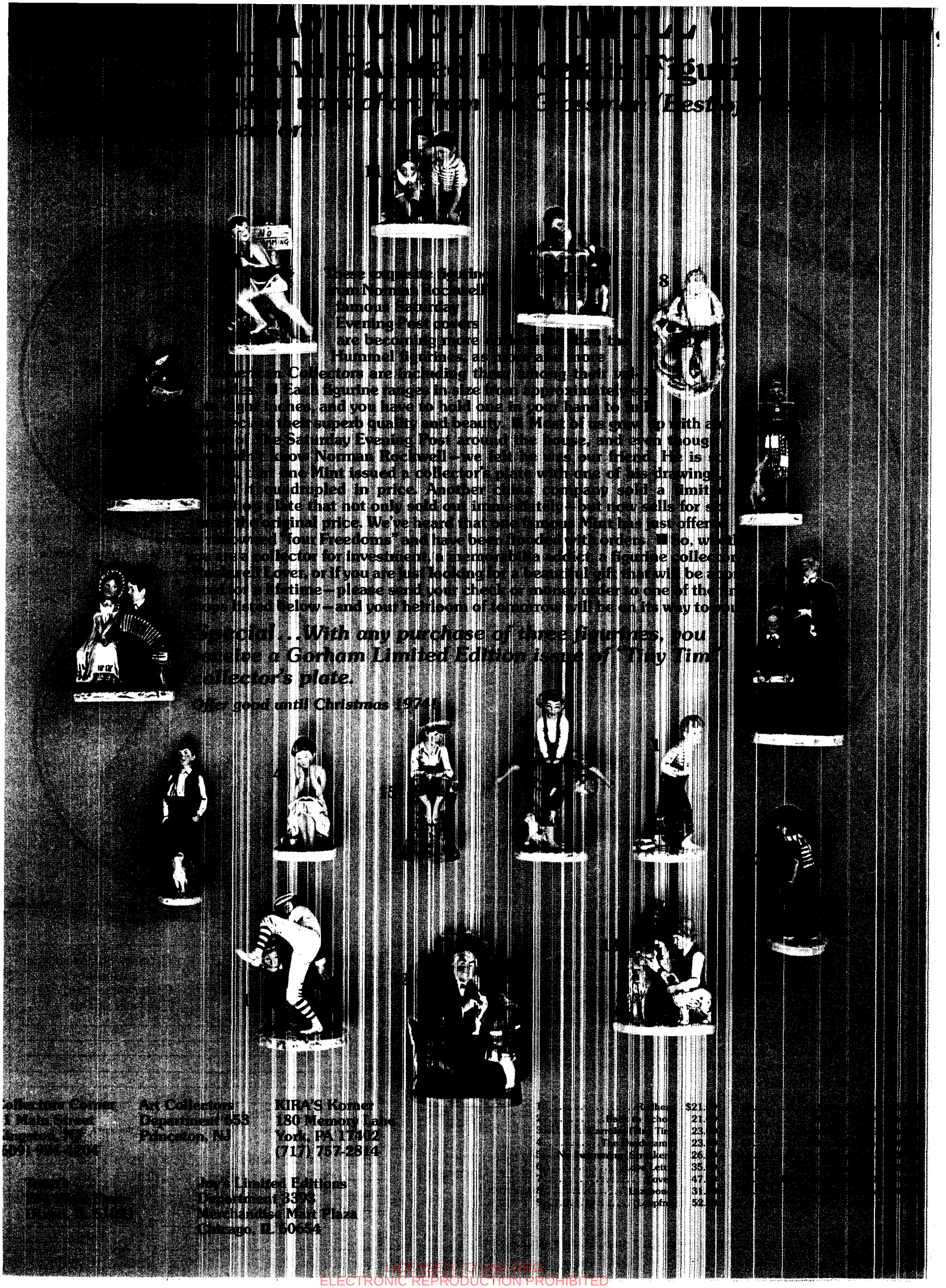

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Hummel figurines, as more and more

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the Mint issued a collector's plate with one of his drawing

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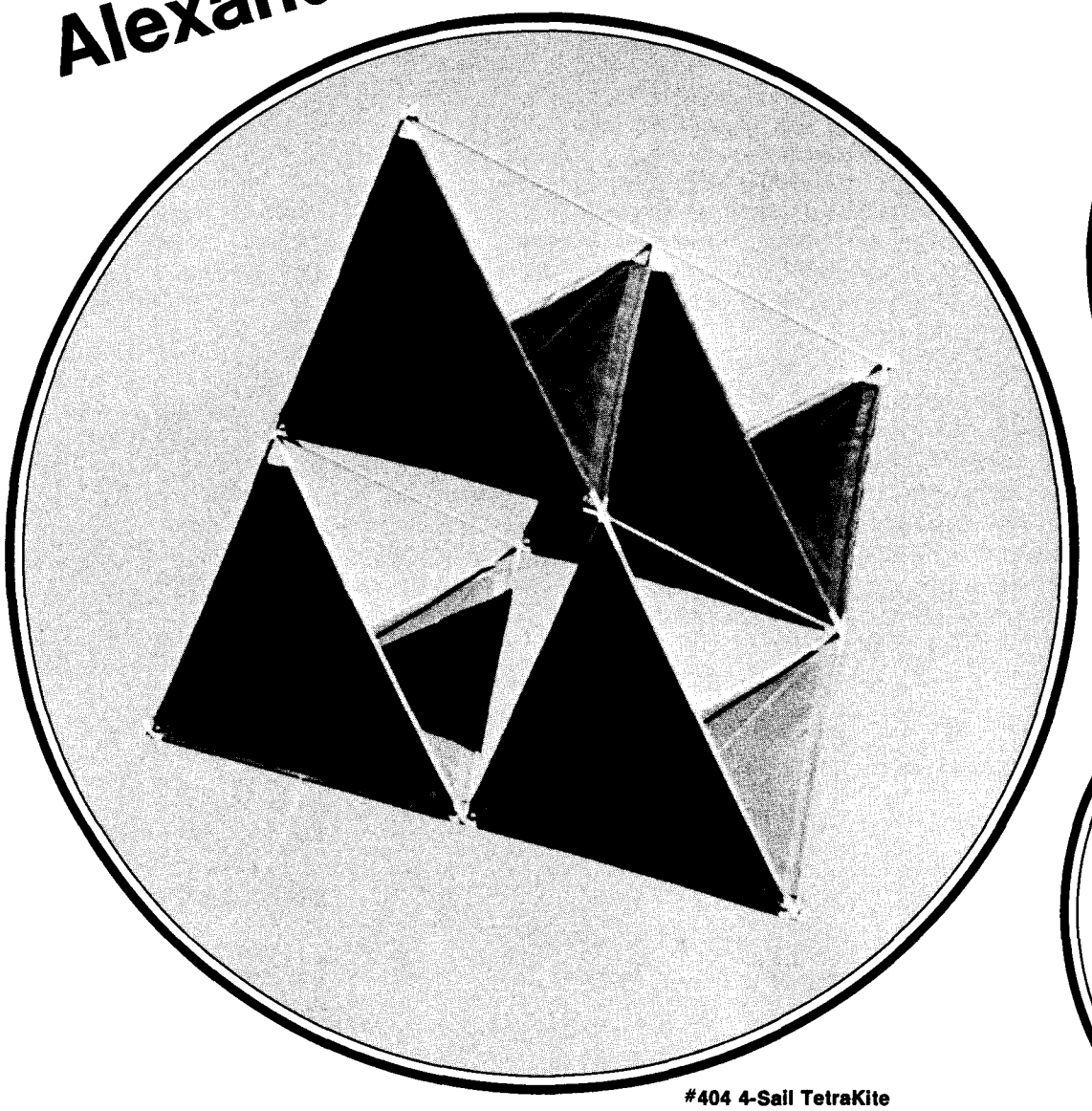
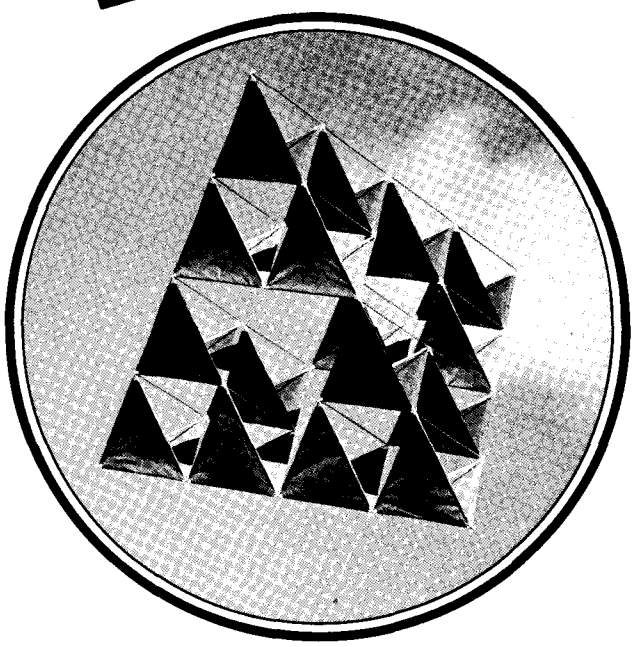
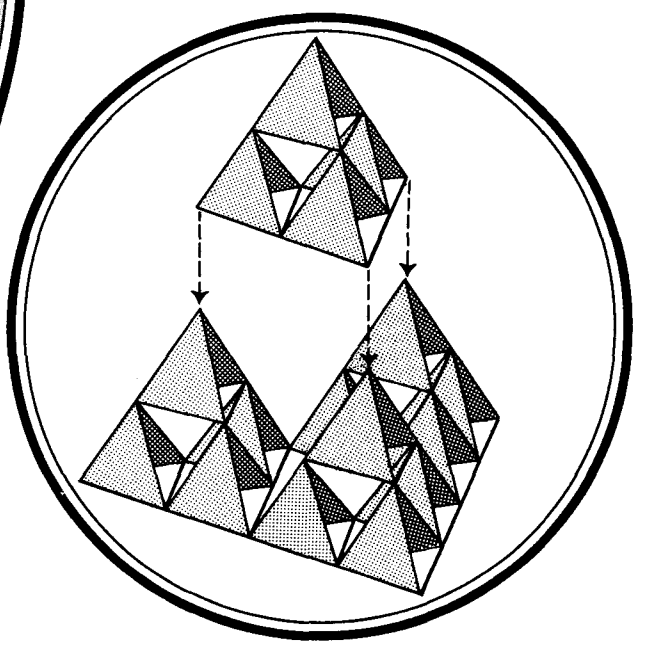
The Amazing Classic Alexander Graham Bell TetraKite™



#404 4-Sail TetraKite



#416 16-Sail Super TetraKite



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Don't worry one teeny little bit... Here's the old-fashioned Christmas that has never failed

Give the POST for Christmas

and count your blessings every day in the year

Why, bless us, Tiny Tim, you said it for us all! Christmas is the time of year when the heart speaks loudest and truest. And what better accompaniment to giving, outjingling the crass sound of overinflated price tags, than the sweet and low cost of a *Saturday Evening Post* subscription, to solve in sweet holiday music of words and beautiful pictures one or more of your gift problems. This beautiful Norman Rockwell painting, the very spirit of Christmas, on this page will bring to your loved ones with a jingle, tingle, and whippoorwinkle, the news that the *Post* will be knocking at their doors issue after issue for a year (or years, why not?) to come. Sing Heigh-Ho the Merry-O the old-fashioned way and let the *Post* carry the tune for you! The spirit of the grand old *Post* is carried on in the great new *Post*.
Merry Christmas, and bless us all!

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Efficiency Check

Note in Mary's paycheck envelope: "Your increase in salary will become effective as soon as you do."

–Lucille S. Harper

Afterthought

The first day of school and the teacher told her kindergarten class, "If anyone has to go to the bathroom, he should hold up two fingers."

After a moment of quiet thought, one little boy asked: "How will that help?"

–George E. Bergman

Philosopher

"Money is not too important,
Not nearly as precious as health.
Happiness, Home, Reputation,
All rate far ahead of mere wealth.
Be grateful for life's simple pleasures,
Avoiding the wealth-seeking craze,
For money is not too important,"
Said the boss when I asked for a raise.

–Harry Lazarus

The Tee of Bitterness

I swung and missed yet another time,
The team gave a mighty groan.
I fumbled a pass – the bleachers howled
As I fractured my collarbone.
I dropped the torch near the race's end,
and heard the spectators moan.
But the day I made that hole in one
I was playing around alone!

–Eileen M. Bunk

On the Rocks

A man recovering from surgery listened while the pretty nurse read a letter of instructions from the doctor concerning the patient's diet. The diet sounded pretty bland. "How about a cocktail before dinner?" the man asked when the nurse had finished reading.

She gave him a cool look. "Sorry," she said, "I have to work late."

–Lane Olinghouse

Live Wires

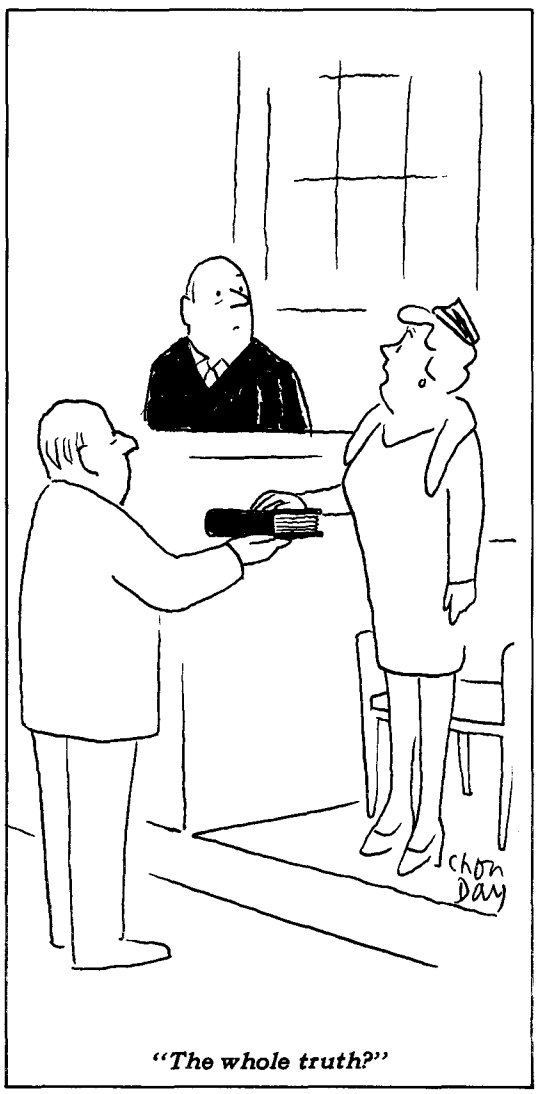
A college senior dated a young lady from a nearby girls' school a few times. Then some weeks passed, and when she hadn't heard from him, she took it upon herself to send him a telegram reading: Dead, Delayed or Disinterested? To which the young man promptly wired back: Hunting, Fishing or Trapping?

–Tim C. Snyder

Shrewd Thinking

Being interviewed for a public poll by a newspaper reporter, the elderly man was asked why he had never married. After a second's hesitation, the old gent answered, "Well, I'd rather go through life wanting something I didn't have than having something I didn't want."

–Lucille J. Goodyear



"The whole truth?"

Full Steam Ahead

All the letters I write
Make me feel such a sap
I remember all the important things
After I've sealed the flap!

–Carroll S. Karch

Eve's Leaves

Nudity's not for me
Not that it's so strange
But what gal can live happily
When the styles never change?

–Carroll S. Karch

Pas de Deux

A reckless driver is one who passes you on the highway despite all you can do.

–Lucille S. Harper

A Step Behind

Anger is but one letter removed from danger.

–George E. Bergman

A Musical Progression

Many who doubt any progress has been made in music in recent years probably don't know that Western Union has discontinued the singing telegram.

–Franklin P. Jones

Guide to Hospital Personnel For Those Who Feel a Pain Coming On

NEUROLOGIST: twitch doctor.
PATHOLOGIST: whys man.
SURGEON: conversation piece maker.
RADIOLOGIST: X-rayted cameraman.
NURSE: needlepoint expert.
PEDIATRICIAN: bawl bouncer.
GYNECOLOGIST: ladies' man.
CARDIOLOGIST: circulation manager.
OCULIST: seecurer.
OBSTETRICIAN: labor supervisor.
PODIATRIST: corn borer.
DERMATOLOGIST: skin dehiver.

–Llewellyn Mitstifer

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Penny Foolish

There seems to be a shortage of pennies almost everywhere. Except, of course, in the churches.

–Franklin P. Jones

Youthful Approach

Friend to salesman: "To what do you owe your success?" Salesman: "To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door: 'Miss, is your mother in?' "

–Herm Albright

Seeing Red

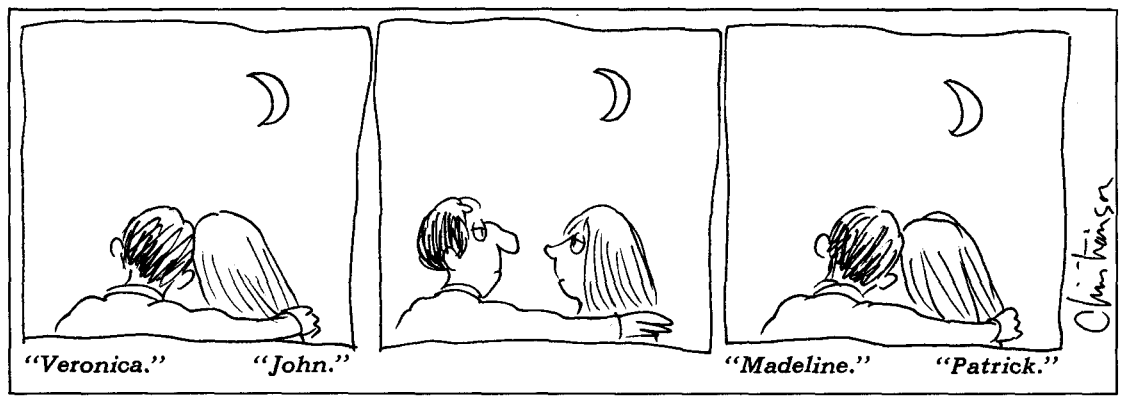
Irene Hughes, the famous seeress, was shopping one afternoon. Suddenly she dashed to a nearby pay phone, frantically found and deposited a dime, dialed, and waited nervously for an answer.

"Fire department? There's a fire! I can see a fire! My house is burning!" she cried into the receiver.

"How do we get there, ma'am?" asked the fire chief.

"Oh," she said, "don't you have your big red truck anymore?"

–Robert W. Pelton



Stomach Problems

Two cannibals were eating lunch. One said, "You know, I just can't stand my mother-in-law."

"Forget her, man," the other replied. "Just eat the noodles."

–Lucille S. Harper

Chef Shift

"Exotic! Creative!"
"You cook like a *native!*"
Her hostess-heart trembles, elated...
No need (is there really?)
To tell them quite clearly
It's *catered?*

–Maureen Cannon

An Age-Old Question

With her fortieth birthday rapidly approaching, a young matron sought solace and comfort from an older friend.

"Is it true that life begins at forty?" she asked.

"Begins to what?" asked the friend.

–Honey Greer

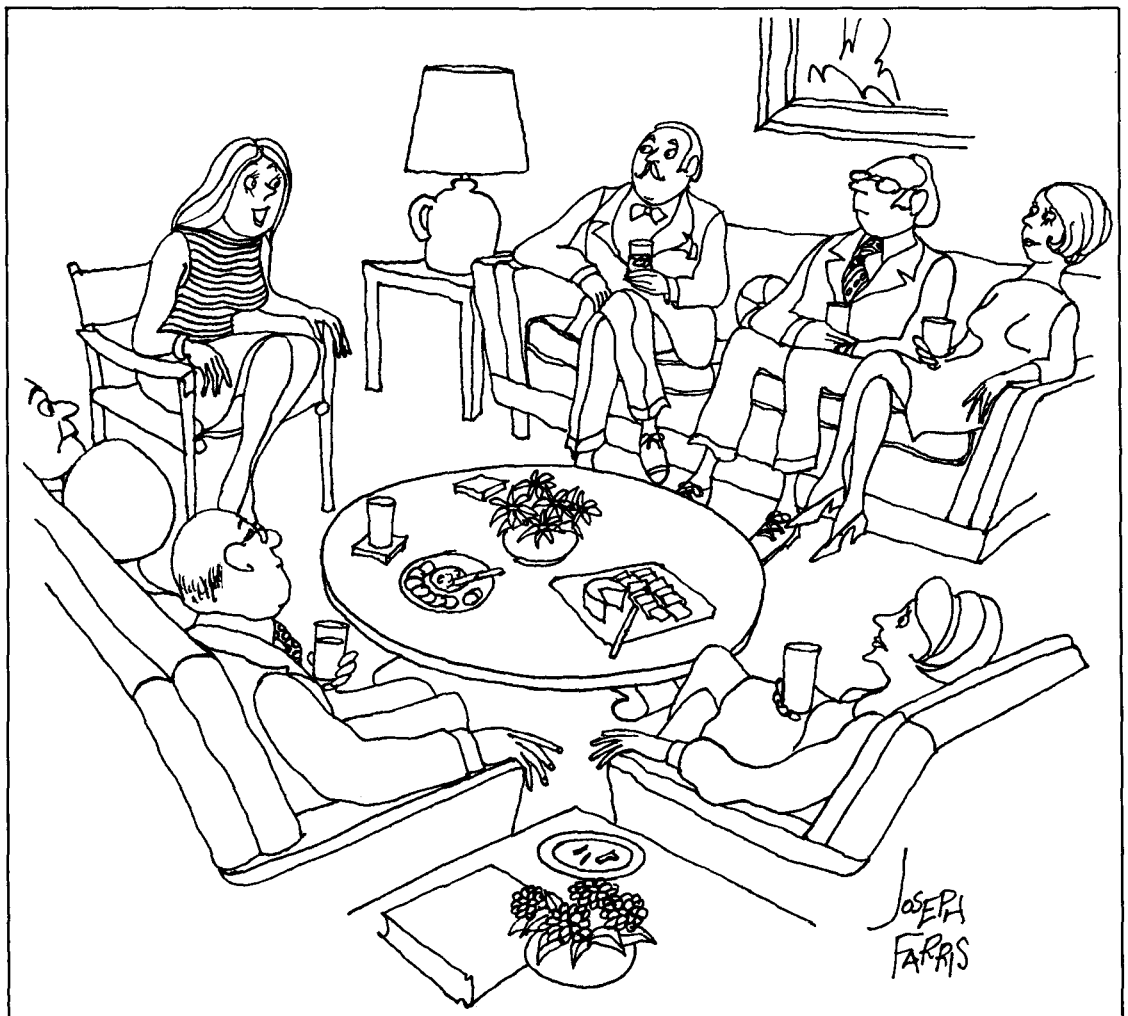
A Puzzling Response

The personnel manager asked the young job applicant if she had any special qualifications or unusual talents. "Yes, sir," she said. "Last year I won several prizes in crossword puzzle and slogan-writing contests."

The manager smiled. "That sounds good–but we need people who are smart during office hours."

"Oh," the girl responded hastily, "this was during office hours."

–Lane Olinghouse



"I'd love *being President. It'd be fun doing things in the national interest!"*

Stye in Your Eye

"Stop eating so fast, you're making a pig of yourself," admonished the father. "And you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, Daddy," replied his young offspring. "It's a hog's little boy."

–George E. Bergman

Cocksure

When a midnight fire broke out in a Beverly Hills residential hotel, the inhabitants ran into the street carrying their most precious possessions. One man noticed that the woman who lived across the hall was carrying a covered birdcage.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"My pet rooster," she replied. The man gave a shriek and started tearing his hair. When he finally calmed down he explained: "I'm sorry I lost my composure. But you see, for the past year I have been under psychiatric care because I keep hearing a rooster crowing."

–Lillian Koslover

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continued from page 30

national tournaments for partially sighted and totally blind bowlers. However, when a partially sighted bowler plays against a totally blind person, the totally blind bowler receives a healthy handicap.

There's big money in the professional bowling circuit. The 1974 ABC Indianapolis tournament gave out the all-time record in prize money—$785,408. The 1974 pro tour prize money totaled over $2.5 million—another record. Pros dream about repeating bowling's Horatio Alger success story—Dick Weber. Weber started out on the pro tour in 1956 earning $3,600 per year on the Budweiser team. Weber's earnings by June 1974 totaled $525,000 in prize money alone.

Top woman bowler Dotty Fothergill and her sister professional bowlers have reason to be depressed even on the best of days. The 1974 women's pro tour prize money totaled a mere quarter of a million dollars. That's one *tenth* of the men's two and a half million in prize money. In 1971 Dotty applied for membership in the all-male Professional Bowlers' Association and was refused. She then sued the PBA for discrimination to the tune of $2.5 million in damages. Later that year, when Dotty was touring Japan, her mother called to say that the PBA was suing Dotty for $3 million. The PBA claimed that Dotty had caused them undue hardship and embarrassment. Tempers cooled and Dotty was one of six invitees to professional bowlers' tournaments—and the only woman.

Male chauvinism reigns supreme in professional bowling. Yet some women bowlers object to Dotty's stance. They worry that men will start to enter women's events and walk off with the prize money even though it is a pittance.

Very few nonprofessional ordinary league players have any idea that there are bowling hustlers just as there are pool hustlers. After midnight, when the league and family crowd have all gone home, the hustlers move in. Hustling and big-time bets with midnight gambling cowboys are common enough features of large-city multilane all-night bowling alleys. Still, gambling and betting are not just big-city activities.

There are bowling bums like ski bums. The kids who work behind the counter, who polish the balls, who take care of the billiard tables, or who are the short-order cooks are more likely than not bowling freaks. They work in the bowling alley so that during slack times they can bowl a few frames. After midnight, the kids and the hustlers move in on each other and money changes hands.

I watched a couple of hustlers spot each other in a large bowling alley just outside of Chicago. It was a scene right out of *Guys and Dolls*. They sized each other up. Each watched the other bowl for a few frames. One sauntered over to the other and exchanged a few words. The game was on. It was hot and heavy. It was serious stuff. I couldn't find out exactly how much money was laid out in side bets or even how much each man had bet the other. One of the bowling freaks told me that he estimated that the bet was worth at least "a couple of thous."

But fast action and big money are only minor parts of bowling. Most bowlers belong to organized leagues sponsored by a local plant, factory, or just Joe's Garage. Wearing a colored bowling shirt with their sponsor's name emblazoned on pocket or back, eight and a half million men and women play each other in leagues during the winter, and then in the spring attend their annual banquet. The banquet is the social event of the season. After all the scores and all the handicaps have been painfully figured out by some poor long-suffering soul, individual winners and teams receive their trophies.

Many living rooms throughout the United States proudly display Mom or Dad's bowling trophies. It's proof that they are *somebody*. Men and women who never made a high school letter or who never could be a cheerleader can now point to their shiny giant statues. Success and status come. to many late in life through bowling.

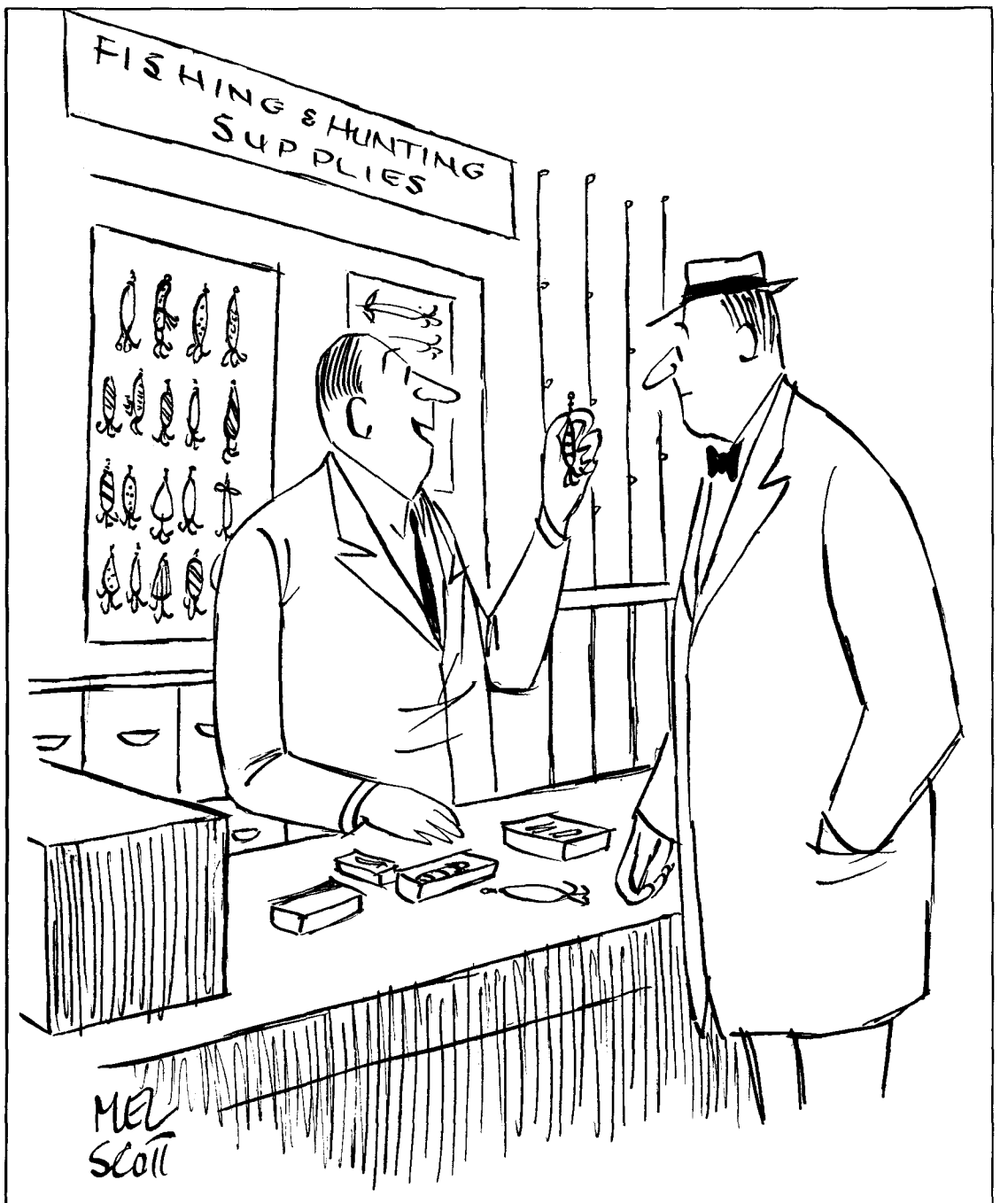
For bowling knows no age limit. There are over 700,000 members in the American Junior Bowling Congress. The AJBC is divided into Bantams, ages five through twelve; Juniors, ages thirteen through fifteen; and Seniors, ages sixteen through twenty. I know a couple of hotshot six-year-olds that I wouldn't dare play.

Two famous oldsters are eighty-two-year-old Frank (Chick) Carr and eighty-six-year-old Bill Boehrman, both of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who bowled their sixtieth and sixty-fourth consecutive ABC championship tournament in the 1974 Indianapolis tourney.

Most of all, bowling is a family game. Mothers and fathers, sons and daughters crowd the alleys on Sunday afternoon. Some future champions are being coached but it's mainly just a family having fun together.

Bowling is a people's game. It's the game of the ordinary workingman. Champion bowlers are welders, carpenters and sometimes college men. Bowling requires skill but not much money.

Bowling means strained muscles you swear you didn't know you owned. Bowling is taking out all your aggressions against your boss and your lousy job just as medieval Germans knocked down their sins. Bowling is buying a pitcher of beer for the guys when you lose the beer frame. Bowling is what my seven-year-old boyfriend squealed delightedly after his first game, "Jeeeez, that's grreeeaaattt! I want to come back! Tomorrow!"



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Question

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Answer

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Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?
A. Only $15 per month, tax deductible.
Q. Will I receive a photograph of the child?
A. Yes, along with information about the child, and a description of the Home or Project where the child receives assistance.
Q. How long before I learn about the child?
A. About two weeks.
Q. May I write to the child?
A. Yes. You will receive the child's original letter and an English translation, direct from the Home or Project. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)
Q. Why does CCF use a sponsorship plan?
A. To provide children with long-term, person-to-person relationships.
Q. What does the child receive because of my sponsorship?
A. This depends on the Project. You will receive detailed information. In general, CCF aid supplements other resources to help provide clothing, shelter, health care, spiritual guidance, education, school supplies, food—and love.
Q. May I send an extra gift?
A. Yes, if you wish to send $5 or $10 for a Christmas or birthday present, the entire amount is forwarded, and the money is used according to your instructions. You will receive a "thank you" letter from the child.
Q. How often will the child write me?
A. This depends on how often *you* write. Children are not natural born letter writers! So it is up to the sponsor to initiate. Instructions how to correspond with the child will be sent to you.
Q. May groups sponsor a child?
A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups sponsor children.
Q. Is a financial statement available?
A. Yes, upon your request and we will be glad to answer any questions about how your gifts are used.
Q. What types of Projects does CCF assist?
A. Children's Homes and Family Helper Projects, plus homes for the blind, homes for abandoned babies, day care nurseries, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.
Q. Who supervises the work overseas?
A. Regional offices are staffed with nationals and Americans, and all personnel must meet professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.
Q. Is CCF independent?
A. Yes, working closely with missionaries, welfare agencies, and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.
Q. Is CCF registered with any government or child welfare agency?
A. Yes, with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, (No. 080), and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva.

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The Good News—and the Bad

"There's good news and bad news," said the pastor to his hospitalized parishioner. "The good news is you're going to Heaven—the bad news is, ah—you're going tonight."

The bad news for the rest of us, in or out of the hospital, is the "kill or cure" prescription brewed by some advocates before the Senate's Health Subcommittee on the Kennedy Drug Bill. The committee discovered that because just about everybody uses aspirin, aspirin-induced illness heads a national list of drug-related illnesses, closely followed by lifesaving drugs such as digitalis and heparin. Not surprisingly, the solons also found that old and very sick people using high-risk drugs were more likely to suffer undesirable side effects or even die because of—or in spite of—their medicine. As Dr. Jan Koch-Weser pointed out in a recent article in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, "When life-threatening diseases are treated with potent drugs, the net result of therapy in a few patients will inevitably be negative. Few drugs that help anybody will not hurt somebody, and all patent drugs, no matter how skillfully used, can cause serious untoward effects in some patients. The naive demand for 'completely safe' drugs is a pharmacologic absurdity."

Nevertheless, considerable sentiment is reported to exist on the Kennedy Senate Subcommittee for altering the use of medical drugs through the imposition of more bureaucratic regulation.

This prescription could not be worse. It's bad news. The extreme caution of our national Food and Drug Administration makes the manufacture and distribution of drugs to American consumers one of the most complicated and expensive procedures anywhere in the world.

The good news is that despite this heavy layer of bureaucracy the cost of high-quality medicine in the United States is only eight cents in every dollar spent for health care, and this pays for the pharmacist, the manufacturer and the research laboratories.

What *is* needed is more thorough instruction in medical schools on the *use* of drugs and better health and hygiene education for the consumer.

What is *not* needed is more bureaucratic meddling to hobble America's drug research and manufacturing processes which are the envy of the world.

The Separation of Powers

Our pioneer ancestors were well aware that the British monarch's powers were limited by a constitution and they also wanted their new revolutionary government to be limited by constitution. But they wanted even more. They did not trust the majority to always rule well the several minorities; thus they adopted the doctrine, proposed by English philosopher John Locke, that the legislative, executive and judicial powers be exercised by separate and distinct bodies. Locke was particularly concerned that legislative power not be shared by the judiciary. Even further, the colonists divided power between the states and the federal government.

Thus by early design, we became a representative constitutional democracy. We have also become a social or economic democracy in the sense that our system tends to minimize those differences between citizens arising out of the unequal distribution of private property.

We are not a "direct" democracy wherein the whole body of citizens makes political decisions, acting under procedures of majority rule; nor are we a "totalitarian" democracy (communist) or people's democracy, which is actually an "anti-democracy," in which a self-perpetuating minority or elite rules.

With today's popular clamor for instant change, legislation by pressure groups and forced resignations of executives by "popular" poll taking, the lesson of the French Revolution is loud and clear. The communist theory of democracy is essentially the same as that of the Jacobin dictatorship which commandeered the French democratic experiment. For the communists, as for their French predecessors, the revolution was so important to the furtherance of popular interests as to outweigh all considerations of popular consent.

Direct democracy via instant television commentary and pollster statistics is as alien to these shores as is "totalitarian" democracy. Neither unrestrained rule by our majority nor manipulative rule by our minorities has historical or popular support in this land.

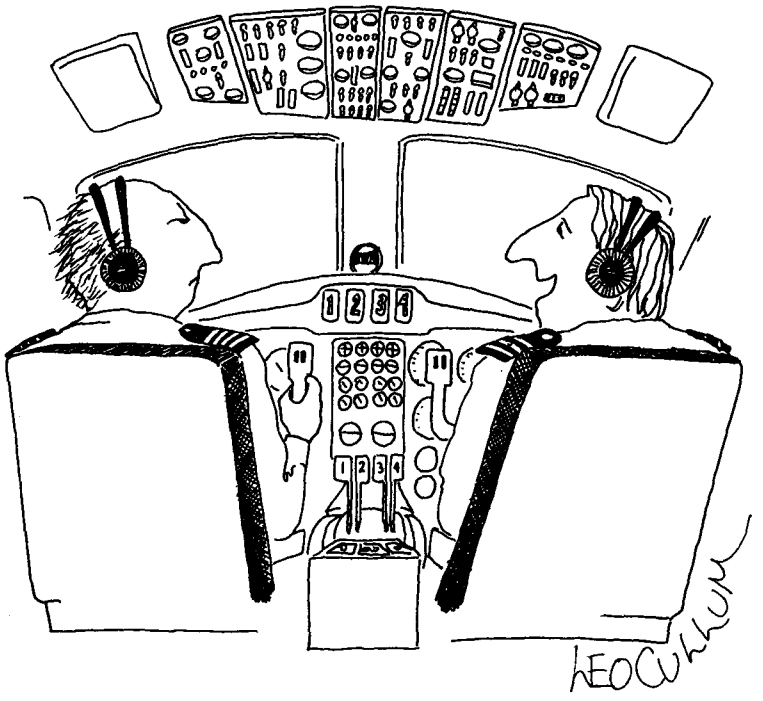
Bread and Circuses

Starving or hungry men, single-minded in their desperate search for food, sullen, angry, and quarrelsome, are of little use to themselves or humanity. Mass hunger in India recently caused one of India's leading economists, B.S. Minhas, to resign from the government because "a mood of utter despondency stalks the nation."

Mr. Minhas feels his country's priorities have been distorted because planners have failed to appreciate the crucial role of agriculture. "We have not put in the required effort to produce food and raw materials at home." Instead, he maintains, India has concentrated on heavy industry first, supposedly to make India less dependent on imports. Further, he concludes, we are not only increasingly importing large quantities of fertilizers and even more machinery to make fertilizers, but we are now also importing more food.

Mr. Minhas wants an immediate shift from heavy industry to "integrated rural development and employment-oriented decentralized production."

This is the national policy now in Maoist China. It will increasingly become so in poor and overcrowded lands. In that case, the question to be resolved, it seems, is whether popularly elected governments can exert the discipline to convert their economies to the Chinese model without the agony and convulsion of revolution.



"Whatever happened to the things that used to spin around in front of the engines?"

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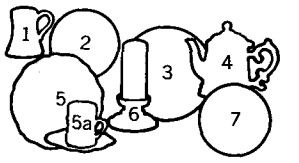

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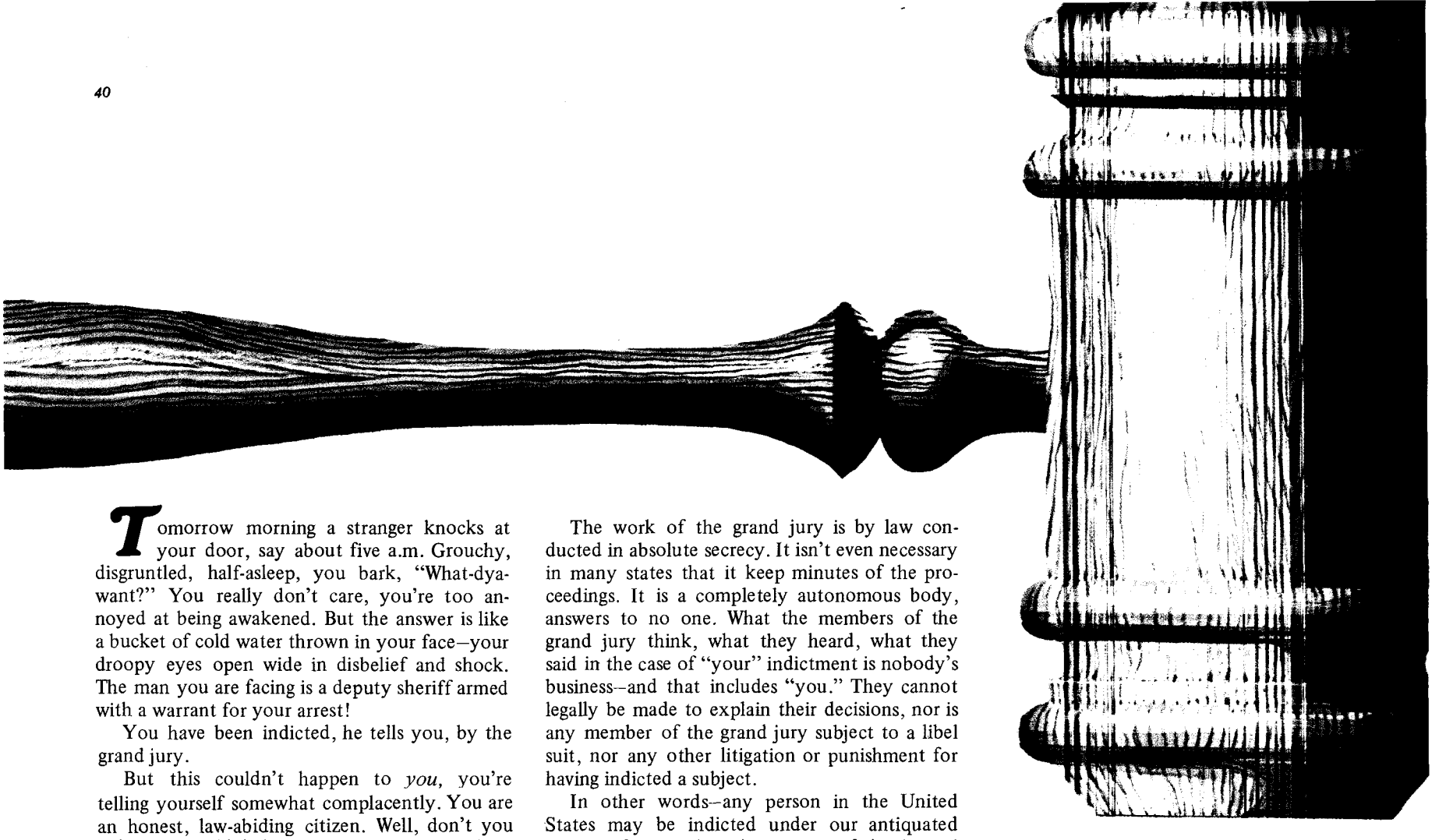

THE GRAND JURY VS. YOU

By David Rothman

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

Tomorrow morning a stranger knocks at your door, say about five a.m. Grouchy, disgruntled, half-asleep, you bark, "What-dya-want?" You really don't care, you're too annoyed at being awakened. But the answer is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face—your droopy eyes open wide in disbelief and shock. The man you are facing is a deputy sheriff armed with a warrant for your arrest!

You have been indicted, he tells you, by the grand jury.

But this couldn't happen to *you,* you're telling yourself somewhat complacently. You are an honest, law-abiding citizen. Well, don't you believe it couldn't happen to you; it *might* happen to you, or any other American citizen.

When you are given a copy of the indictment you learn that a creditor has presented to the district attorney's office and subsequently to the grand jury a "case" ascertaining that money you owe and have been unable to repay for good and valid reasons was "obtained from the creditor by you in a fraudulent transaction." You *know* that's not true, but you're still under indictment!

You still insist it couldn't happen to you—because, for one thing, you would have to be notified that you were a subject before the grand jury and that you would have had to be given a chance to defend yourself against wrongful indictment. YOU ARE 100 PERCENT WRONG. *Not only do you not have to be notified that the grand jury is investigating a complaint against you, but you are not even permitted to appear* uninvited before that body—supposing you were somehow apprised of the "investigation" and asked to be heard.

To learn how this can occur, you have to know something about the grand jury system.

To begin with, what is a grand jury? First, it is neither very grand, nor is it what people think of as a jury. It does not, for example, decide whether one is guilty or not guilty. It is not like a trial jury. Though it varies by states, most grand juries number twenty-three members. If twelve of the jurors concur in a decision, their will prevails. A grand jury seldom sees the defendant in a case presented before it. It hears only the prosecutor's evidence. Its primary function is that of deciding whether evidence presented to it by witnesses subpoenaed by the court and questioned by assistant district attorneys in its presence is sufficient to warrant an indictment. In "celebrated" cases, such as the Watergate, defendants may be called by the grand jury but they *may not be represented by counsel*—and anything they say before the grand jury *may* be used against them in a trial. Defense attorneys are *never* permitted to appear with their clients before the grand jury in a representative capacity.

The work of the grand jury is by law conducted in absolute secrecy. It isn't even necessary in many states that it keep minutes of the proceedings. It is a completely autonomous body, answers to no one. What the members of the grand jury think, what they heard, what they said in the case of "your" indictment is nobody's business—and that includes "you." They cannot legally be made to explain their decisions, nor is any member of the grand jury subject to a libel suit, nor any other litigation or punishment for having indicted a subject.

In other words—any person in the United States may be indicted under our antiquated system of criminal law by a state or federal grand jury without any notice to the subject whatsoever. As stated above, the individual is made aware of the grand jury's action only when he is arrested!

Cases presented to a grand jury are usually introduced by the prosecutor's opening statement. He will say what crime is charged, what additional or alternative charges may be considered, define the indicated crimes and then outline the facts upon which the proceedings are based. The grand jurors must place enormous trust in the prosecutor's guidance. It is he, after all, who tells them what the charge is, selects the facts for them to hear—and he will shape the tone and feel of the entire case. It is the prosecutor *alone* who has the technical training to understand the legal principles upon which the prosecution rests, where individual liberty begins and ends.

In short, the only person who has a clear idea of what is happening in the grand jury room is the district attorney. Accordingly, it follows in nearly all cases that unless a prosecutor wills it otherwise, an indictment will be returned. This has led to the multi-stated claim that the grand jury rhythmically disposes of matter placed before it in total assent to the recommendation of the prosecutor. It is a "convicting jury," and in the hands of an unscrupulous prosecutor more intent on a record of convictions and political advancement than on seeing justice done, the grand jury can be a deadly weapon.

In March 1974, indictments were returned by a federal grand jury against eight national guardsmen in the May 1970 Kent State University shootings. Contrariwise, immediately after the tragic event, both the Portage County, Ohio, and the state grand juries found no reason to indict any of the guardsmen. Instead, twenty-five demonstrators, including students and faculty members, were indicted on a total of thirty counts.

Subsequently, five of the defendants, probably promised some form of leniency, were

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A war correspondent with the Navy in World War II, David Rothman has contributed numerous short stories and articles to national magazines. In addition to publishing his book, History of World War II, *he is presently editing a* Treasury of America's Most Famous Historical Documents, *to be published soon by Drake Publishing Company.*

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Grand jury seldom sees the defendant; it hears only the prosecutor's evidence.

persuaded by the district attorney to plead guilty. Almost immediately after these defendants did indeed enter a plea of guilty, the prosecutor dropped all charges against the remaining twenty defendants. It was apparent then and apparent now that there was insufficient evidence to have tried any of them, including those who pleaded guilty.

The moral principles of a district attorney who would seek indictments when he knows he hasn't sufficient evidence to convict and who would literally trick some defendants into pleading guilty when he had every intention of dropping the charges are questionable.

While the state and county grand juries were returning indictments against the faculty members and students of Kent State University, the federal grand jury in 1970 found that "those members of the National Guard who were present on the hill . . . fired their weapons in the honest and sincere belief and under the circumstances which would have logically caused them to believe that they would suffer bodily injury had they not done so. They are not, therefore, subject to criminal prosecution."

Now, four years later, a new federal grand jury has indicted eight of the guardsmen! Incidentally, a contributor to a fund raised in Ohio to defend these men is the father of one of the girls killed.

Which of the grand juries was correct in the Kent State case—the three which returned no bills almost immediately after the shooting when all the facts were fresh in mind, or the grand jury that four years later found grounds for the indictment of eight national guardsmen?

The answer probably lies in the direction of what the prosecutor desired in each instance—with a view to the political climate of the moment. Three didn't want indictments—the fourth, four years later, did. It simply amounts to a skilled advocate's ability to sway a grand jury session by emotional oratory rather than by factual presentation.

Who are the people who make up these grand juries? Since Watergate is the story of the year, let's look at the Watergate grand jury—the little we know of it at this time: It is an utterly ordinary slice of Washington society, heavy with blacks (sixteen to five whites) and government workers. Many of these people may be listening to evidence in a courtroom *for the first time in their lives.* Without knowing the panel's educational background or its real-life experiences, I think it is probably safe to say they are not, generally speaking, experts in the field of law. In the arena of political intrigue, as average citizens, they may be appalled at what they are hearing, even fascinated—but it must be remembered, they are hearing *only what the prosecutor wants them to hear.* They have not and will not be permitted to hear a defense attorney in *any* capacity. Much of what they are listening to is so entangled in a web of political mumbo jumbo that it is, at best, difficult even for a "professional" to completely understand.

And yet, these twenty-one people, without knowledge of the law—except as interpreted for them by the prosecution—and with probably little, if any, experience in the matters they are being asked to appraise, *were judging the highest elected official in our nation,* and, in a sense, our political system.

Judge Melvin P. Antell, Essex County District Court, New Jersey, summed up a serious fallacy of the grand jury system in an article printed in the February 1965 issue of the *American Bar Association Journal.*

"To encourage citizen interest and participation in civic and political life and in holding public office is of the essence of democratic tradition. This is one thing. But to round up citizens indiscriminately and shove them onto the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, or any one of a number of highly specialized government agencies is absurd. It is no less absurd to place these same well-intentioned people on a grand jury, charge them with the duty of enforcing hundreds of laws, almost none of which they even know of, protect individual liberties, and keep a watch on the general level of morality and efficiency of government. Yet our present system requires precisely this. . . ."

While this article was being written, a continuous series of "leaks" emanating from the Watergate grand jury and from the House Judiciary Committee looking into the impeachment of the President resulted in the revelation that the President was named by the Watergate grand jury as "an unindicted co-conspirator" in the Watergate cover-up.

It defies the laws of logic to believe that this grand jury was able to interpret the Constitution's authorization for such a charge when the question is so complex that the Supreme Court was asked by the Watergate Prosecutor himself to render an opinion as to its constitutionality. There can be no question whatsoever that the grand jury acted upon Mr. Jaworski's personal interpretation of the Constitution. The point is, again, the grand jury accedes to the wishes of the only man in the jury room who can "explain" the law to them.

Even as in "your" case, Mr. Nixon was not accorded the benefit of the evidence placed before the grand jury for his and his attorney's factual analysis. When a request for this material was made by the President to Mr. Jaworski, the answer was a flat denial, so that Mr. Nixon and his legal staff have never seen, and may never see, the evidence the grand jury evaluated in tying him into the Watergate cover-up.

As indicated earlier, the grand jury's work is conducted—according to the law—in absolute secrecy, and this rule of secrecy is intended for the benefit of the prosecution. Mr. Jaworski, then, was within his legal rights in denying the evidence to the President. On the other hand, when it benefits the prosecution, and the Watergate grand jury's judgment is clearly apropos here, "leaks" to the various media "are permitted" to develop and sometimes (as of this writing) reach the proportion of a flood tide.

For example, we read about a Watergate Committee prosecutor giving out *for publication,* "More indictments will come within the next several weeks." We read the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*'s headline of April 7, 1974, "Kalmbach Reportedly Contradicts Nixon." The newspaper goes on to present in the article what appears to be virtually the entire content of Mr. Nixon's former attorney's testimony before the grand jury. We read in the April 1, 1974 issue of *Newsweek:* " . . . Haldeman spent six long hours last week before the grand jury, which has been recalling principals in the Hunt money case on by one. He came out tired and rattled; investigators familiar with the inquiry told *Newsweek* that he had had frequent memory lapses on critical events and that he was surprised when the prosecution produced a sheaf of his own notes on a key meeting with Dean and Mr. Nixon. . . . "

Space does not permit a chronological report of the almost innumerable leaks to the media of the grand jury proceedings. The question is: How would a Watergate Committee member know whether a *single* indictment will be forthcoming from the grand jury since its work is secret and since the grand jury is supposed to make its own independent decisions? Who are the "high sources" credited with leaking the Kalmbach information? How did they have access to the secret proceedings? Who were the "investigators" mentioned in the *Newsweek* article who had access to the grand jury's investigation? Every one of these "leaks" is a crime in itself.

The fact is an astute investigative reporter might uncover a very big crime story in exposing these seemingly porous, politically motivated individuals who traffic with the media in releasing top secret grand jury information and in exposing the sources of this top secret information!

There is no one to call a man like Mr. Jaworski to account. Secrecy protects almost everything that the judges and lawyers connected with

Continued on page 89

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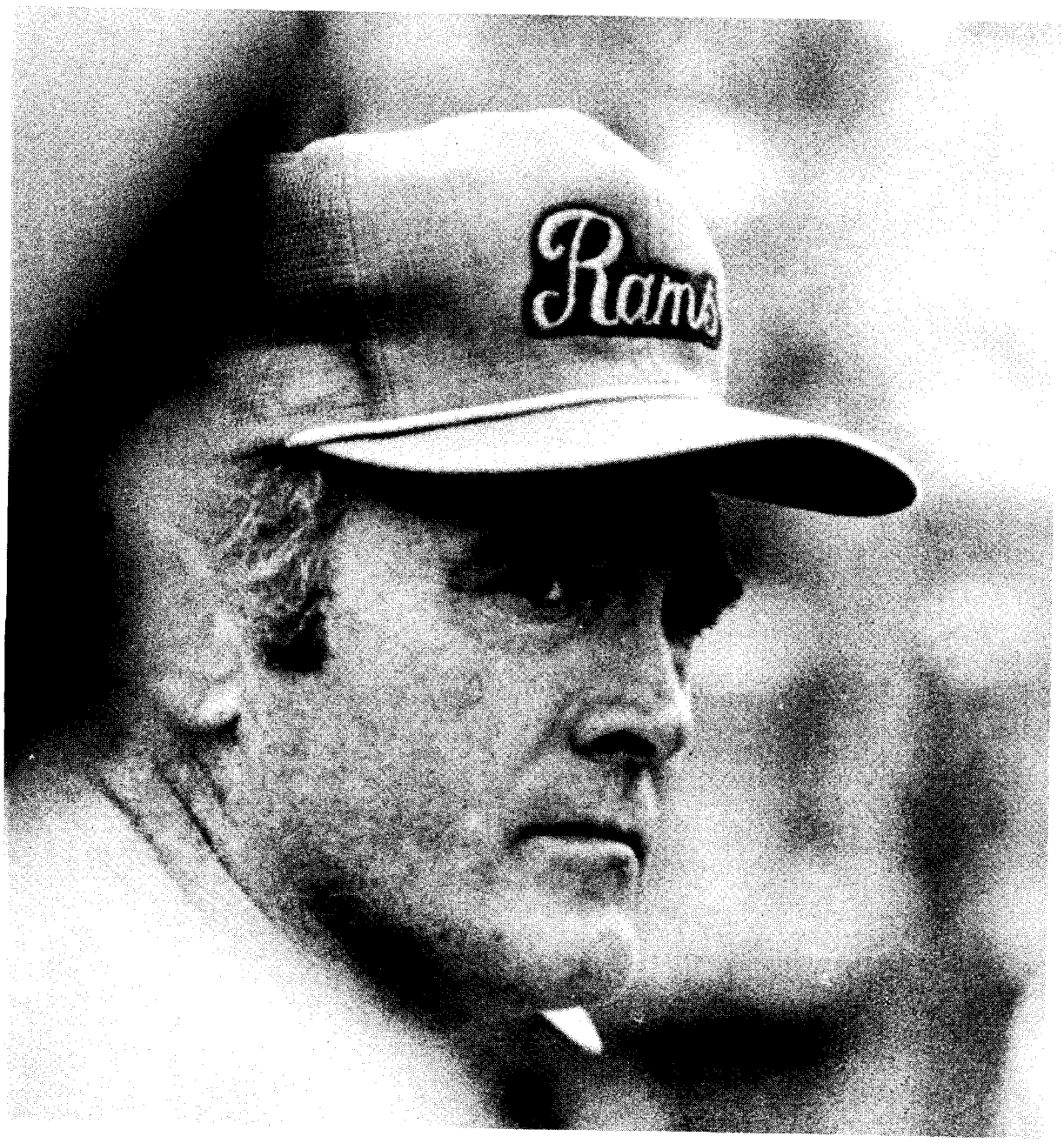
NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

They laughed when handsome Chuck Knox was named Coach of the Los Angeles Rams. Now other NFL teams are crying in their beer.

By Jim Murray



They say handsome is as handsome does: Ruggedly good-looking Chuck Knox has made believers out of Los Angeles fans. One of the keys to Rams' success was running back Larry McCutcheon (#30 in the picture at right).

When the Los Angeles Rams proudly announced their new coach, Chuck Knox, was "the best-looking young coach in the league," everybody thought they meant his blue eyes. They thought he was just another pretty face. He would get the girl in any movie you ever saw. Robert Redford would play his best friend. He might not win the Super Bowl, the wits wagged, but how about the Academy Award?

As it turned out, the best-looking thing about Chuck Knox was his record—12-2. He missed the 1974 Super Bowl by a field goal or two. The Rams knew what they were doing. They got a Paul Brown, not a Paul Newman.

Nobody would admit to being surprised but, frankly, when the new coach's pre-season record was 0-3-1, the press-box survey was that the owners should have picked someone with glasses and buck teeth. The guess was that Chuck Knox had too much hair and too many teeth to make it. Football coaches are supposed to be broken-nosed, bald-headed old gaffers like Knute Rockne or gap-toothed disciplinarians like Vince Lombardi. Knox looked too much like a collar ad. "Show 'em your profile, Chuck!" screamed the fans in the early, losing, exhibition season.

The players were as skeptical as the rest of the town. "To tell you the truth, when the guy walked in the door, I thought, 'Oh, no! We need a Vince Lombardi and we get a Guy Lombardo.' The guy looked like a 'Y' instructor, y'know what I mean?" summed up one lineman who doesn't want to be memorialized for his feelings.

The Rams Knox took over were not quite a demoralized crew. They had too many holdovers from a set who had barely missed the Super Bowl a few years earlier. They had nearly as many All-Pros as the Miami Dolphins. But the coach who had put them together had been thrown out by the late owner, Dan Reeves. Dan's dislike of George Allen was so cordial, he had once fired him on Christmas morning.

The Rams' next mentor was Tommy Prothro, a stoical type from the college ranks (UCLA), who thought the pros should be treated as grown-ups—and other mistakes. Tommy spent most of his time putting in playground plays like the Statue of Liberty and everybody-out-for-a-long-one. Evenings, he attended a nightclub where his star defensive end was performing. Not

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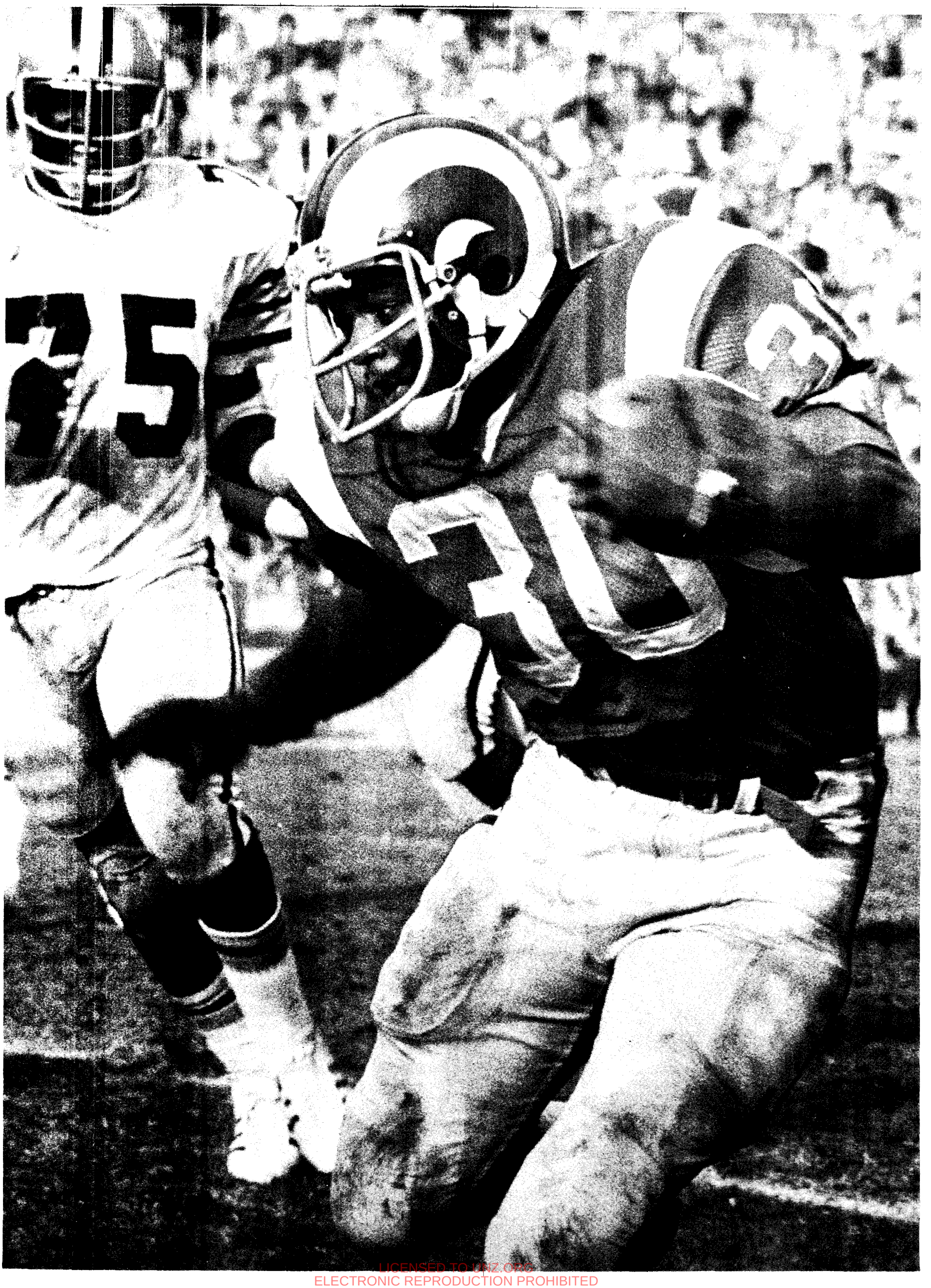

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surprisingly, the team settled gradually into a 6-7-1 record.

When Carroll Rosenbloom, a Baltimore millionaire and probably the most successful *owner* in the history of the game, traded the Baltimore Colts for the Los Angeles Rams, it was clear Prothro was not his idea of a dashing leader. Noted for his uncanny ability to spot youthful coaching talent, it was evident he regarded Prothro as possessing neither. Prothro, a glacial, monolithic man of owlish imperturbability, always seemed to be standing in the midst of disaster eating a banana. Rosenbloom wanted men of perturbability and he was so impatient to unload Prothro that he inspired a lawsuit when he did so. Which surprised everybody. They didn't think Prothro cared that much.

Rosenbloom found Chuck Knox buried in the middle of a Detroit Lions staff that could mercifully be described as mediocre. Imprisoned by his good looks or the unimaginativeness of his superiors, Knox was a not-so-secret success in the private councils of the league. (When Vince Lombardi heard George Allen described by his aggrieved boss, George Halas, on whom he had jumped a contract, as "unprincipled, dishonest, opportunistic and word-betraying," Lombardi leaned over to Dan Reeves, the party of the second part, and whispered, "Looks like you got yourself a good one.")

Carroll Rosenbloom got himself a good one. Charles Robert Knox has been preparing himself for an NFL head coaching job all his life. He came up from the hard rock country of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, where they treat the coal better than the people. He had come up a long hard way from a company town knocked flat through the long hard Depression. You might say he came up through the school of hard Knoxes. Mom was born in Scotland, Dad in Ireland and the Knoxes never took the United States of America or its opportunities for granted. He was, and is, one of the hardest-working in a hard-working profession.

Initially he took jobs for learning, not money. He went from high school to assistant at Wake Forest. He went to Kentucky to learn under Blanton Collier, to the New York Jets to absorb what Weeb Ewbank knew. By the time he went to the Detroit Lions, people had begun to learn gridiron techniques from *him.*

When he came to the Rams, his reputation had preceded him. Which is to say he didn't have any. When he confronted the Rams, he was like a shavetail right out of West Point taking command of an outfit that had been on the line for thirty months. They were all too aware of the press-box gag, "Knox, Knox, who's there?" "Chuck." "Chuck Who?" "Exactly."

Rosenbloom, who had hired a young Weeb Ewbank and a young Don Shula for his Colts, both Super Bowl coaches, thought he saw something of the same fire in Knox. Football is not a game. It's an emotion. Teams are as sentimental as a Corsican wedding and games are played by 280-pound brutes whose feelings are more easily bruised than their noses.

The Rams were a confused team when Knox took them over. For one thing, the ownership had just traded away their longtime quarterback, Roman Gabriel, and installed John Hadl from San Diego in his stead. Now, a quarterback is the wheelhouse of a football team. An uncertain or unfamiliar hand in there and you're aground. Jimmy the Greek thought the Rams looked

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about as poor a betting proposition as the bull in a bullfight.

The Rams had always been a team trained to venerate its old, a form of ancestor-worship in the best traditions of the British Peerage. Suddenly, not only the coach was young, so were the players. George Allen had always revered experience, even to the point where it interfered with team speed and quickness—and even eyesight. Prothro wasn't committed one way or the other. He was more interested in plays than players.

Knox swept out veteran defensive players like Jimmy Nettles and Gene Howard. They flunked their screen test. Like aging movie stars, they were betrayed by a projector.

The veteran linebacker, Marlin McKeever, something of a sentimental favorite in L.A., was swept along with them. Marlin had been kept on not so much for his athletic ability, which was waning, as for his ability to call defensive signals. "We felt like we'd rather have a better athlete in there; we didn't put that much reliance on defensive signal calling, the so-called 'coach on the field' concept. We didn't need a 'coach on the field.' We had five of them on the sidelines. We said we'd let them call them and get somebody in there who could carry them out," said Knox.

In all, Knox installed a rookie at cornerback and substitutes at middle linebacker and defensive end, an audacious move that didn't go unnoticed in the press when the pre-season started badly. "The worst Ram team we've seen in years!" harrumphed two of the most prestigious local critics.

But the team was finding that this was, indeed, a hard Knox. "I remember our first meeting when he called the whole squad together. I remember thinking, 'Oh-oh. I hope he's as good as he sounds,' recalls the fourteen-year veteran and greatest defensive tackle in the game today, Merlin Olsen. "He had a very confident approach," recalls offensive guard Joe Scibelli. "But, y'know, Napoleon was optimistic, too, at Waterloo."

If Chuck Knox ever had a self-doubt, no one knew it—least of all Chuck Knox.

"He was, like, a pro, y'know. We spoke the same language," adds Scibelli, a fifteen-year veteran who had been chafing under Prothro's college-holdover habit of "flip-flopping" his guards. "Flip-flopping" is a complicated technique which calls for the guard who plays the "strong side" (the side of the center which has the most players on it in the unbalanced line) to remain on that side even if it means changing from right to left guard periodically to do so. Pro players hate it. Accustomed to playing their positions like chess-set pieces, they hate to be put in front of unfamiliar opponents and unfamiliar defenses; it's an arrhythmic choreograph of the game which, they feel, makes them look bad. When Knox was asked if he intended "flip-flopping" his guards, he only smiled. He made friends with his offensive line before he even met them. "Flip-flopping never even came up," recalls Scibelli with contentment.

With a new coach, a new quarterback and five rookies, two of them free agents in the starting grid, the Rams seemed like a troop of Boy Scouts setting out for Indian territory with a flashlight and a penknife. The initial results were disastrous. They lost three out of their first four preseason games and tied the other one.

Knox refers to this period of his career as "a gut check." "We took a reading of the intestines," he says. "We knew what we were doing was fine and right. But the public said, 'Who the hell is Chuck Knox and why is he doing those terrible things to the Rams?' If I hadn't been raised by some good coaches, I might have put in some finesses and things right then that would have looked good but wrecked the whole program."

Scibelli and Olsen agree. "I was pleased he stood by his guns," recollects Olsen. "He did what he said he would. He didn't panic. I really admired his confidence in himself in the face of some very pointed criticism. The man stayed constant."

Agrees Scibelli: "He didn't panic. He was very confident. The team wasn't concerned because we knew that whenever we had eleven starters in there, we did pretty well. But you watch for a man to crack under the boos. He didn't. He did it his way."

"Lots of people were bailing out on us," remembers Chuck Knox. "We ran into a lot of flak. I looked around the boat and there was no one in it. I was rowing an empty boat."

Football, it has been said, is no place for democracy. "You don't get to vote here, son," Vince Lombardi is supposed to have said to a disgruntled aspirant. "If you want to get back to the free world, take your things with you."

Knox did not exactly restore the secret ballot. But he appointed co-captains (Scibelli and Olsen) and then appointed an "executive committee." The bottom line on a committee is that "a camel is supposed to be a horse that was designed by a committee," but the Knox committee (Scibelli, Olsen, Guard Tom Mack, offensive tackle Charlie Cowan, receiver Harold Jackson and quarterback Hadl) worked very well. "Together with the associate captains I appointed each week, I had an eight-man decision-making board. The guys felt *involved.*"

The team was free but not anarchical. "I kept curfews and bed-checks [something Prothro had foregone]. You have to have a disciplined team. Lack of discipline shows on the field, too. Football is not an ad-lib game. It's not a series of solos like baseball. We wanted mistake-free football and we felt a mistake-free lifestyle would help. The previous year, this team had 103 penalties. Last year, we had 66, second lowest in football. Know who had the lowest? Right! The Miami Dolphins. The Super Bowl champions. They had 63. Know who had the third lowest? Yep! The Minnesota Vikings, the other team in the Super Bowl. They had 69. And we were the only three teams in football with 12-2 records."

Knox had a subtler form of team discipline. Traditionally, Monday has always been an off-day in football—no practice, no team meetings, no drills, no films. Teams which build all week to the climax of Sunday afternoon habitually blow off steam Sunday night in an ocean of beer, booze or broads—or all three—after the game and are accustomed to sleeping it off on Monday. The Rams work Monday. They get Tuesday off.

"Players who play on Sunday are anxious to see the films as soon as possible," explains Coach Knox with a perfectly straight face. "If they make mistakes, they're anxious to face up to them as soon as possible, get it behind them. If they have to wait for Tuesday, that gives them two days to brood about it."

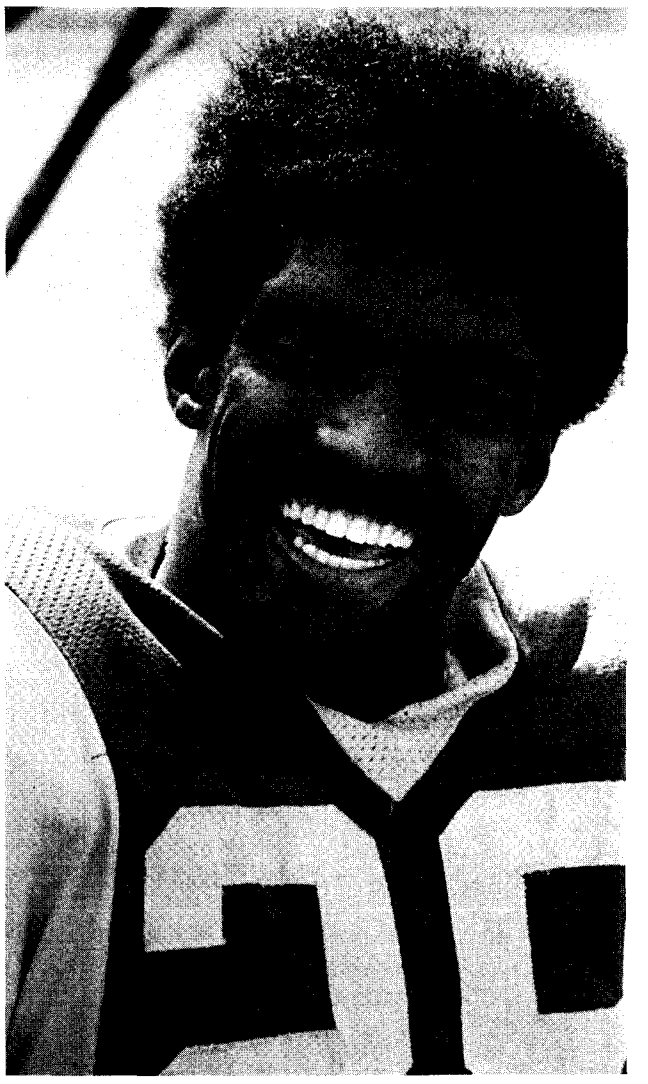
He pauses, then adds: "Of course, we run twenty 50's (yard dashes). Boils 'em out." And a slow grin crosses his features.

The first act was good. It's a John Wayne production so far. The town now knows Chuck Knox is the guy in the white hat. But will there be a happy ending? Does he get to kiss the Super Bowl in the fadeout?

Tex Schramm, general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, is one who doesn't necessarily think the Bad Guys are out of it. "Sometimes," he says cautiously, "you win in the first year under a new coach on enthusiasm and vitality and newness alone. It's a kind of 'high' unto itself. But, then, you have to find a way to keep it up when the romance is tailing off. That's the hard part. In football or any other marriage."

The Rams came up a touchdown and a field goal short last year. They missed a perfect regular season by a total of three points. That calls for a pretty tough encore. If Knox caught the league by surprise last year, he won't have the advantage of that element this year. Still, the owner is convinced. He tore up the old three-year contract and gave the coach a new one (for five years). Knox got to six figures faster than any coach in history.

The hair is grayer and thinner. New lines are etched around the eyes. But, so far as L.A. and ye olde Rams fans are concerned, the "best-looking young coach in the business" gets better looking by the day. ☒



Lightning-fast Harold Jackson (above) was the favorite receiver of quarterback John Hadl (#21 on left page) whom the Rams obtained from San Diego to replace Roman Gabriel.

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THE GLOW WORM AT 100

Sir Winston Churchill was born a century ago this month. A young American student who suddenly found himself living with the Churchills reminisces about the family and the man.

By Frank Gannon

Frank Gannon is a graduate of Georgetown University, the London School of Economics, and Oxford University. From 1965 to 1968, he was Randolph Churchill's research assistant on his five-volume biography of his father, Sir Winston Churchill.

On his seventy-fifth birthday, in 1949, Sir Winston Churchill posed for photographers in front of his London home. One of them said: "I hope, sir, that I will shoot your picture on your hundredth birthday." Sir Winston replied, "I don't see why not, young man. You look reasonably fit and healthy."

November 30, 1974, would have been Sir Winston's hundredth birthday, and he missed celebrating it by only ten years: he died on a cold London morning in January 1965. Two nights later, I joined the long silent line that snaked its way around the Houses of Parliament and through the wide courtyard into Westminster Hall. Inside that vast and historic room, the ceiling and corners disappeared into their own shadows. In the center, flanked by candles and set in shafts of light, was Sir Winston's flag-draped coffin, guarded by four brass-plated, beplumed Guard officers, sabers held in sad salute.

As I left Westminster Hall that night, with the solid hulk of Big Ben looming out of the darkness, and an icy blast whistling off the Thames, I hardly imagined that less than a year later I would be working for Sir Winston's son, living in his house surrounded by the great man's books and papers and paintings, and helping him to write his father's life.

Sir Winston lived so long and became so venerable and revered in his old age that many people forget how controversial, how caustic, how unconventional, and how downright eccentric he really was.

He could be quite devastating in conversation. As a very young man, when one of his mother's friends told him that she approved neither of his politics nor of the mustache he was trying to grow, young Churchill replied, "Madam, I see no earthly reason why you should come in contact with either."

In 1916, probably the lowest point in his life, the forty-two-year-old Churchill posed for this portrait by Sir William Orpen. It became his favorite and he kept it throughout his life. It shows a man whom many thought to be at the end of his career, little realizing that he was hardly even at the beginning of his greatness.

Years later when Lady Astor said, "Winston, if I were your wife, I'd put poison in your coffee," he replied, "Nancy, if I were your husband, I'd drink it."

George Bernard Shaw invited Churchill to the opening of his latest play with a note which said: "Am reserving two tickets for you for my premiere. Come and bring a friend—if you have one." Churchill fired off a reply: "Impossible to be present for the first performance. Will attend the second—if there is one."

Of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, a member of his own political party, he said: "Occasionally he stumbled over the truth, but hastily picked himself up and hurried off as if nothing had happened." He called Ramsay MacDonald, a Prime Minister of the opposition party, a "Boneless Wonder," and made the famous quip: "An empty car pulled up at the House of Commons and Ramsay MacDonald stepped out." In the House, an opponent once asked, "Must you fall asleep when I am speaking?" and Churchill coolly replied, "No, it is purely voluntary."

Perhaps Sir Winston's most unconventional trait was his penchant for walking around in the nude. J.B. West, the Chief Usher of the White House, where Churchill was a wartime guest, has described the efforts of his staff to prevent Mrs. Roosevelt from encountering this disconcerting sight. President Roosevelt once put his wheelchair into a fast reverse when he was suddenly confronted with the Prime Minister, rosy pink from a bath, wearing nothing more than his cigar. Churchill calmly called the President back, saying, "Pray enter—the Prime Minister of Great Britain has nothing to hide from the President of the United States." In his history of the Second World War, Sir Winston recalled that the United Nations was born in similar circumstances: "The President was wheeled in to me on the morning of January 1. I got out of my bath, and agreed to the draft of the United Nations Pact."

Once, at 10 Downing Street, a stark naked Churchill began descending the stairs toward the drawing room. His secretary tried to stop him, saying, "Prime Minister, I don't think you should go in there—Mrs. Churchill is having tea with Lady Dorothy Macmillan." Churchill continued unperturbed, and the secretary repeated the warning. Finally, in desperation, she

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When one of his mother's friends told him that she approved neither of his politics nor of his mustache, young Winston Churchill replied,

"Madam, I see no earthly reason why you should come in contact with either."

placed herself firmly at the bottom of the stairs blocking his way, and said, "I'm sorry, Prime Minister, but you don't seem to understand: you can't go in there because Mrs. Churchill and Lady Dorothy Macmillan are inside." He looked at her quizzically and with complete innocence said, "Oh, I'm sure it's all right. You don't think they're doing anything wrong, do you?"

In November 1965, one of my tutors at Oxford heard that Randolph Churchill was looking for someone to help do the research for the five-volume biography that he was going to write about his father, Sir Winston. I was recommended, interviewed, and hired. Before I could begin, however, I had to get a work permit, and Randolph had to explain why he wanted to hire a foreigner for the job. He ended his letter by saying, "Incidentally, since my father was half-American, and was an honorary American citizen, I do not really regard Americans as foreigners."

Referring to his British father and American mother, Sir Winston once told a meeting of the English Speaking Union, "I *am* an English Speaking Union!" Sir Winston often referred proudly to his American mother, and was delighted with the fact that through her he had some Iroquois Indian blood in his veins. During a heated argument with some American military strategists at the White House during the Second World War, an irate Churchill whispered to an aide, "Tell them I was here before they were!"

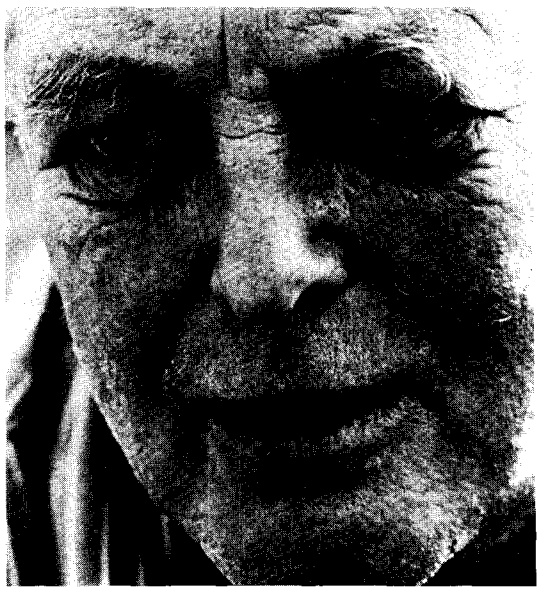
Sir Winston visited the United States for the first time in 1898. He gave a lecture in New York and was introduced by Mark Twain. The old humorist presented the young Englishman with a complete set of his writings. Each of the more than thirty volumes was autographed, and in the first one Twain wrote, "To do good is noble; to teach others to do good is nobler, and no trouble." Sixty-seven years later, I spent an afternoon paging through these same books which had survived so much history and so many years.

We worked in Randolph's house which was about seventy miles northeast of London. It was named "Stour," after the river which flowed through its twenty-three acres. The house was full of life and books—and dogs: there were four pugs—Captain Boycott and Annie and their offspring James and Jennie, two King Charles spaniels—Orlando and Rosalind, and an Irish wirehaired terrier—Tara.

Sir Winston also loved animals, and kept many of them at Chartwell, his country home. He once said, "The world would be better off if it were inhabited only by animals." He even had a high opinion of pigs, and told a visitor that "Dogs look up to men, cats look down on them, but pigs just treat us as equals." Once, when one of the geese kept at Chartwell was cooked for dinner, he handed the carving knife to his wife and said, "Here, Clemmie, you do it—he was a friend of mine."

The first thing you saw at Stour when you came downstairs in the morning, and the last thing as you went upstairs at night, was the life-size portrait of Sir Winston, painted in 1916 by Sir William Orpen. Although this was probably the lowest time of his whole life, it was his favorite painting of himself, and was one of his prized possessions until his death. Now it hung in the central stairwell at Stour, overseeing all the comings and goings and other activities of that busy house. When Randolph died in 1968, just three years after his father, the painting passed to his son, Winston, who has followed the family tradition and is now a member of the House of Commons.

The portrait shows the forty-two-year-old Churchill with thinning red hair (he had been called "Carrot Top" as a schoolboy), a jaunty bow tie, and a luxurious fur-lined overcoat. But the youthful face is now deepened by maturity and responsibility, and the brow is creased by the cares of office, by the heavy burdens of the War,



Sometimes the resemblance between Sir Winston and his son Randolph was uncanny. Randolph died just three years after his father in 1968. Although he only completed two of the five volumes of his father's biography, they were very well received by the critics and the public.

and by the bitter controversy over the unsuccessful Gallipoli campaign which he had conceived and directed. It shows a man whom many thought to be at the end of his career, little realizing that he was hardly even at the beginning of his greatness. This moody portrait, with the defiant and determined face emerging from the dark background, exerted a strong presence over the whole house.

The foundation of our work was the Churchill papers—more than fifteen tons of collected letters, diaries, reports, memoranda and memoirs, going all the way back to Sir Winston's father, the brilliant but doomed Lord Randolph Churchill, and his mother, the beautiful but frivolous Jennie Jerome.

Randolph had built a strong room at Stour to protect these literally priceless papers, and it was always an adventure to go out through the back garden and find, amid the apple trees and tomato plants, this ungainly circular concrete structure with a metal roof and an iron door like a bank vault. Inside, there were filing cabinets all around the walls, and one end was piled with dozens of crates of still-unsorted papers from the years after 1945. A long table ran down the middle of the room under a bright fluorescent light.

Some rainy afternoons I would go out to the strong room, open a file drawer at random, and just read through the first folder that came to hand.

One I remember was labeled "Lady Randolph—1889." It was full of Jennie's letters, invitations, dance cards, and theater programs. These elegant and faded souvenirs seemed to fill the damp, drab room with the sound of string orchestras playing the latest waltzes from Paris and the rush of whispers as word spread that the Prince of Wales had just arrived . . . this was Jennie's lost world of glamour and gaiety.

But there was another side of the picture, shown by the letters in another file. In 1889, young Winston, fifteen years old, was struggling unhappily in school at Harrow, trying to discipline his mind to the lessons he found dull, and yearning for some moments of attention, some words of praise, from his mother and his father. But it was no use—both parents were more exasperated than touched by their son's affection for them.

He later said that his mother "shone for me like the evening star. I loved her dearly—but from a distance." And of his father, he wrote that "he seemed to own the key to everything or almost everything worth having. But if ever I began to show the slightest idea of comradeship, he was offended; and when once I suggested that I might help his private secretary to write some of his letters, he froze me into stone."

Sir Winston tried to make sure that his own four children did not suffer from the parental neglect he himself had known. Randolph showed me the first letter that he ever received from his father. It was all in capital letters and sent from the Western Front in France during World War I, when Randolph was four years old. It read:

Continued on page 94

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LOOK WHO'S NEEDLING NOW!

Our cover artist for this issue of* Saturday Evening Post *is an ex-professional footballer who conquers anything he tackles.

Needlepoint is the medium for the cover of the *Post* this month—a meeting of the traditional and the contemporary in a modern football motif worked into the woof of an ancient art.

Needlepoint has traditionally been the domain of little old ladies. Tiny fragile creatures, their diamond rings resting during the task on a nearby jewelry bar as slender fingers ply the immemorial trade of Woman the Seamstress. Notes tinkle on a parlor harpsichord. Lights flicker from candelabra. The ladies murmur nothings of instruction to maidens at their knees, learning the ancient female craft of their closed inner world.

All of this has gone by the board in one grand explosive gesture, as Rosey Grier, the 280-pound, six-foot-five, ex-pro footballer for the New York Giants and the Los Angeles Rams, has invaded the needlepoint backfield as smashingly as he used to pulverize enemy football patterns on the gridiron.

Do look again at the cover. Can you imagine this thunderous mass of muscle and bone creating the delicately juxtaposed color harmonics of that needlepoint?

Note the aesthetic sensitivity of the entire design, as it swings with motion in its immobility. What we have discovered here, it would appear, is not only a small miracle in needlepoint but also a larger miracle in the make-up of a man—one who has taken the measure of the best of two possible worlds and brought them together with redoubled vitality.

Ex-pro-footballer Rosey Grier red dogs into distaff territory with his gros point cover for this issue of the Post. *And where once young ladies made a career of needlepoint, now career girls make their points with a needle.*

Rosey's first world was as one of eleven children in Cuthbert, Georgia. At the age of nine, he saw the sun rise and set in the cotton fields where he worked. But there was an artist hidden in the child. When he could find a piano he perched there plucking out popular songs and spirituals without any instruction to guide him. But that sensitive inner self had to give way temporarily to the insistence of the other chromosomes in his growth turning him into a muscular giant among giants. His family moved to Roselle, New Jersey, and there the boy found himself as an athlete on the school's football varsity. From there he went to powerhouse Penn State, became an All-American lineman, and put the shot to a new IC4A record on the track team.

In 1955 the inevitable happened, and Rosey turned pro footballer. Still legendary are the swaths he cut through the ranks of those luckless enough to oppose the Giants and the Rams when he was in the line. In 1967, another inevitable: Rosey and pro football parted company when he suffered the injury of the classic hero, a torn Achilles tendon.

The little boy at the piano keyboard then surfaced again in the giant of a man and Rosey took to writing songs. He published and recorded more than twenty and was featured on the likes of "The Kraft Music Hall," "Hollywood Palace," "The Steve Allen Show," "The Bob Hope Show," "The Joey Bishop Show," and at one point spanned a day by appearing on NBC's "Today" show in the morning and Johnny Carson's "Tonight" show within the same twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, he was blasting out a movie career reflecting his spectacular size and monumental personality.

Rosey got his start when he was host for the "Mike Douglas Show." One of the guests brought her work and Rosey was so taken he spent—after she taught him—the entire program pulling yarn through canvas. Later, Rosey would haul his sewing to card games. If he had a good hand, out would come the needlework from under the table, an unusual alternative to the poker face.

Rosey slid into the craft as easily as he would formerly skirt a football line to break up an end run. A friend of his runs a handwork shop in Beverly Hills and Rosey took to visiting there during store hours. Rosey likes people and will speak to almost anyone, so it wasn't long before he was deep in conversations about needlepoint—just as if he knew something about it. One time, just as a jape, he told Mrs. Willie Shoemaker what was wrong with some of her needlepoint. She took his little jest seriously and did it all over. More to his surprise than to hers, it *did* come out better. An artist was born: Rosey became a dedicated needlepointer.

Rosey's power play has turned a hobby into a business. Now he designs a line of Rosey Grier Needlepoint Kits for Tina of California. His needlepoint book, *Rosey Grier's Needlepoint For Men*, published by Walker and Company, forever emancipates men who enjoy needlecraft from the label of sissy. Nobody, but nobody, calls Rosey a sissy.

He hasn't deserted his musical muse by any means. Rosey's new single record, just out on A&M, is appropriately entitled "Beautiful People."

As for needlepoint, we who are about to try it, salute you, Roosevelt Grier, gladiator with a gentle soul. Our world needs more men like you.

Rosey of course isn't the only one who's plied the needle. King George VI did it. President Franklin D. Roosevelt knitted and purled too. World War II wasn't exactly a "Johnny Carson Show" of earthly delights, and anything anybody could do to make the nerves run down the ends of his fingers was welcome.

Among young people, all sorts of variations and invitations to express originality exist. Bargello, crewel, crocheting, cross stitching, tatting—all the familiar stitches your grandmother—and maybe even your grandfather—Victorian men were sure enough of their masculinity to risk the thimble—enlisted in the support of dealing with eight children, wash and chow for the same, management of farm or house, all without benefit of washer, dryer, electricity or gas.

Some native-woodnotes-wild-sound from the forests, too, where dedicated needlepointers who prefer the soft colors of natural dye are chasing down their own herbs and barks and blossoms to tint the wool that often they've spun themselves. This makes a charming and irregular pattern as you never get the same color intensity in natural dyes—the look collectors especially prize in oriental rugs.

Wall Street bankers have been pictured in *Fortune* magazine, needlework in hand, where once only single-shot Farquharson rifles that felled the

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Left: Mary Tyler Moore's own version of wildwood flower brings spring into her living room—permanently. Julie Eisenhower's Great Seal of the United States (right) worked in crewel—a technique adored by early New Englanders.

Norman Rockwell Post *cover of March 1, 1924 pictured a young gentlewoman at her major employment of making a sampler. Saved from the cruel world by the crewel world, she plied* point *both* petit *and* gros. *In the admonition,* "All little girls should duteous be, / And kind and courteous ever, / From frivolous thoughts deliver me, / Until this life I sever."

tusker in Kenya would do. Rosey's advice—like Churchill's in regard to painting—is: Be bold. Use strong lines and designs, the stronger the better. Don't be afraid. If you make a mistake, make it big. If you've got a motto in life, this is the place where you can write on the wall.

Needlework is the perfect expression of "love" or "leave me alone." Teddy Roosevelt's daughter, Alice Longworth, reputedly has worked a cushion which says, "If you haven't got anything nice to say about anybody, come and sit by me." The Duchess of Windsor leans back against a pillow bearing the words "You can't be too rich or too thin." The wives—and rumor has it, a husband or two—of the cabinet under President Johnson each worked a seat covering for a set of antique chairs in the dining room at Blair House, the nation's guest quarters across the street from the White House. The work—blue flowers against a white background—is beautifully even and it is difficult to detect that it was not done by one pair of hands.

Patterns and designs have changed enormously in the last thirty years. Where once a central sprig of flowers on a dark background was de rigueur, nowadays "anything goes" is the rule to follow. Everything from manhole covers to medieval tapestries to road signs to bird books to seed catalogues furnishes material for designs.

Fifty thousand poodles in New York warm their fleas on cushions that cuddle "What is home without Mama" pulled by the loving hands of those inevitable dames of the blue-tinted hair. The late Queen Mary made a beautiful rug which went all over the world raising money for her favorite charities. It was made of squares depicting different wild flowers of the English countryside. Although most laborers in the yarnyard work smaller pieces these days, Her Majesty's method of hooking together squares is a nice way to do the great and the small simultaneously.

Needlework sometimes emulates pets who take on the appearance and personality of their owners. Consider the roses and reds—the flowers—of Mary Tyler Moore's tapestry. Almost like her smile. But there's a twist of nature's whimsy in the work. Those twining lines might point up Mary's television romances which never seem to go quite right. Julie Nixon Eisenhower's crewel seal of the United States caught the mood of optimism and hope of 1968. Sylvia Sidney has written several books on the subject of needlepoint, and other books about celebrities' needlework are available.

Everybody's writing books about it, and everybody's doing it. From pincushions to room-size rugs. For people who can do two things at a time, needlework is—especially if you're doing the background—a chance to do three. Could there be a better or more practical timesaver? And after the job is done, you can use up that extra time sitting on the cushion you've made. ☒

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SUNDAY IN WESTCHESTER

"First, I'll show you a little place right on the Sound."

By Elliott Arnold

Illustrated by Al Michini

Langly Woodman recognized Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Andrews the moment they stepped off the train. He had, after his lengthy telephone conversation with Mr. Andrews, formed a mental picture of the man and, by extension, of Mrs. Andrews, and he was very pleased with himself that the image he had created was very close to what he now saw.

He hurried over to them and extended his hand to Mr. Andrews. "Welcome to Westchester, Mr. Andrews," he said in a voice which over the years had become almost a musical instrument.

Mr. Andrews cocked an eye. "How did you know who I was? Didn't wear a red flower."

"I think by now I'm a fairly good judge of people," Mr. Woodman said. "After I spoke to you I would have known you anywhere."

"Hmmph," Mr. Andrews said.

"And welcome to you as well, Madam," Mr. Woodman said to Mrs. Andrews.

"Now isn't that nice, Ellery?" Mrs. Andrews said.

"Hmmph," Mr. Andrews said, looking around, not entirely pleased at what he saw.

Mr. Andrews, Mr. Woodman noted, was a smallish man, perhaps just a shade shorter than he had imagined him. He wore a tweed jacket that had had to start out on Savile Row and that now had a lived-in look that only loving years could give it. He noted too that Mr. Andrews's shoes were brushed, not polished. Mr. Woodman had come to know about that. He had once stayed at the Savoy in London and that was what the hotel valet had done to his shoes, brushed them, and they had never looked that way before or since, and that was the way Mr. Andrews's shoes looked now.

Mrs. Andrews, almost as tall as her husband, wore a no-nonsense dress, a dress for the country only an expert couturier could manage, and her shoes were sensible Abercrombie & Fitch walkers, exactly right for the country.

What Mr. Woodman appreciated most was that both Mr. and Mrs. Andrews had that air of being totally unaware of what they were wearing. People like that were that way, he knew. He had tried to achieve that same careless manner and although he had gone a long way he knew he still had far to go.

"You do have a reasonably good idea of what we are looking for, don't you, Mr. Woodman?" Mr. Andrews asked. He still did not give good marks to the fairly smart little depot. "I don't want to waste your time or mine." He gave the impression he had little faith in Mr. Woodman.

"I have as good an idea as is possible after one conversation, Mr. Andrews," Mr. Woodman said. He liked feisty clients. He had found in his more than twenty-five years as a real-estate broker that the more difficult prospects started out the easier they were in the end to sell. He always groaned inwardly when he had to deal with an enthusiastic house-seeker. He also knew that it was unnecessary to have any kind of idea about what any prospect said he wanted. How often in his career—and he was considered the dean of realtors in Westchester County, a reputation not lightly won—had clients specified English Tudor and then had fallen madly in love with Early American. Only last week a couple had come up and had specified they were interested in nothing but split-level, and he had sold them a French Provincial.

"Have you had breakfast?" he asked. "Would you like some coffee, or perhaps tea, before we start out?" He didn't know why he had suggested tea. He never had before. There was something about Mrs. Andrews that caused him to do that.

"Never eat much breakfast," Mr. Andrews said. "And don't want to waste time, yours or mine. I may be retired now, young man, but I still remember I was taught time was money."

Mr. Woodman, at fifty-five, was a little flattered at being referred to as a young man, although he supposed that Mr. Andrews, who was perhaps

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Elliott Arnold is a much traveled native New Yorker whose most recent book, A Night of Watching, *will soon be made into a film. An earlier novel about the Apaches,* Blood Brother, *appeared on the screen under the name* Broken Arrow. *"A Sunday in Westchester" undoubtedly emerged in his imagination from the time when he was writing stories for the now defunct* New York World-Telegram *about people on welfare, and how they managed to find some palatable humor in their dreary existence.*

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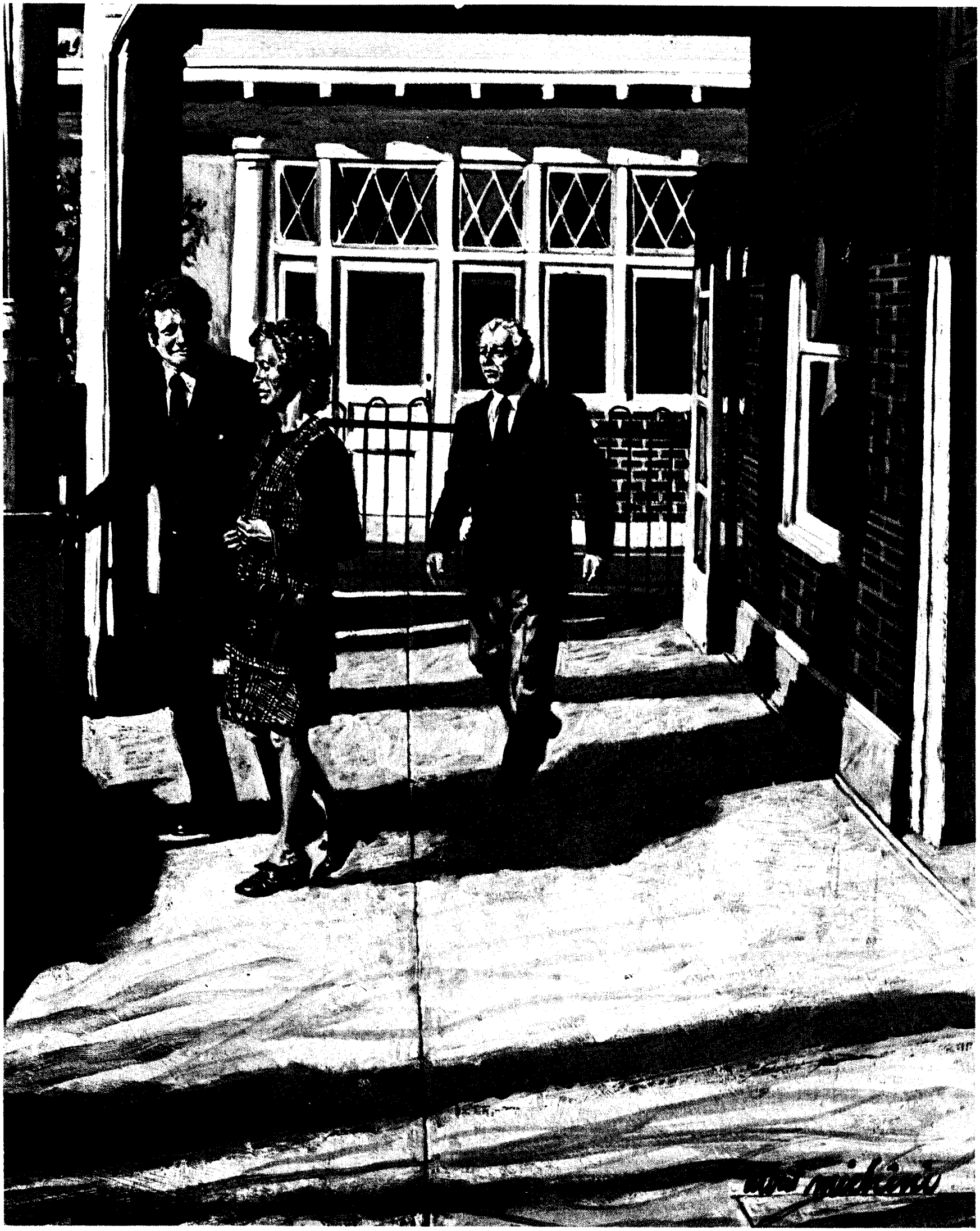

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"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

An independent agricultural commodity broker, alarmed at the unprecedented rise in prices and the growing scarcities of basic food supplies, reports his own "private citizen" investigation into the nation's food dilemma.

By Alan Kimbell

For United States Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, the Lord's Prayer best demonstrates man's concern for food through the ages, his elemental worry. In Jesus' time, it was apparent to all that nourishment was first among the requests made of God for specific personal needs. For most of the world today, the struggle for tomorrow's meal still remains the first priority of life, as United Nations officials estimate that no less than half of the world's 3.7 billion people live in a state of unremitting hunger.

A more appropriate prayer for Americans would be to increase their willpower to reduce food intake and lose weight. In no area of the United States is famine a problem. Hunger and malnutrition do persist in some pockets of the country, but these exceptions are the result of social dislocations, not lack of food, and are much more amenable to solution than are the catastrophic food deficiencies now found in wide areas of the world, especially in the tropics.

American farmers have found astounding ways to vastly increase agricultural output while, at the same time, greatly reducing manpower devoted to crop production. Only some 4 percent of our labor force is engaged in agriculture, thus releasing from this age-old chore the human talent required for industrial production, service industries, government, education, the arts, recreation, and leisure, and in the process permitting us to build a society rich in both economic and cultural benefits. By contrast, in the Soviet Union, considered a developed nation, 45 percent of the labor force is still involved in agricultural pursuits which are not yet enough to consistently feed the populace.

In 1972, severe drought adversely affected grain crops in several of the major producing areas of the world, most notably Australia and the Soviet Union. This caused a buy-out of the grain reserves of the United States and Canada by countries which were not normally importers. This unique turn of events produced sharply rising prices and a renewed focus on the stark reality that food is and has been chronically short in the African countries lying along the southern edge of the Sahara Desert, on the Indian subcontinent, and in certain areas of Latin America and Asia.

The African situation, aggravated by a drought which has now run to its seventh year, is particularly tragic. Over 200,000 persons have succumbed to malnutrition and disease quickened by the lack of a basic diet. Concurrent shortages of basic resources, fertilizer and fuel have led to a rising world nervousness over its ability to provide enough food for its present population, much less for the growth anticipated by even the most conservative demographers.

The bold unvarnished truth is that any hope of finding answers to the problem of world hunger hangs precipitously on the prowess of United States' agriculture. The United States possesses fully 13 percent of all lands in the entire world which are now under cultivation. American farmers produce three times as much wheat as we now consume, twice the soybeans (indeed, 60 percent of the world's total), and 25 percent more feed grains than we are able to use.

This cornucopia has cruelly plagued American farmers and farm policymakers in past years, strange as it seems today. Starting with the New Deal days of Franklin Roosevelt, government farm programs were geared to curtailment, the cornerstone of that effort being the government purchase and ownership of surplus farm products. Taxpayers footed the bill for this stockpiling, while it became a ready crutch for users, both at home and abroad, who were perfectly satisfied to allow Uncle Sam to bear the burden of carrying their inventories. In a narrow sense, some food security was provided, but at the cost of reduced agricultural output and scarcity, especially in the poor nations.

The big food scare of 1972 caused Secretary Butz and the administration to make a historic reversal of farm policy. Pressed by demand from new and traditional buyers alike, the U.S. Department of Agriculture urged all-out, unrestricted production of all crops as the raison d'être of American agriculture. Our free enterprise farmers responded to this opportunity of unrestricted production by making substantial increases in plantings in both 1973 and 1974. Record harvests were obtained in 1973; and though at the time of this writing, weather problems were raising doubts about the final size of the 1974 harvest, American agriculture was once again providing much of the relief for hungry nations.

In the process, however, consumers in American supermarkets reacted with shock and disbelief to the escalated prices triggered by the world buying wave. Distress over price increases culminated in a nationwide beef boycott organized by angered housewives, with the quick result of reduced beef prices.

In April 1974, the president of the American Bakers Association, lobbying for an embargo on wheat exports which would have reduced wheat prices, publicly predicted bread prices of $1.00 per loaf. His remarks received widespread publication, but the administration stood firm, wheat was not embargoed, and bread prices never approached $1.00 per loaf.

The point is clear: American consumers, whether housewives or bakers, will resist

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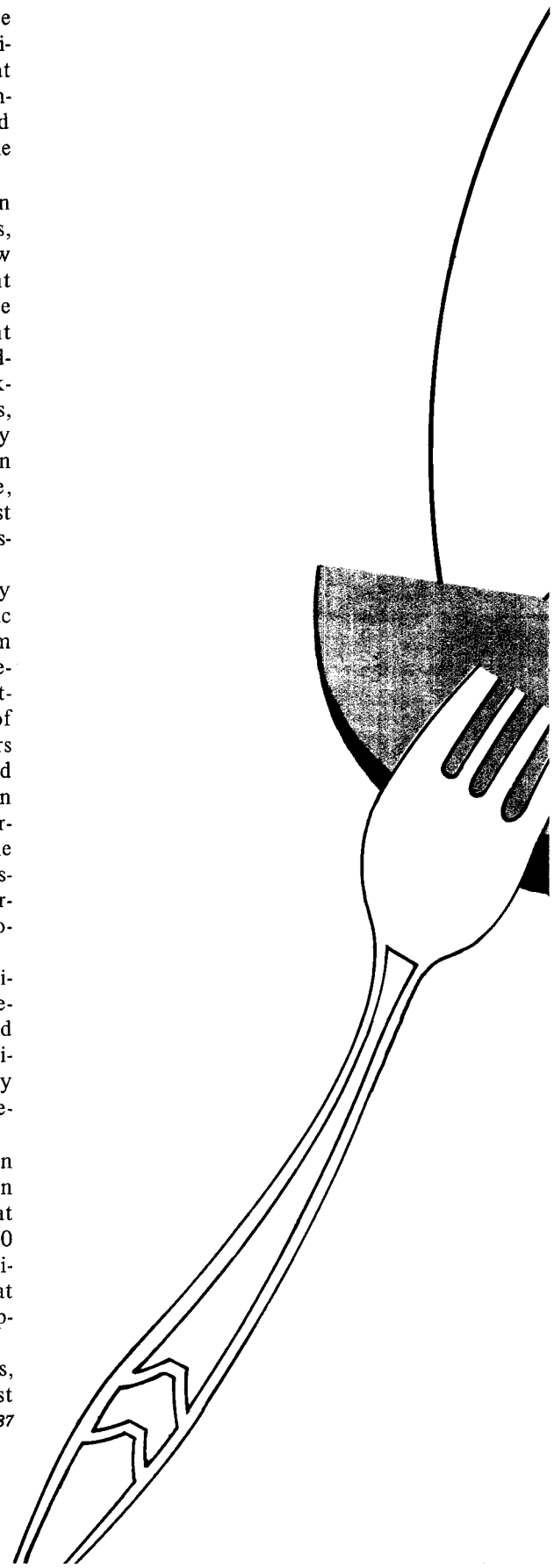

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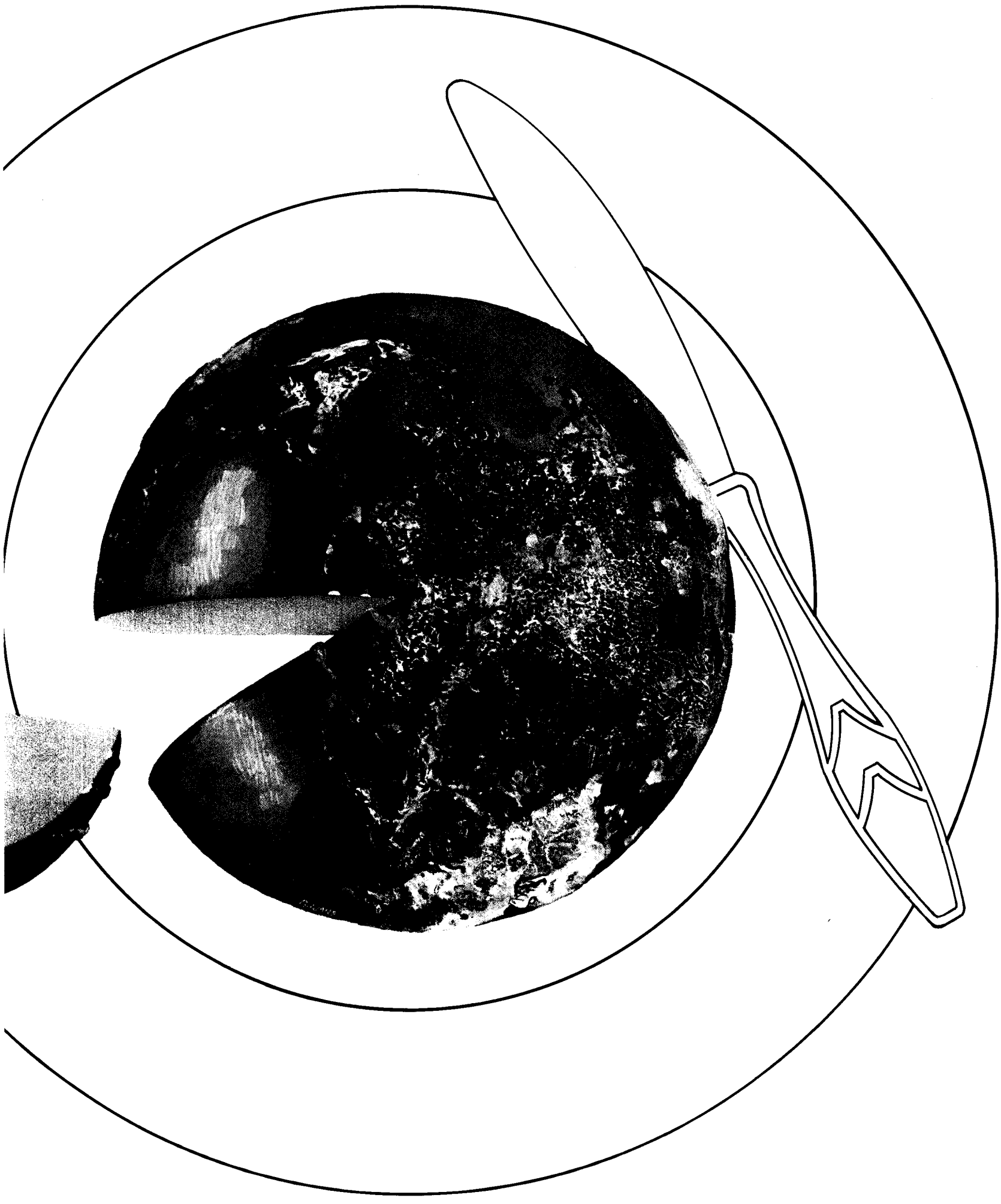

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By Eve Davis

Born and reared in Montana, Eve Davis graduated from the University of Pittsburgh. She has written some poetry, one novel and several short stories. For Latinists whose ears might be offended by the title of her story, it is well to remember that the dictator in the story no doubt simplified his name to Simplissimus.

One bright September morning Mrs. Tarrant sat on a bench outside the station and waited for the train to come and take her to center city. It was a fine autumnal day with splashes of goldenrod along the tracks, milkweed fluffs drifting by and, she was pleased to note, the sky free of those annoying little animals who lumbered overhead, beating the air with their leathery wings, looking for a comfortable place to deposit their lizardlike bodies. There was

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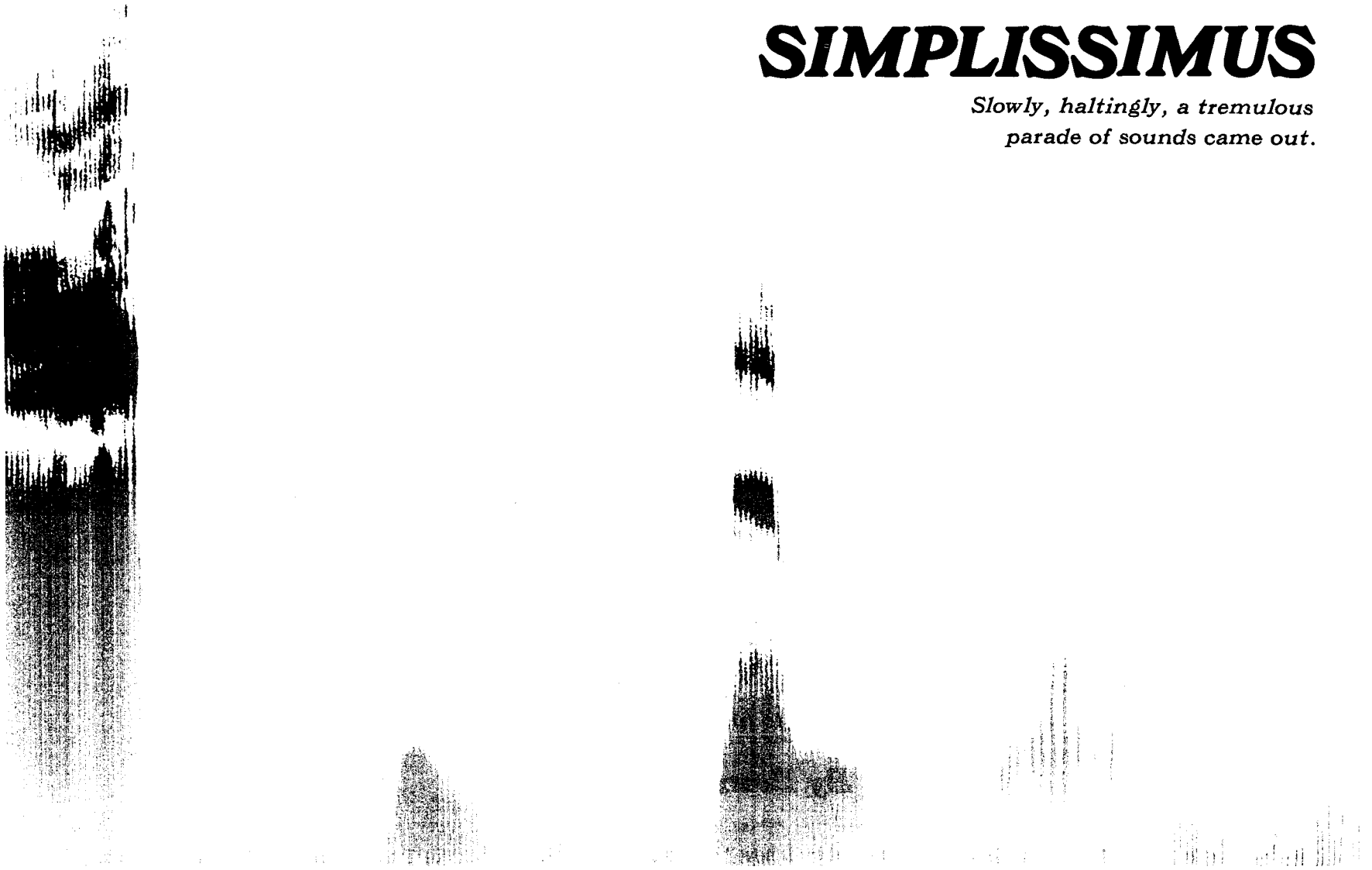

SIMPLISSIMUS

Slowly, haltingly, a tremulous parade of sounds came out.

only one abroad today, and that one was making its way toward her. The pterodactyls always sought her out, just as dogs had in the days when there were dogs. Mrs. Tarrant did not care for pets. Now with resignation she watched the pterodactyl land near her and, sure enough, it inched its way over to her and looked up with anguished eyes. Around its neck hung a chain, broken off, and she knew this was a household pet, and it was her duty to report its whereabouts to its owner.

Mrs. Tarrant looked down the tracks; there was as yet no sign of the train so she pressed a button on her bracelet, and a succession of sweet reassuring notes sounded, something in the key of F#, she believed. Hearing them, the pterodactyl collapsed comfortably at her feet, and the anguished look faded from its eyes. Bending over, she scooped it up in her arms and walked to the end of the platform where the machine stood. Holding the pet up to the receiver, she pressed the identification button on its collar. Presumably, the distraught owner, hearing the bell-like peal that conveyed the lost one's name and present location, would be at the station in a few minutes to pick it up. But Mrs. Tarrant would not be present to meet him and receive his thanks (two dulcet notes released by pressing the second button on his bracelet) because now the train was coming down the tracks. Mrs. Tarrant wound the pet's chain twice around the leg of the bench and left it.

Settling herself comfortably in the last car, she looked around her and thought that at least the trains, those quaint anachronisms, hadn't changed. Not one bit. Except they had been cleaned up. She acknowledged that trains nowadays were kept scrupulously clean and even their windows sparkled, but the advertisements over the heads of the passengers appeared dingy and faded. No wonder. They dated from 1974 and still asked outmoded questions about where the commuter did his banking, whether he had continued his high school education, and whether he wanted to go to Paris or Rome or London. Questions without point and totally inappropriate to this day and age, Mrs. Tarrant thought. The advertisements were museum pieces, really, just as this train was a museum piece.

Pterodactyls. Unwillingly, Mrs. Tarrant allowed her thoughts to drift back to that singularly unappealing animal she had left on the station platform. When, in what year, had they appeared? She couldn't remember. One day they had just presented themselves, beating heavily through the air, becoming a part

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The orchestra plays the American and Soviet anthems as the presidential party and host leaders stand, prior to an evening of ballet amid the ornate splendor of the Bolshoi Theater.

RUSSIA: 1974 STYLE

Footnotes to history and high adventure

By Beurt SerVaas

Whether conquerors or vassals, the 250 million Slavs of Eastern Europe and Russia are the most powerful single ethnic group in the world. Their non-Marxist intellectual forefathers of the nineteenth century believed in a classless society and brotherhood of the peasant commune rather than in private ownership. They also held that the Russian people are "nonpolitical" and that political participation would corrupt them; that Russia is unique and different from the West; that the Russian language is closer than other tongues to the original language of mankind; that the West is too materialistic; and that, for Russia, autocracy is more desirable than democracy. How have their Marxist progeny adapted their Slavophile heritage to modern times? To see and to experience this firsthand the Post*'s editor joined the Presidential Press Corps on the latest summitry journey to Moscow, Minsk and the Black Sea.*

In communist Russia a wry joke is making the rounds to the effect that in communist Yugoslavia there is now "creeping capitalism." "Give a man an automobile and he becomes a capitalist," declared one Russian sage. "Why, do you know, Tito gave a speech recently in which he said there were now too many millionaires in Yugoslavia." (Private enterprise is permitted provided there are no more than five employees.) In fact, so self-limiting did some visiting American newsmen find the Russian brand of communism, as practiced in the Soviet Union, that they avowed the jig would be up for America if the Russians were ever to find out how well capitalism in the United States really works.

The politically faceless Soviet men and women, however, as seen on the street, in the cafes, the subways, the office buildings and in the hotel lobbies of Moscow, Yalta and Minsk, are not sinister, slinking or conspiratorial, but rather, are animated, quick to converse and contend among themselves, observant, pleasant and surprisingly blond and redheaded, notwithstanding the fact that many of them have the slanting eyes and high cheekbones of their Tartar ancestors.

Nikita Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence," which he defined as "the pursuit of the struggle [with capitalism] with all means short of war" is still *on* in Russia, although detente seeks to establish new areas of cooperation to ease the stress of our international competition. Said the English-speaking manager of Minsk's newest and best hotel, which might properly be described as Swedish-Danish modern, "We want to attract buyers from everywhere to see our Minsk tractors, Minsk refrigerators and Minsk watches. We know now we have to compete not only with Minneapolis and Cologne but also with Moscow and Kiev."

The real power of the Soviet Union derives primarily from its great land mass and the totalitarian regimentation of a vigorous people. Many Soviet citizens do not care to be called "Russians," unless they are natives of the Great Russian state, comprising almost 55 percent of the population. "We are a *union* of fifteen equal

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Now all smiles, these two Soviet bureaucrats (below) have just engaged in heated argument with the American press corps about plane departures. Consequently, newsmen missed the last plane for Minsk. The beach of downtown Yalta (bottom). As Russians are great sunbathers, and beaches are in short supply in the Soviet, there is barely room to place another body. Sunbathers often stand in just one spot and turn occasionally to get an even tan.

republics," they reproach the errant visitor, who soon learns that non-Russians are sometimes sensitive and prefer to be known also by their ethnic origins such as Georgian, Armenian, Turkoman and Estonian.

Both the Muscovite and his Ukrainian counterpart are modishly dressed today, the drab sameness of revolutionary days seen only now and then on "old-timers" clinging to another era. Girls with colorful sandals and young men in bell-bottom trousers are to be found among the bright colors of the women and the business suits of the men as they walk often eight to ten abreast on the broad sidewalks of Moscow.

And walk they do (to and from metro stations), for the Moscow subway system works well and efficiently, carrying over 13 million passengers daily, making it possible for the Muscovite to get to and from work with little need for car or bus. More "Toyota-sized" Soviet sedans, usually black or green, are today moving in and through the bus and truck traffic. (By 1976, Moscow is to have 35,000 bottled gas-driven autos replacing petrol engine cars.) There are yet no parking lots, garages or parking meters because one can easily find a parking place even along Gorki Street, the equivalent of New York's Fifth Avenue.

Everyone living in Moscow (or for that matter, anywhere in Russia) must have a residence permit. To travel from one town to another also requires a permit. This applies to all Soviet citizens, a national affliction handed down to the commissars by the tsarist nobility, who chained their serfs and peasants to feudal estates and villages. United States citizens may travel only a few miles from the center of Moscow without special permission.

It is never easy to travel anywhere in the Soviet Union. There are no road maps and few roads. Canals and rivers, yes. Airlines, *da*! But roads with gas stations, *nyet!* Travel from the Soviet Western frontier to the Pacific coast requires passage through eleven time zones. (In the United States there are five time zones between New York and Hawaii.)

Russia has no national highway between its eastern and western provinces, the journey being possible only by train or plane. The Soviets are presently building a second transcontinental railroad 300 miles north of the Trans-Siberian railroad, with construction going on by shock brigades on a "draft" basis, seven days a week, night and day, winter and summer. The present railroad is so close to the China frontier that Russians fear the Chinese might move across the border and seize portions of the right-of-way, thus breaking Moscow's vital link to the Pacific. The Soviets are so concerned with finishing the Baikal-Amur railroad, as it is now called, that they once invited the Japanese to help them; but the invitation was declined as the Japanese felt China might not take kindly to such close Soviet-Japanese collaboration.

There are over 70 billion rubles in Russian savings accounts throughout the country as a result of the high cost and low availability of consumer goods, representing a tremendous purchasing power were consumer goods ever to become readily available. Although the official exchange rate for the Russian ruble is about three rubles for four U.S. dollars, the actual purchasing power is less than a dollar, a bottle of Russian wine, similar to an inexpensive ($1.25) bottle of California wine, costing about three and a half rubles.

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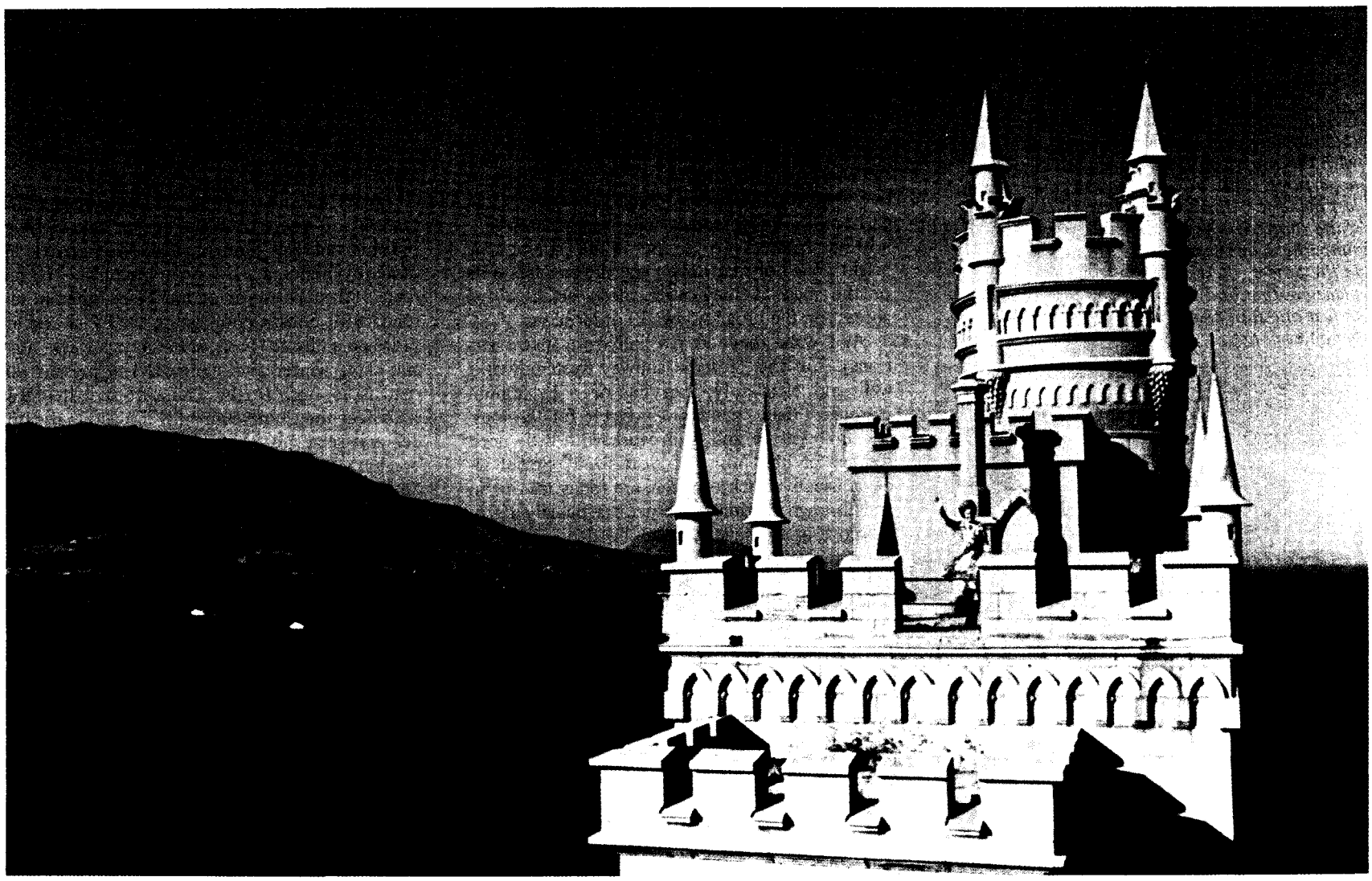

With the resort of Yalta in the distance, Mrs. Nixon waves from the Swallow's Nest, a fairy-tale fortress purported to have been built by an amorous tsar for one of his mistresses.

But that desirable state of affairs may not come quickly, due to the Soviet government's unique, though little understood, tax policy. Because no Soviet citizen pays more than a 13 percent tax on his income, whatever its size (no one knows how much the highest officials are paid), the government must derive most of its income by exacting 100 percent of all the profits of all Soviet enterprises, plus a "graduated" sales tax that works somewhat as follows: while rents and ordinary food such as bread, cabbage and potatoes are subsidized to keep prices nominal, hard goods, durables and "luxury" items are priced far above their real market price. A Soviet automobile may sell in Copenhagen for 1,500 rubles but the Soviet citizen must pay 7,500 rubles. The graduated sales tax is not imposed separately but is simply presented as part of the price.

The real kicker, however, in the remuneration of the successful Soviet citizen is *privilege*—a larger apartment, a dacha (country vacation house), a government-owned car, travel, special educational opportunities, ability to buy luxury goods in special government stores at low prices, and vacations to the Crimea or to other resorts for the privileged.

Modern Russia is definitely *not* an egalitarian society. The "all for one and one for all" theme is demonstrably "out" in the Soviet Union today. Marx's dogma, "from each according to his ability—to each according to his need," has now been de-emphasized, in true Orwellian fashion, to "from each according to his ability—to each according to his *work*." Conjectured a young Soviet graduate history student, "The pure communism of Marx is a long way off for us now."

Explained Praskovya Malinina, a veteran of the collective farm movement, who now heads the 12th Anniversary of the October Revolution Collective Farm in the Kostroma Region: "The Soviet government has made all men equal but this does not mean that everybody should be paid the same or get exactly the same income. After all, some people work hard and some do not. If they are paid the same, regardless of how they work, then they have no incentive to work better, and that directly affects production. Socialism is against such 'equality' or, to be more exact, such leveling. Those who work well should receive more from society than those who do not." Concluded Madame Malinina: "We do not favor communes where produce and income are distributed in equal shares among the members, regardless of how they worked. This is supposed to make everybody equal by giving everybody the same share, so that no man should be better off than his neighbor. But one can spoil a good thing by carrying it too far."

The average Russian is not apologetic about his country or its regime. "You must remember," said the editor of one of the country's leading magazines, "that what was once Russia was in the most terrible of conditions immediately following our defeat in World War I. Our country was bankrupt and dishonored. Centuries of oppressive tsarist rule left only hopeless and starving peasantry, rioting soldiers disbanded from the army, an industrial system that had completely broken down—and to top that off, we became involved in a civil war with our former allies united against us. It was not a pretty picture and harsh (to say the least) measures had to be invoked by the new Soviet government."

Although doctrinaire communists blame the church, the nobility and rich merchants and landowners for the centuries-old plight of the Russian

The long, black limousines of Russia's privileged class, the bureaucrats, wait in the courtyard of the Kremlin while their masters confer inside.

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President Nixon and Communist Party Leonid Brezhnev signing the trade agreement documents in the Kremlin. Immediately behind Brezhnev is Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Halfway up the staircase stands Secretary Kissinger with General Haig at his right. The lone woman is Yekaterina Furtseva, Soviet Minister of Culture.

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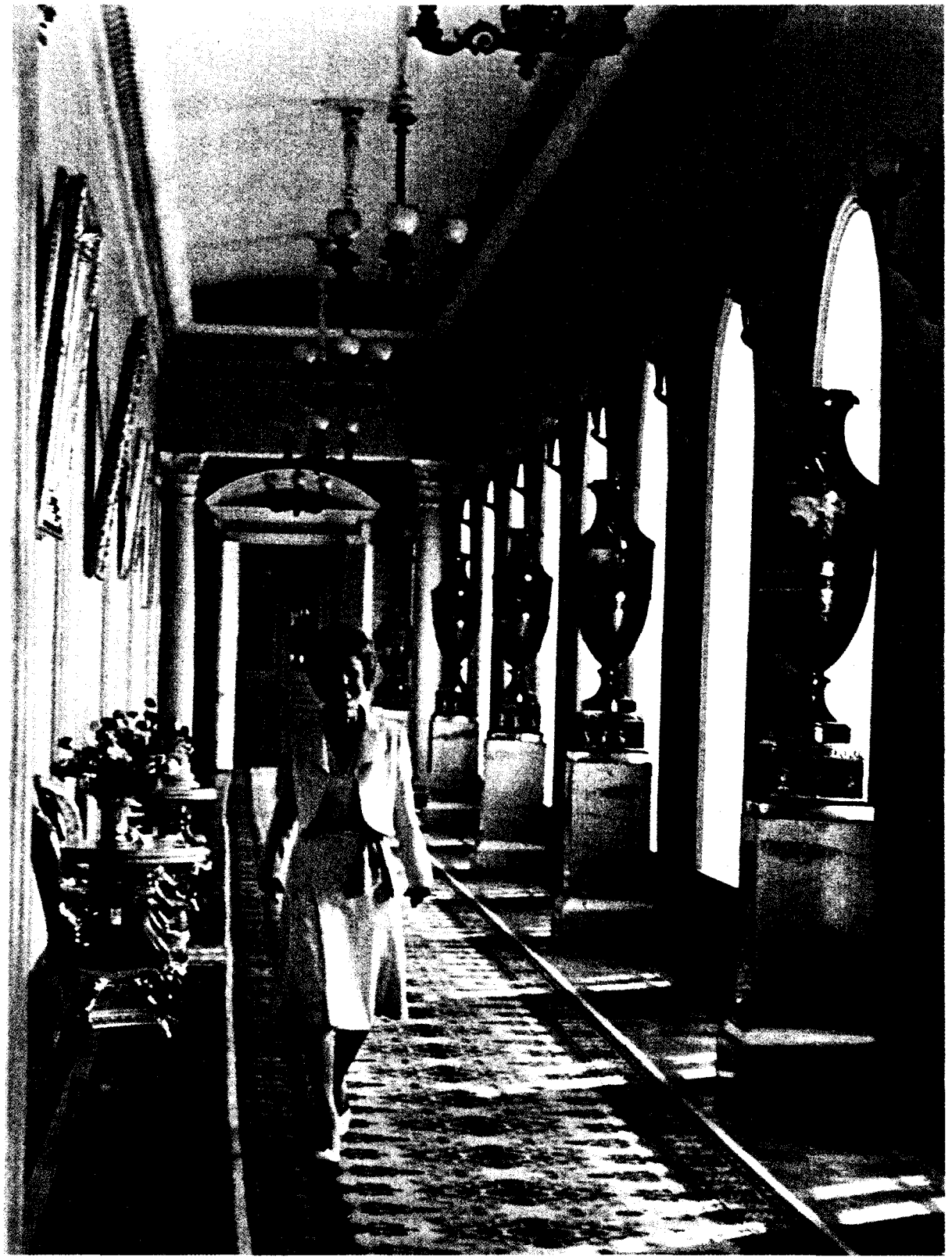

Mrs. Nixon walks along a corridor of unsurpassed tsarist opulence (above) to meet guests for tea under the enormous candelabra of the Kremlin (left).

serf and peasant, and the regime is rigorous in its determination never to "backslide," the leadership is becoming increasingly conscious and ostentatiously proud of Russian and other national heroes and their achievements: thus the Politburo, which has more power than the tsars ever did, finds more and more in common with its historical counterparts. National monuments are now being carefully preserved and no one may remove a historical object from the country without first submitting it to the arts commission for careful scrutiny and evaluation.

Soviet citizens try, unsuccessfully, to conceal their unease when with foreigners. Several private and official explanations are offered for this phenomenon, which partially explain but do not fully illuminate this essentially Russian anomaly. "Our apartments are too small and we are embarrassed to invite foreigners to visit," disclaims a middle-level bureaucrat, explaining his inability to reciprocate an entertainment obligation. "We Russians have been invaded by so many hostile peoples over the last one thousand years that we have been left a legacy of distrust of foreigners," declares a sophisticated Tass news agency representative, which probably comes closest to the "official line" explanation. Said a long-time American resident in Moscow: "It's tougher here in Moscow. This is the power center and those at the top are ever wary of intrigue and conspiracy. It has never been much different, whether aristocrat- or bureaucrat-governed. Anyone potentially able to harm the regime, whether native or foreign, has been kept under close check and surveillance."

Foreigners have different-colored license plates. In addition, numbers such as 01 for Great Britain, 04 for United States and so on identify countries on the plates. The letters D for diplomat and K for correspondent, and a soon-to-come letter for businessmen, let police know who is inside when a car passes a forbidden checkpoint.

Everyone in the Soviet Union eats well today. In fact, overweight, overeating, overdrinking and oversmoking may yet cause a national neurosis and collective heart failure. If the men are overweight, the women are grossly overweight—particularly the older women and those recently come to the city from the farm. Young Soviet women and young girls in school, on the other hand, are making a determined effort to remain slim, and are keenly conscious of fashion trends in dress, music and theater; and some Soviet teenagers are hardly distinguishable from their American, European and Japanese counterparts.

Are the Russian people regimented? Yes, they are. Disciplined might be a better word for it. They have a docile attitude and do not appear ready, under present or foreseeable circumstances, to "rock the boat." Rather, they are confident, apparently satisfied with their progress and not discontent with their lot. Americans viewing modern Russia often come away depressed by the "cagelike" existence of the average citizen, his lack of freedom to move about or change jobs and the absence of true free speech and political expression.

But modern Russia, as viewed by the children and grandchildren of the serfs and peasants, only recently "liberated" from their lords, does not seem bad at all. They have a small flat now with running water, a job, free medical care and schooling, and a chance to move ahead by supporting the regime and working hard. That seems like progress, and the government is careful that citizens do not travel too far or meet too many foreigners or read seductive foreign publications to hasten their pulse for still more freedom and consumer goods.

The average citizen believes his government's claim that his country has achieved parity with the United States in world power, and he is willing to share his new prestige and responsibility with the American, whom he genuinely likes and

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respects. The English language is now taught in many schools, and it is not at all unlikely that an American could go anywhere in the country today and find many young persons with several years of high school English who could converse in a satisfactory manner.

In small towns, and in all districts of large cities, there appear in prominent parks or on main street intersections the enlarged photos of men and women from factories, farms or the professions who have in some way recently distinguished themselves. This public recognition is part of the Soviet incentive system; moreover it is not uncommon to see a garish new billboard in the near proximity exhorting workers to work harder for the glory of socialism. In the larger cities, the constant stream of pedestrians circulating between subway stops never pauses to inspect either the photos or the exhortations to work, although in smaller cities one or two citizens may always be found inspecting the photos of the award winners, if not the propaganda.

Soviet newspapers and magazines are not promoted by mail or by advertising. Once a year, in early fall, catalogues of Soviet publications are placed in the hands of unpaid "volunteers" in each major department of Soviet economic, government or cultural activity. Prospective readers may subscribe for six or twelve months and pay their money right then and there. Popular journals limit their circulation and the volunteer subscription agents allot their quota to friends and colleagues. There are no "special subscription discounts," but one editor confided that the staff on many magazines plan and edit their material very carefully during the fall subscription months so as to be as attractive as possible to potential subscribers.

Women's lib has not yet come to the Soviet Union, despite the equality women have with men in many careers not yet achieved in the United States. Although every third judge in the Soviet Union is a woman, and women dominate the field of medicine and are accepted without reservation as tractor drivers, skilled workers, academicians and street workers, the Soviet woman is still very much a housewife and marital subordinate. Her participation in political life is proportional to that of her American sister at the lower and intermediate party levels, but few Soviet women are in attendance at higher government parlays, except in their capacity as wives.

A young blond Intourist guide and translator, with six years' experience and married to a chemist employed in the petrochemical industry, conceded that her job was probably the most "liberated" of jobs open to women, since she traveled, was often in the company of men and foreigners and had to be knowledgeable about many countries and world customs. "But," said this young Soviet, "we are a very conservative people and I would not want women's lib to come to this country."

President Nixon's third summit visit to the U.S.S.R. was unfavorably reported by his adversaries as of little consequence. But this view had sparse support among the many foreign newsmen covering the event, who commented often and convincingly on the spreading feeling of détente evident everywhere; nor among American officials or businessmen, who feel that the rigidities of Soviet planning and commerce are progressively loosening.

Recently, top officials of the Supreme Soviet visited the United States for talks with leaders in the Senate and House of Representatives. These Soviet parliamentarians, many of whom had never before been outside their country, offered, with ardor and conviction, the hope that theirs would be the first of many exchanges between their body and the U.S. Congress, and many U.S. legislators quickly responded by signing up on the spot for a reciprocal visit to the Soviet Union. Said Nikolai Podgorny, chairman of the Presidium, as he departed the United States in anticipation of President Nixon's impending third summit visit: 'The importance of our coming to America and your president's coming conference with our leaders is that we are now establishing the *machinery* for détente and peaceful coexistence. Without that machinery of regularly scheduled meetings and implementation agreements, détente could never work. Chance encounters without follow-up are too risky."

Several well-placed and experienced observers

Continued on page 78

A huge statue at the Katyn memorial portrays a village blacksmith, the only adult to survive the massacre of Katyn, near Minsk. As part of the Nazi "scorched earth" campaign, this and a hundred other villages in the province were sacked, burned, and the inhabitants sacrificed or dispersed.
The Spirit of '76 (Air Force One) at the airport in Moscow on the President's arrival there. The troops in the foreground were part of the Soviet honor guard and they are goose-stepping.

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FREEDOM FROM FEAR

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

FREEDOM FROM WANT

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

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THE HAMILTON MINT PROUDLY PRESENTS

Norman Rockwell's Four Freedoms

A Memorable New Limited Edition of 1000 Grain Pure Silver Ingots
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A Strictly Limited Edition.
Orders must be postmarked by November 30, 1974
LIMIT: ONE SET PER SUBSCRIBER

NORMAN ROCKWELL, by far America's greatest and best loved artist, has for fifty years brought joy and inspiration to millions of Americans young and old.

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Rockwell created the original masterpieces during World War II in a burst of patriotic fervor. They depict those great values held very dearly in the hearts of all Americans. And they are just as truly inspiring now as they were then.

The Hamilton Mint believes that in these troubled times, our nation sorely needs to rededicate itself to these great beliefs: *Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Fear* and *Freedom from Want*. So with great pride, we present this magnificent collection.

Mr. Rockwell Talks About His *Four Freedoms*

"When Roosevelt and Churchill issued their famous Atlantic Charter, with its Four Freedoms proclamation, I tried to read it . . . but I hadn't been able to get beyond the first paragraph. The language was so noble. Then one night . . . I thought, that's it! I'll illustrate the Four Freedoms using my Vermont neighbors as models. I'll express the ideas in simple, everyday scenes . . . in terms everybody can understand."

Norman Rockwell depicted these great beliefs with his own inimitable and unique brand of genius. *Freedom of Speech* is portrayed by a man unafraid of reprisal as he speaks his mind at a town meeting . . . *Freedom of Worship* shows all people free to worship according to their own dictates . . . *Freedom from Want* is depicted by a family sharing their Thanksgiving meal together and *Freedom from Fear* is shown tenderly by a mother and father as they snuggle their children safely in bed for the night. Rockwell himself says "The Four Freedoms was the best idea I ever had."

A Strictly Limited First Edition

This First Edition will be of special interest to knowledgeable collectors because they represent Rockwell's greatest work and traditionally, first editions have always been the most valued. To insure the integrity of this edition, ingots will only be struck to fill orders postmarked by November 30, 1974. Once those orders are filled, no more first edition ingots will ever be minted.

An Exclusive Treasury in .999 Fine Silver of Rockwell Masterpieces

The original Rockwell paintings shown at right, are of epic proportions. And so will be the ingots. Each beautifully sculptured ingot will measure 1¾" x 2¼" and will contain 1000 grains of .999 fine silver, the purest and finest silver available. These will contain more than twice the silver of our standard ingot. Each will be struck in high bas-relief with a satiny image and antique finish to clearly show every detail of the great art.

Quotations from "My Adventures As An Illustrator" by Norman Rockwell

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Your First Edition Collection will be minted expressly for you and each ingot will be inscribed with your personal matching serial number along with The Hamilton Mint Hallmark. In addition, you will receive a certificate of authenticity to certify the limited edition status and precious metal content of each ingot.

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We feel that many limited edition silver mintings are good investments but none do we feel has the potential of this particular Rockwell collection. And this comes at a time when leading economists are predicting that silver and gold will continue to become more valuable in the years ahead. Collectors have already realized bonanzas. For example, a 1970 Christmas Ingot was issued for $12.00 and now brings $195.00. A 1972 Thanksgiving Ingot containing 1 oz. of silver originally sold for $4.50 and now brings about $25.00. So please act promptly to share in the excitement of owning this magnificent collection.

Guaranteed Price Protection

Subscribers to The Four Freedoms are guaranteed the original purchase price, no matter how high the price of silver may escalate. You will receive your first ingot soon after your application is accepted and the three additional ingots at monthly intervals thereafter. The Hamilton Mint will not accept any orders postmarked after November 30, 1974, any orders received after that will regretfully be returned.

Deluxe Edition of 24 KT. Gold on .999 Fine Silver

This special edition is the ultimate in beauty and combines the Pure Silver ingots with a layer of 24 KT. Gold to further enhance the potential value of this edition. Each ingot will also be individually hallmarked and serially numbered.

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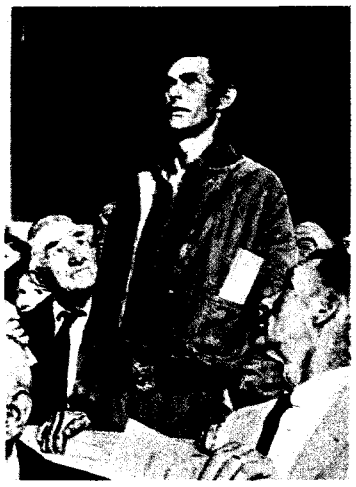

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

FREEDOM FROM WANT

FREEDOM FROM FEAR

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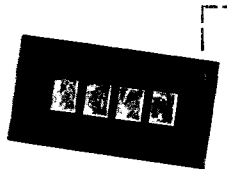

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As a subscriber to The Four Freedoms Ingot Collection you will receive, at no additional cost, an easel-backed display case custom designed to hold your complete collection. This versatile display case of finely stained wood with a fine walnut finish, will proudly sit on a desk or shelf, or hang on wall.

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Please accept my application for a first edition proof set of Norman Rockwell's "Four Freedoms." I understand that, if my application is accepted, I will receive my first ingot now and the three additional ingots at monthly intervals upon my confirmation of each order. I also understand that I will receive at no additional cost, a special easel-backed display case. Enclosed is my check or M.O. for $_____.

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With the recent addition of a monthly "Read Aloud" story, *The Saturday Evening Post* has become truly a complete family magazine with articles of interest for every age. The "Read Aloud" selections are drawn from the four nationally known youth publications owned by the Curtis Publishing Company: *Jack and Jill, Child Life, Children's Playmate,* and *Young World*. These magazines represent over forty years of excellence in literature for children.

"Baba Yaga and the Peddler" by Katherine Kurtz is one of the enormously popular stories based on the mean witch of Russian folklore. *Jack and Jill* first published a "Baba Yaga" story in 1943.

In more recent issues of *Jack and Jill*, Katherine Kurtz and Joan Fairman have delighted young readers with tales of the witch whose hut stands on chicken legs deep, deep in the forest. It is interesting to note that many former readers of the magazine, whose children are now subscribers, remember the "Baba Yaga" stories and often write for copies. A few months ago, Beth Thomas, editor of the children's publications, received a telephone call from a man in Missouri who asked whether it would be possible for him to come to our offices in Indianapolis someday in order to read all the "Baba Yaga" stories he remembered and enjoyed from his childhood!

Through "Read Aloud" it is the hope of all the editors at the *Post* that children will come to love reading and that it will be a joy to them in all the years ahead. Sharing a story with a child is often an ideal way to encourage reading. But some parents do not have time to read extensively with their children. As an aid to help develop reading skills, *Jack and Jill* now offers "Look 'n Listen" (a "talking magazine") in the form of either records or cassettes. Your child can hear the November "Read Aloud," "Baba Yaga and the Peddler," and other stories from the October issue of *Jack and Jill* come to life through the sound of the music and voices in "Look 'n Listen." Whether your child reads the story of Baba Yaga, her faithful cat and the old peddler—or hears it on records or cassettes—I am sure he will eagerly anticipate more stories based on the witch of Russian folklore.

Julie Dixon Eisenhower

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AND THE PEDDLER

By Katherine Kurtz

Illustrated by Ursula Koering

Deep in the forest of the third region beyond the fourth province of Old Russia, a small wooden hut stands on chicken legs in the middle of a clearing. The hut, of course, is Izbushka, home of the powerful and bad-tempered witch, Baba Yaga, and her cat.

For three days the old witch had been sitting at the table, poring over her Book of Magic Secrets. Each morning, without looking up from her book, she called out, "Cat! Bring bread and cheese." And as the sun set each evening, again without looking up, she called, "Cat! Bring the light. Quickly!"

The cat had tasted Baba Yaga's anger many times. Not caring to displease her, he hastened to do her bidding. Most of the rest of the time he spent napping, wondering what so concerned his mistress, or dreaming of meals tastier than his daily fare of bread and cheese.

Early on the afternoon of the third day, the cat had just begun to nap when he was abruptly awakened.

"Cat!" screeched Baba Yaga, slamming her book shut. "Wake up! There is work to be done. Go into the forest. Follow the path until you reach the third crossroad. Hide under the crooked fir tree and carefully watch all who pass by. Much may already be lost! Off! Off!"

All this Baba Yaga shouted over her shoulder as she opened the trunk with the Dragon's Head Lock and placed her Book of Secrets safely inside. The cat hopped down from his bench and stretched. "But, Baba Yaga," he said, "you have not told me how long I must watch, or what I must watch for. And when shall I return home?"

"Never mind all that," the witch retorted. "I shall send you a sign. Now off! And do not dare close an eye while you watch. Your three-day-long nap should be enough sleep to last your lazy self."

"Hunger as well as laziness may be a reason for sleeping," the cat replied grumpily.

"What? Ungrateful thing! Would you eat me out of hut and home? Have I not fed you well?" the witch shouted. Then, "But I have troubles of my own. Here, take this."

With that, Baba Yaga opened her cupboard, which was now filled with meat pies, pastries, and delicacies of the finest sort. The cat's mouth watered, and his eyes bulged. He would never understand why, when he opened the cupboard, it held only dry cheese and black bread; when Baba Yaga did, the most savory foods filled its shelves. The witch handed him a meat pie and took one for herself.

"Take this with you," she ordered, "but do not begin to eat it until you see the third passerby."

She turned to speak to the house. "Izbushka, Izbushka, bend your knees that I may leave with ease." The hut obeyed, and the cat followed Baba Yaga out the door. She gave a shrill whistle. Immediately her mortar and pestle landed in the clearing. She climbed in, and as she took off, she shouted, "Do not fall asleep, and do not return until I give you a sign."

The cat started down the path, sniffing the pie. Only fear of the old witch kept him from gulping it down. He knew he had to follow her instructions and wait until the third passerby came, or dire things might befall him.

He reached the third crossroad and had just hidden himself under a fir tree, when he heard whistling. He peered carefully through the branches and saw a woodcutter trudging along with a half day's work on his back.

"Well," said the cat to himself, "if two more travelers will come just as quickly, I shall not be hungry for very long." Many, many minutes passed, and though the cat watched each of the four paths with care, not a soul appeared.

The aroma was becoming too much for the poor hungry cat, and he could hardly keep from eating the pie. He resolutely thrust it under a bush and covered it with some leaves. That done, he turned back to his watch, just in time to see a gypsy coming down the road leading a small bear.

When they were directly opposite him, the cub stopped to sniff the air.

"Come along, Meilcheik," said the man, "or by the time we reach the camp, the others will have moved on. We must hurry."

Continued on page 80

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The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

The Decay of the Angel

by Yukio Mishima
236 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95

By BEN STEIN

Sometimes a novel, a work of fiction, can tell more about a nation's culture, its way of looking at life, its differences from our own culture, than can all the guidebooks ever written, or even than a visit to the country.

That can be especially true if the fiction is by an author so steeped in his country's traditions and history, so imbued with its very thought, that his every sentence is a poetically rich evocation of his country, of its culture and of its civilization.

Such a novel is *The Decay of the Angel,* the last work of the late Japanese writer Yukio Mishima.

Mishima himself was a literary figure of enormous stature not only in Japan, but throughout the world. Mishima, a literary child prodigy, published his first work at the age of sixteen. By his twenties, he was being compared with the great French novelist, Marcel Proust, for the depth of his analyses, and was traveling in the company of the world's great writers.

He was compulsively fixated on the subject of discipline, self-denial, the need to sustain a uniquely Japanese way of life despite the incursions of Western civilization. He obsessively hoped to return Japan to its pre-World War II values of militarism, the code of the samurai, and the eschewing of things Western. His works reveal a haunting preoccupation with blood, death and suicide.

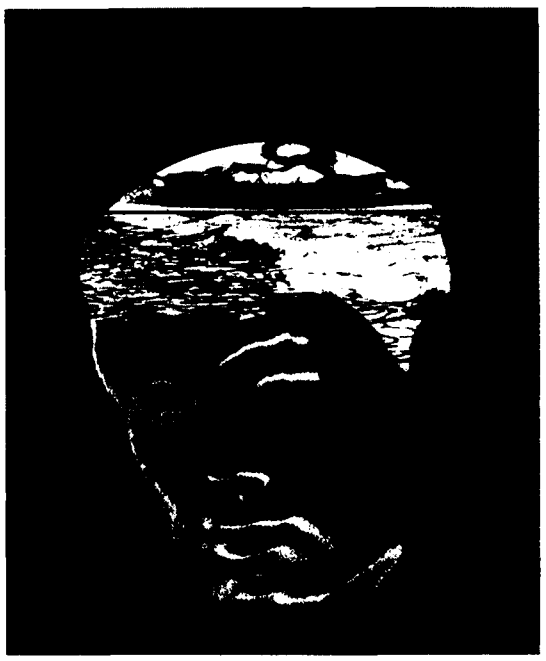
By the time he was in his forties, he had created his own private army of about one hundred men. On November 25, 1970, he turned in the final pages of *The Decay of the Angel* to his publisher. Then he led his small "army" to a Japanese military base and tried to convince the cadets there to stage an uprising. When the cadets scorned and ridiculed his pleas, Mishima, with the aid of several of his followers, committed ritual suicide.

The ritualized way of his death is in perfect harmony with his writing. *The Decay of the Angel*, only recently published in English, is a highly stylized, inescapably oriental view of the world as a place where people seek salvation through all manner of superstitions and other artifices, but in the end find no more to redeem their efforts than the very acts of living and dying.

The story of *The Decay of the Angel* is extremely simple—superficially. An elderly millionaire has, every twenty years, been involved in an intense relationship with a different person, each of whom has died at the age of twenty. The old man, Honda, believes powerfully in reincarnation. For a bizarre reason, he believes that each of the three people with whom he was involved earlier was the reincarnation of the other. And when he finds a fourth person, a sixteen-year-old boy with three moles under his right arm, just like those had by the three previous "reincarnations," he decides to adopt him.

But the adopted boy, Toru, proves to be the very model of wickedness and pettiness. He virtually drives his adopted father insane before a friend of his father's tongue-lashes the boy into such shame that he attempts suicide and then lives passively, having been blinded from the abortive attempt.

The story line, however, is only a small part of the book. The real glory of the book, and what makes it worth reading, is its lyric descriptions of everything that touches the story. The composite effect of thousands of these flights of imagery is to display, even to let the reader see through archetypal Japanese eyes, the way that life moves around us.



Each passage is like an Oriental picture in the mind. A reviewer's descriptions of Mishima's descriptions pale beside the original. For instance, Honda at one point is remembering a temple, the Gesshuji. Mishima writes:

"As he sought to remember it, the Gesshuji was on a snowy pinnacle, like a temple in the Himalayas, its beauty turned to harshness, its softness to a day of wrath. The ultimate in clarity, a moon temple quite at the ends of the earth, dotted a single dot with the purple cassock of an aging and ever more delicately beautiful abbess, seemed to send off an ice-light, as if it stood at the very limits of awareness and reason."

There is an infinitude of these haunting passages, each one containing an insight into a way of thought quite clearly different in an undefinable yet unmistakable way from Western consciousness, each one revealing a subtlety and beauty all its own.

To read *The Decay of the Angel* is to allow onself to be guided by a brilliant author into a new. and compelling vision of life, a Japanese view which few Americans would ever be able to sense without such a compelling and literate guide.

The journey is refreshing and well worth taking.

Future Without Shock

By Louis B. Lundborg
155 pages. New York: W.W. Norton. $6.95.

By ARTHUR HANSEN

Once in a while a book comes along that is so well written and makes so much good sense that you have the impulse of running to the bookstore to buy a dozen copies for your friends. Such was my reaction after finishing *Future Without Shock* by Louis B. Lundborg. Furthermore, I must admit that I approached this book with a slight tendency to yawn. Ever since Reich's *Greening of America* and Toffler's *Future Shock*, articles and books by the cartload have appeared that criticize our present state. Most of these writings present schemes that are out of touch with reality, are anything but scholarly, and are, more often than not, mere diatribes against the current scheme of things. While Lundborg follows the analysis-and-advice prescription, his writing is thoughtful and nonpretentious and makes simple, good sense. At a time when we are up to our ears with current problems and solutions this book comes as a refreshing surprise.

A second surprise is in store for those who believe that today's corporate executives have a common view about what is good for America, and that this view is antithetical to views held by the younger generation.

The reason is that the author is a director of the world's largest bank, the Bank of America, and he was, until recently, the bank's chairman of the board. You may recall that it was a branch of this

Continued on page 118

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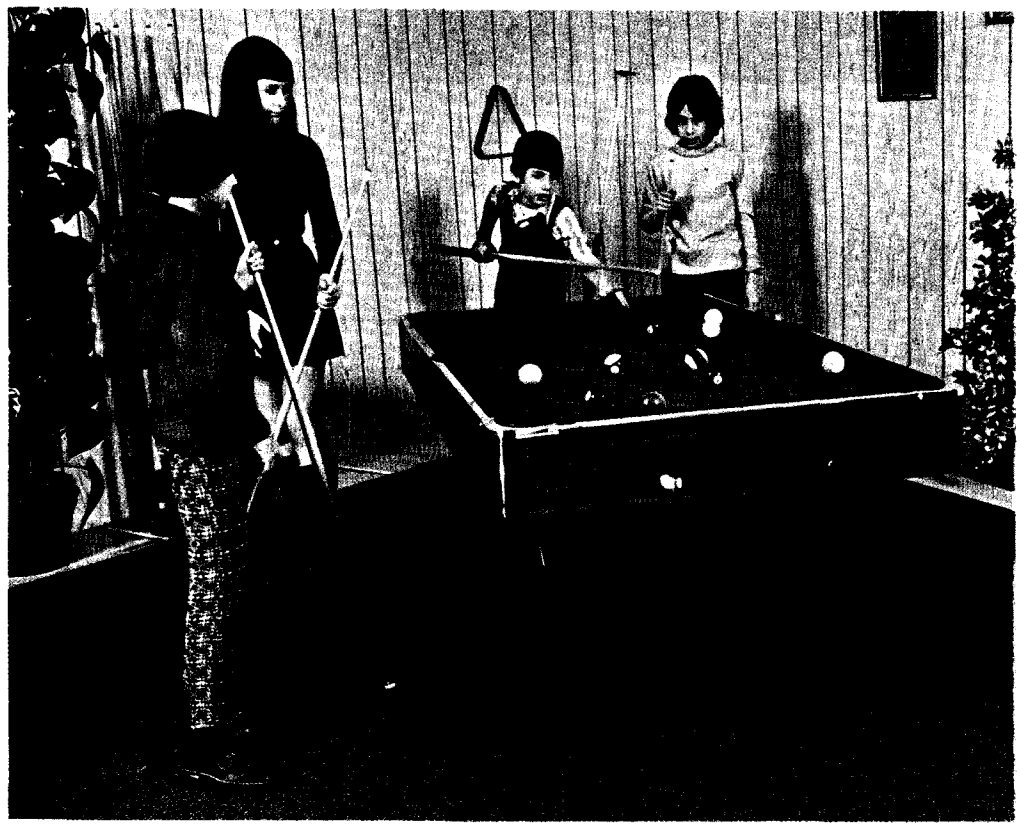

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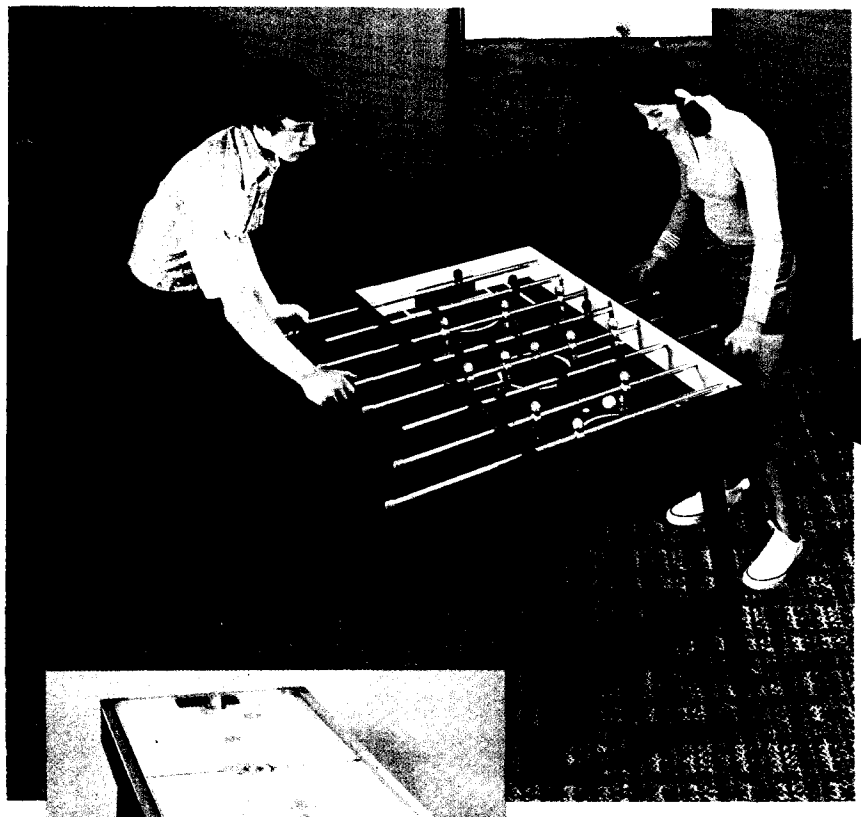

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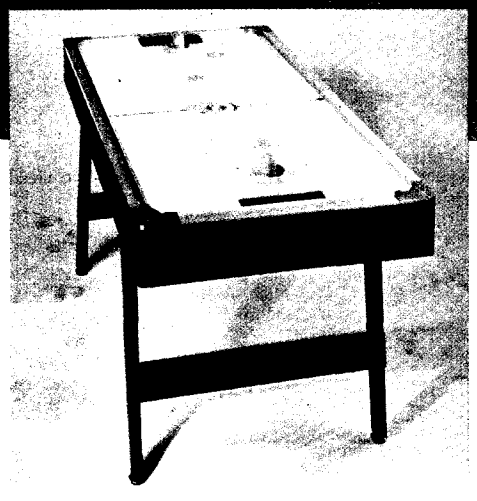

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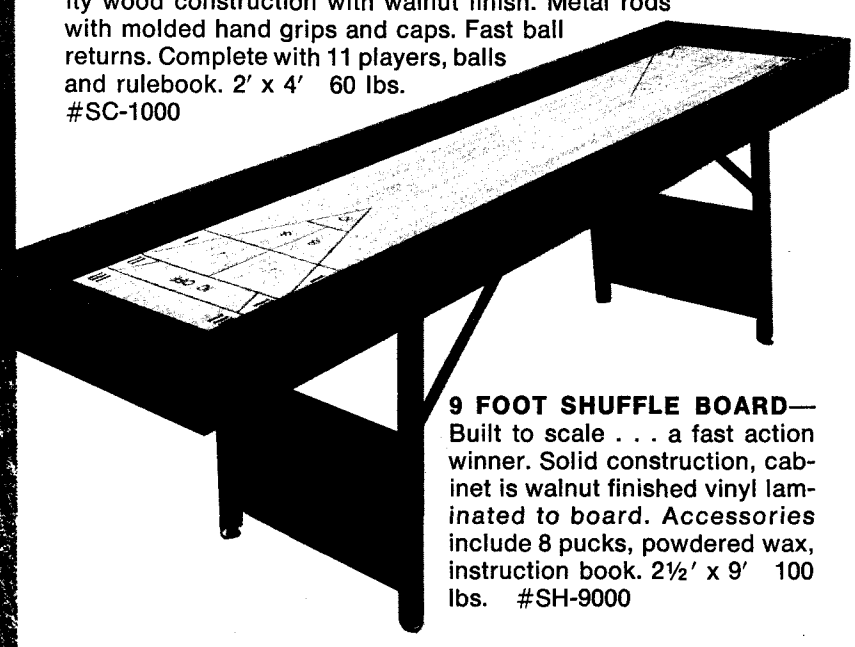

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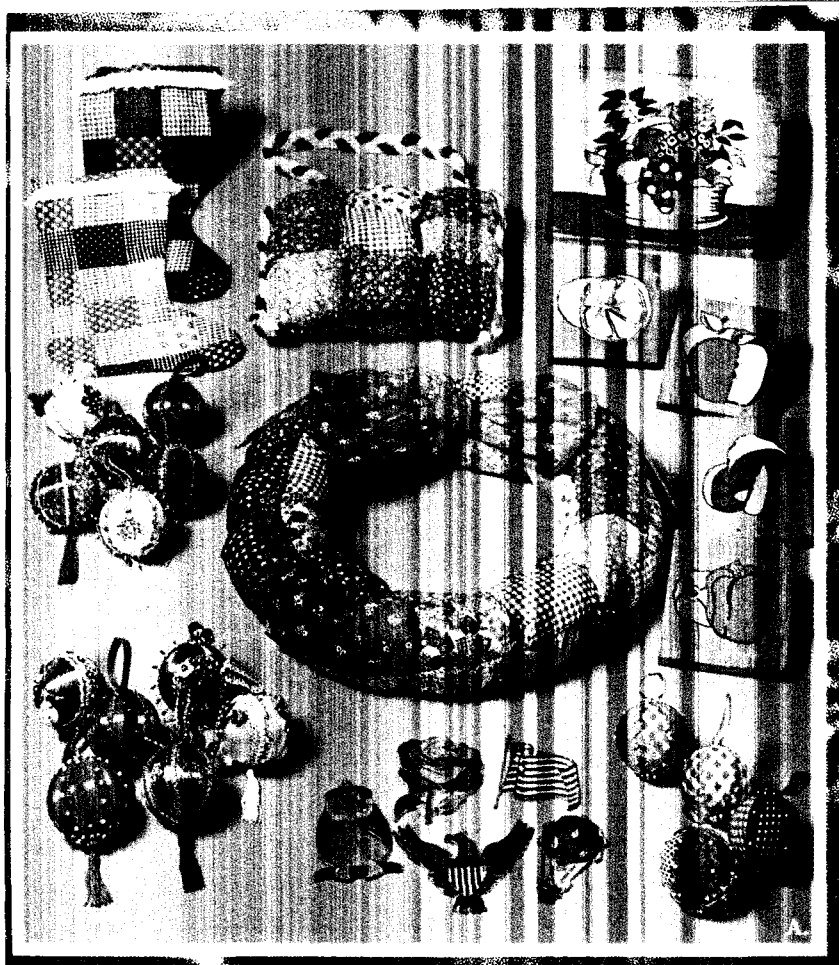

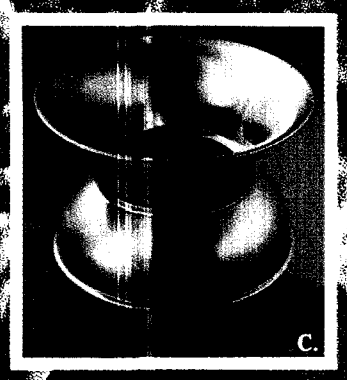
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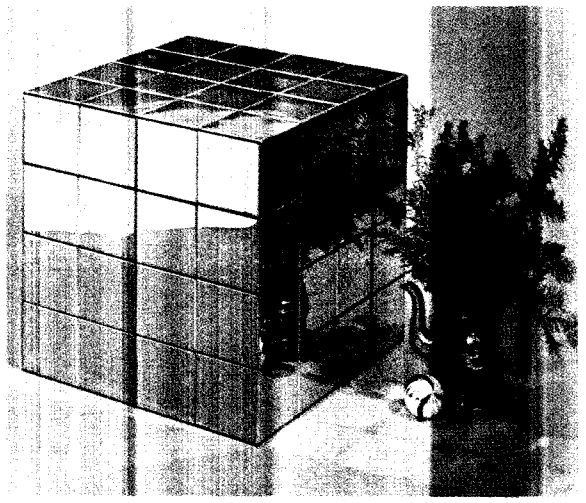

B.

A. CHRIS CREATIONS SAYS bring the elegant, heirloom look to your Christmas tree with 3″ Victorian ornaments IN KITS or red, green, or white satin balls. Models CBK-5, CBK-8, CBK-29, CBK-48, CBK-92, CBK-107 are $3.00 each. MINIMUM ORDER 2 kits plus $1.00 postage and handling charge.

A. SEW YOUR OWN 15″ Christmas patchwork gingham or denim stockings. CS-1 Red Gingham, CS-2 Green Gingham, CS-3 Blue Denim, CS-4 Red Denim are $4.00 each plus $1.00 for postage and handling.

A. DELICATELY MADE 3″ Victorian ornaments, lends an elegant look to your Christmas tree in red, green, or white satin balls. Models CB-38, CB-40, CB-47, CB-52, CB-107, CB-115 are $4.50 each. MINIMUM ORDER of 2 with $1.00 for postage and handling charge.

A. HAVE A "CALICO CHRISTMAS" with handmade 3″ ornaments in gingham, polka dot, or denim. Models CO-1 Red or Green gingham. CO-2 Red or Green polka dot, and CO-3 Blue or Red denim are $2.00 each. MINIMUM ORDER 2 balls plus $1.00 postage and handling charge.

A. "STAINED GLASS" IT. Make your own "stained glass" design with Makit & Bakit plastic cooking crystals. Set of 5 . . . $9.95 plus $1.00 postage.

A. PRETTY PATCH PURSE, completely assembled, $14.00, plus $1.25 postage.
A. PRETTY PATCH KIT, $6.50 plus $1.25 postage.
A. LARGE PATCH WREATH, completely assembled, $40.00, plus $1.50 postage.
A. LARGE PATCH WREATH KIT, $15.00, plus $1.50 postage.
A. SMALL PATCH WREATH, completely assembled, $22.50, plus $1.50 postage.

A. SMALL PATCH WREATH KIT, $11.00, plus $1.50 postage.

A. PICK-A-PLAQUE from the Wooden Goose Co. Create a painting of lasting beauty to brighten a room. Easy to paint. Mushroom Group #202, $6.95, plus $1.00 postage & handling. Fruit Basket #102, $4.95, plus 80¢ postage & handling.

B. ROYAL HOLLAND PEWTER. A thing of beauty forever. . . .
Jefferson Cups, Set of four, $23.00
Pitcher, 8″, #452.48, $21.00
Pitcher, 10″, #452.48, $31.50
Pitcher, 11″, #452.64, $60.50
Vase, 6″, #451.45, $12.75
Vase, 8″, #451.29, $17.75
Vase, 10″, #451.29, $26.25
Decanter, Amber 10″, #344.9, $23.75
Decanter, Green 10″, #344.9, $23.75
Cordial, 2 ounces, #450.36, $14.25
Sherry, 4 ounces, #450.36, $14.25
Claret, 7 ounces, #450.36, $19.50
Salt/Pepper Shakers, #366.24, $23.75
Nut Bowl, #501.11, $13.25
Porringer, 5″ in diameter, #333.16, $15.75
All items plus $2.50 postage

C. CLASSY CUSPIDOR. Imported Brass #66. $12.95 plus $1.50 shipping.

D. CHROME CUBE TABLE. A simple-to-put-together dazzling cube table that's perfect for any room. 17″ x 17″ x 17″. $39.95, plus $4.50 postage and handling.

E. PRO-XERCISER . . . program of exercises is dependable . . . will improve your ability to perform . . . golf, tennis and other sports. $19.95, plus $1.50 postage and handling.

F. SISTER BERTHA HUMMEL 1975 Calendar. $4.00. Linen. 17½″ x 28½″. Plus 75¢ postage & handling. #177-600.

G. THE GUARDIAN ANGEL by Sister Berta Hummel Christmas Ornament 1974 Limited Edition. $4.00, plus 50¢ postage & handling. #177-700.

G. ANRI HANGING ORNAMENTS designed by Juan Ferrandiz. #624-304. A must for any Christmas tree. Six assorted figures $30.00 per set or available individually at $5.00 each (Randomly selected for shipping) Plus $1.00 shipping.

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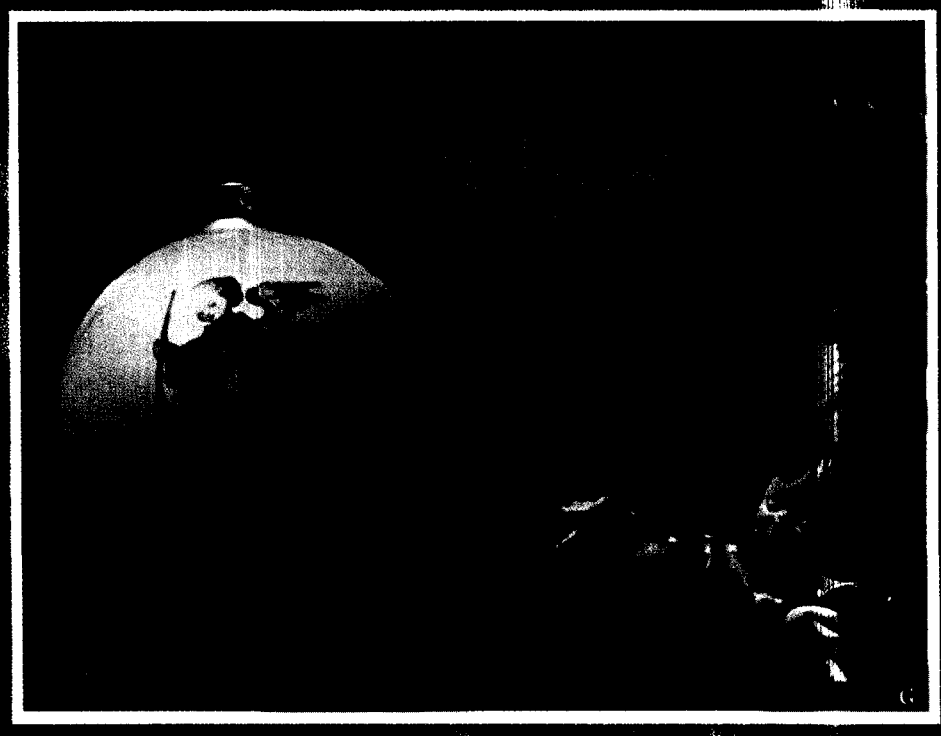

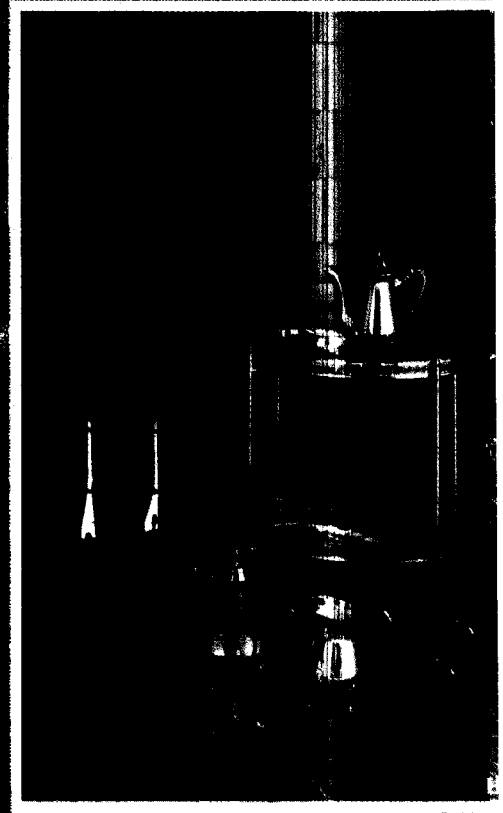

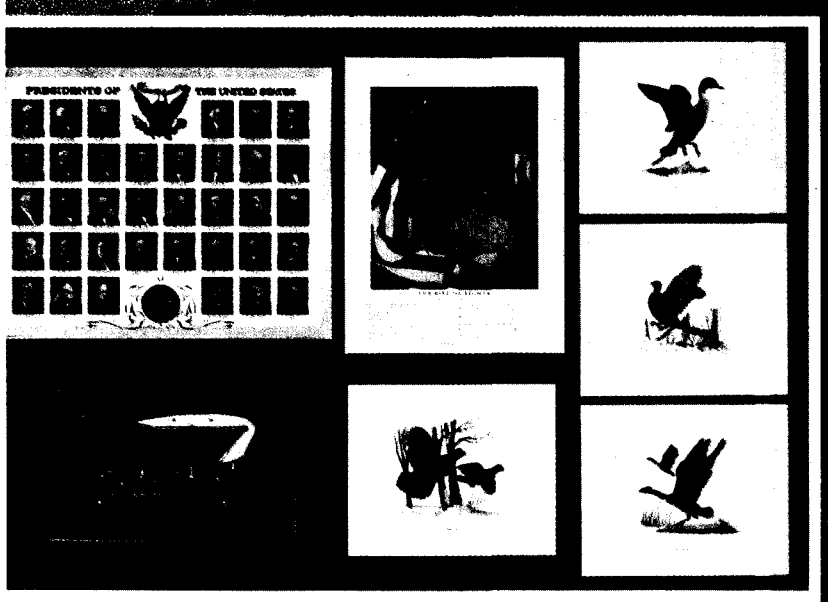

CHRISTMAS CAVALCADE/1974

H. AN INVITATION TO ELEGANCE. Leonard Silver.
Tea Cart, #630, $200.00, plus $5.00 shipping & handling. 2 removable tarnish resistant trays, 27″ x 14″, Collapsible silverplated stand 27″ high.
Coffee Set, #5002, $50.00, plus $5.00 shipping & handling.
Carafe, #1153, $20.00, plus $4.00 shipping & handling.
Pitcher, #533, $25.00, plus $5.00 shipping & handling.
Footed Danish Teakwood Carving Set. #404. Knife and fork, 12″ long. board 24″ x 12″. $35.00 plus $5.00 shipping & handling. All items gift boxed.

I. COLLECTOR'S ITEM! Authentic old mill shuttles refinished and converted to lovely wall sconces. Boxed two to gift box with 2 5½″ tapers. $22.95 each, Postpaid.

Prints are handsomely lithographed in full color on heavy, embossed art paper. Large and colorful, 18″ x 24″ overall.

J. AMERICAN HERITAGE . . . New, collector prints.
Our Presidents . . . and The Bill of Rights . . . $4.00 each, plus 50¢ postage.

J. BEAUTIFUL GAME BIRDS by Louis Raymer. Popularly priced prints from art by this noted wildlife painter. Previously published only in limited editions. 14″ x 17″ overall, beautifully printed. $4.00 each. 4 for $12.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

J. REPLICA OF OLD CARS . . . 1910 BUICK pictured. Completely assembled $59.95, plus $1.50 shipping & handling. Kit, $39.95, plus $1.50 shipping & handling. Also available . . . 1908 Ford, 1909 Rolls Royce, Motorcycle Chopper. Same prices.

CHRISTMAS CAVALCADE/1974
P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

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If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name _ _ _ _

Signature _____

Name (print) _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. 4H

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TOTALLY RELAXED

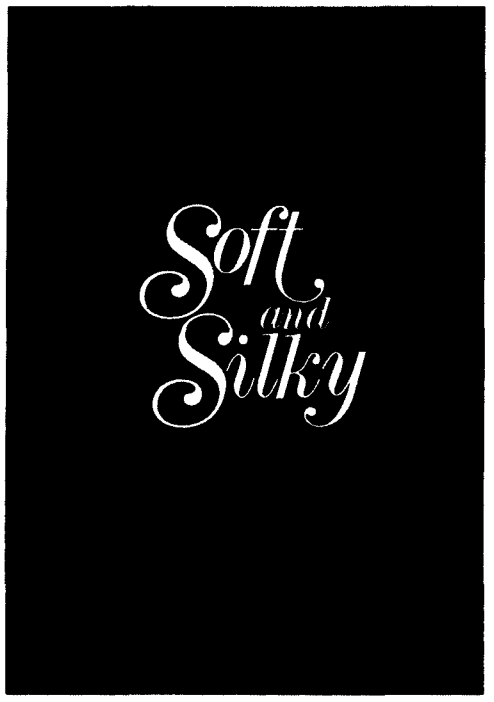
1. Mood Indigo
2. Blue Velvet
3. Bewitched, Bothered & Bewildered
4. I'll Never Fall In Love Again
5. Theme From 'Picasso Summer'
6. Wait Till You See Her
7. Pieces Of Dreams
8. A Time For Us
9. Alfie
10. This Is The Life
11. Midnight Cowboy
12. Voices Of Spring
13. You Go To My Head
14. If
15. If I Should Lose You
16. Sleepy Lagoon
17. Tony's Theme
18. Love Story Theme
19. With Pen In Hand
20. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
21. But For Love
22. Imagine
23. The More I See You
24. Solitude
25. How Deep Is The Ocean
26. Speak Low
27. The Sweetest Sounds
28. A Summer Place
29. Tara's Theme
30. Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man
31. My Funny Valentine
32. People
33. Ben
34. The Music Lovers Theme

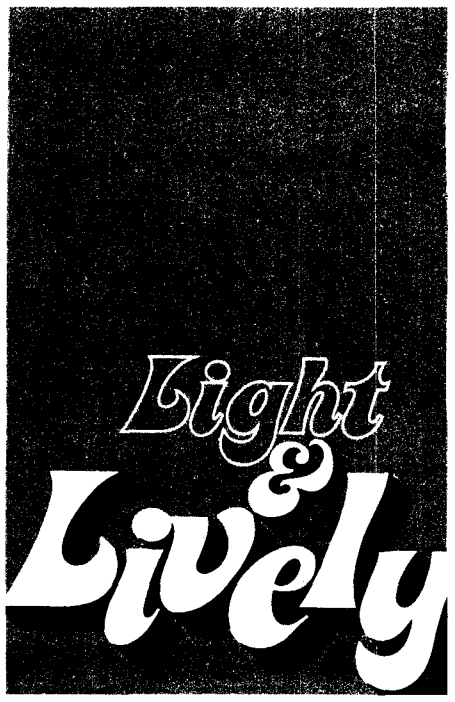
SOFT AND SILKY

1. For All We Know
2. Jean
3. I Cover The Waterfront
4. I Have Dreamed
5. What's New
6. Till
7. My Kind Of Girl
8. Who's Afraid
9. Glad She's A Woman
10. I'll See You Again
11. I Love My Wife
12. S'Wonderful
13. A Smile Will Go A Long Long Way
14. Any Wednesday
15. The Girl I'll Never Know
16. Estrellita
17. Love Is Like A Violin
18. Sabrina's Theme (Film)
19. It Never Entered My Mind
20. Au Revoir
21. Music From Across The Way
22. And I Love Her
23. Autumn Leaves
24. In A Sentimental Mood
25. Love
26. Soon
27. There's A Small Hotel
28. Lo Much Que Te Quiero
29. Jennifer
30. When Winter Comes
31. Born Free
32. Don't Worry About Me
33. Weeping Analeah
34. Moonglow
35. The Night Has A Thousand Eyes
36. The Little Drummer Boy

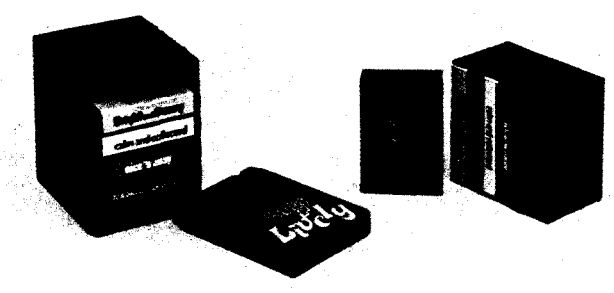
LIGHT & LIVELY

1. Can't Take My Eyes Off You
2. Eternity
3. The Drum
4. It Only Takes A Moment
5. Mrs. Robinson
6. Wives & Lovers
7. I Believe In Music
8. Popcorn
9. An Apple For The Teacher
10. When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
11. Along With Me
12. You Are Woman, I Am Man
13. The Odd Couple
14. Vienna Blood
15. Aquarius
16. I'll Never Fall In Love Again
17. Blowin' In The Wind
18. Come Fly With Me
19. Sweet September
20. I Love You
21. Stop—I Don't Want To Hear It Anymore
22. Honey Come Back
23. I Could Have Danced All Night
24. It's Love
25. Spanish Flea
26. The Sound Of Music
27. Georgy Girl
28. Always Something There To Remind Me
29. I Talk To The Trees
30. The Look Of Love
31. Little Green Apples
32. Tango Of The Roses
33. Feelin' Groovy
34. Show Me
35. Song Of The Jet
36. Everything's Coming Up Roses
37. Dancing
38. The Band Played On
39. Before The Parade Passes By





MUSIC TO



Introducing . . An Exciting New Way To Enjoy Music On Tape Or Records!

Now . . use music to meet *your* needs.

With your Match-A-Mood collection you can tailor your music to fit the occasion . . the time of day . . the people . . or the atmosphere you want to create.

Use your 6-album collection to start the day with a bright, cheerful note . . add an uplift to a dreary afternoon . . provide a comfortable, relaxed feeling for your dinner hour. Or, end the day with some intimate, lilting tunes meant for two.

Now you can use music the same way you'd use lighting or color . . to create or accent a feeling or a mood.

Use it to express yourself. Make it an integral part of your environment. Use it to give you a lift . . or let you down, easy.

Now You Listen To The Music You Want . . When You Want It!

The new Match-A-Mood way to enjoy music is *your* way. Each album was created to convey a single mood. And, everything from the tunes selected to the final programming . . is tailored to that mood.

Now you don't have to wade through 10-12 tunes in an album just to hear the one that fits your mood.

No longer are you at the "mercy" of a radio station music or program director, either. You're the music director. *You* pick the music to go with a warm crackly fire . . a good book . . some quiet conversation . . or a fun party!

And, you can program an entire day without ever repeating a tune.

VLP Albums Offer More Music With Fewer Interruptions . . At Less Cost!

Music to Match-A-Mood utilizes the new V Long Play reproduction technique to give you th times more music on tape . . 50% more on reco

The result is an amazing $125.10 worth of mu in your 6-album collection!

With more music on each tape or record . . naturally have fewer interruptions . . less flipp and changing of cassettes or records. Both V tapes and records are 100% compatible with y present stereo equipment.

Here's What You Get In Your Match-A-Mood Collection

- 6 ninety-minute albums . . each with 34 selections
- 221 all-time favorites . . some of the most po lar music ever written . . including hits fr Irving Berlin to Burt Bacharach
- 250 outstanding musicians . . the richness of orchestras . . the lightness and informality smaller groups and combos . . the easy styli of the big dance bands. Each album contains different musical groups to give variety and terest to your musical mood.
- Your choice of stereo 8-track VLP cartrid VLP cassettes or VLP records in protective play cases . . priced at significant savings o conventional tapes and LP records.

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NICE 'N EASY

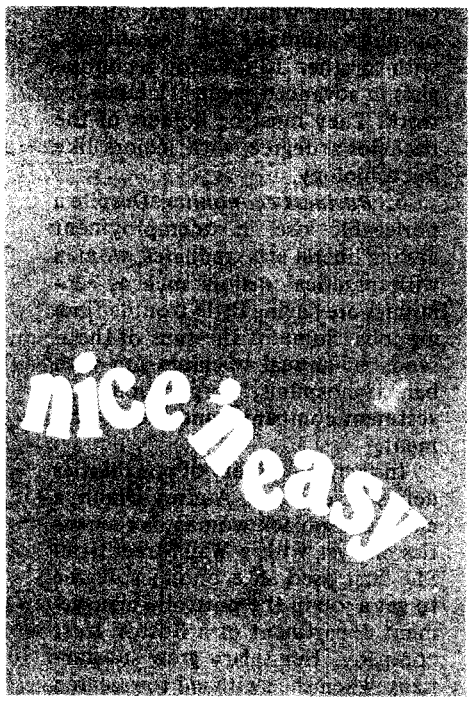
1. Hey Girl
2. Call Me Irresponsible
3. My Cherie Amour
4. Get Out Of Town
5. I Remember You
6. Dearly Beloved
7. But Beautiful
8. Dock Of The Bay
9. Just The Way You Look Tonight
10. Cherish
11. Imagination
12. Sentimental Journey
13. The Touch Of Your Lips
14. Bewitched
15. Love Letters In The Sand
16. Mr. Bojangles
17. My Baby Just Cares For Me
18. The Best Is Yet To Come
19. I'll Always Love You
20. Summertime
21. Hello Dolly
22. Windmills Of Your Mind
23. Oh Lady Be Good
24. Breezin' Along With The Breeze
25. What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life
26. Love Look Away
27. Little White Lies
28. Hey Jude
29. No Other Love
30. To Know You Is To Love You
31. It's Impossible
32. It's Easy To Remember
33. A Time For Love
34. Young And Foolish
35. Didn't We
36. Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries

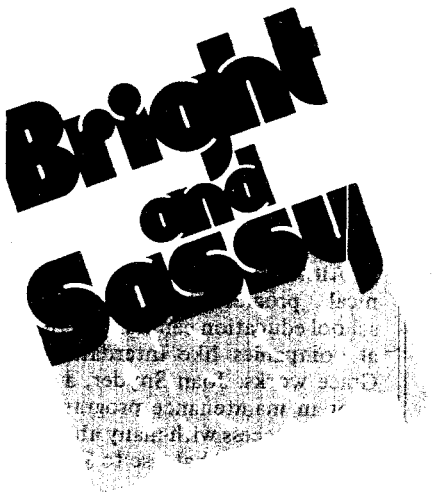
BRIGHT AND SASSY

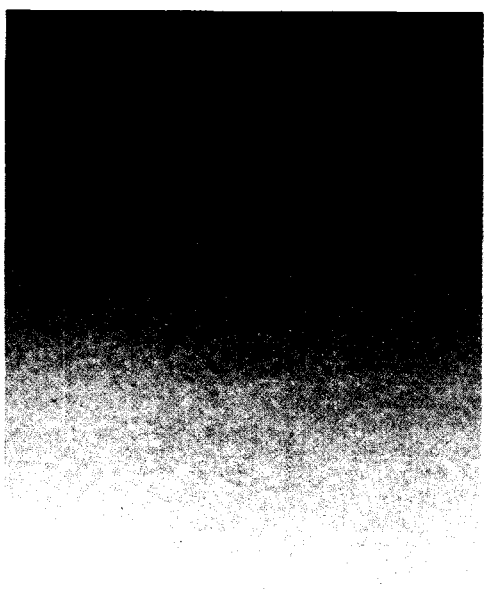
1. Gentle On My Mind
2. Old Fashioned Love Song
3. Strike Up The Band
4. I Love Paris
5. Day In, Day Out
6. Come Saturday Morning
7. It's A Cryin' Shame
8. What Now My Love
9. Fiddler On The Roof
10. Do-Re-Mi
11. Never Ending Song Of Love
12. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle
13. Oh Happy Day
14. Put On A Happy Face
15. Everybody's Talkin'
16. Guadalajara
17. Bring Me Sunshine
18. Song From M.A.S.H.
19. Have You Met Miss Jones
20. Snowbird
21. Cheek To Cheek
22. Col. Bogey (River Kwai)
23. Just In Time
24. Theme From 'Borsalino'
25. If I Were A Rich Man
26. The Fool On The Hill
27. Eleanor Rigby
28. Ballad Of 'Easy Rider'
29. Ain't No Mountain High Enough
30. Theme From 'Exodus'
31. Let It Be
32. When The Saints Go Marching In
33. Take Me Home, Country Road
34. Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah
35. Slaughter On Tenth Ave
36. Washington Square
37. All By Myself
38. *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*

CALM AND COLLECTED

1. Someone To Watch Over Me
2. Never My Love
3. The Summer Knows
4. Scarborough Fair
5. The Lamp Of Memory
6. If I Love Again
7. Yesterday When I Was Young
8. Dear Hearts & Gentle People
9. A Foggy Day
10. Fine And Dandy
11. Not Mine
12. The World That Only Lovers See
13. True Grit
14. Who Are You Now
15. Embraceable You
16. Bless The Beasts & Children
17. The Time For Love Is Anytime
18. Hurt So Bad
19. Walkin' Easy
20. Illusion
21. Galveston
22. If Ever I Would Leave You
23. It's A Blue World
24. I'll Be There
25. Roses Of Picardy
26. Winds Of Barcelona
27. With The Wind & The Rain In Your Hair
28. Hushaby Mountain
29. Elvira
30. Someday Soon
31. It Could Happen To You
32. Honey
33. At Long Last Love
34. For You
35. Wait Until Dark
36. What Did I Have That I Don't Have Now
37. No Strings
38. Maria







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Complete 6-album Match-A-Mood collection is only $34.95 for 6 tapes or 12 records with FREE storage-display case. Mini-mood set includes your choice of any 3 moods (3 tapes or 6 record albums). The Tailored Music Guild is not a club . . there's nothing further to buy or future "automatic" shipments.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL . . you must be satisfied or your money will be refunded. Send order to:

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Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Select: 1) ☐ 8-Track Cartridge ☐ Stereo Cassette ☐ Stereo Records

2) ☐ Complete 6-Album Set . . 6 VLP tapes or 12 VLP records. Introductory price $34.95 complete.

OR . . 3) ☐ Mini-Mood 3-Album Set . . 3 VLP tapes or 6 VLP records . . $24.95 complete.

Choose any three albums:
☐ Totally Relaxed ☐ Bright and Sassy ☐ Calm and Collected
☐ Soft and Silky ☐ Nice 'N Easy ☐ Light & Lively

Select: 4) The most convenient way to order
☐ By Check or Money Order ☐ Charge It . . Specify:
☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date: _____

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit number appearing above your name ___ ___ ___ ___

Signature _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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The Post Recommends

The Mask Of Sanity
Hervey Cleckley, M.D.
The C. V. Mosby Co.
$12.75

The dream of a lifetime just walked into your life. He is handsome, smooth-talking and lovable. He knows his way around town and entertains you as no one else ever has. You're sold—or almost. Something doesn't feel right about him. Nothing you can put your finger on, but nevertheless, strange. Like the time you confronted him about humiliating your best friend. At first he denied it, but when you pinned him down, he just shrugged his shoulders and walked away as if he had done nothing at all. Stop! Before you sail down honeymoon lane with him, Hervey Cleckley has a few words to say to you.

Dr. Cleckley in this tightly written, extremely readable book, has exposed this kind of person for what he is—a psychopath. In a detailed account resulting from years of study, Dr. Cleckley paints a clear picture of the nature and behavior of the psychopath, using case histories to anchor his observations in fact. For decades our society has been harboring these individuals because no one understood the subtle nature of their illness, or how to treat it. Though Cleckley has no solid suggestions for the treatment of psychopaths, he urges all to make a reappraisal of them and hopes that from that appraisal will come an effective mode of treatment. Already in its fourth edition, *The Mask of Sanity* has established itself as the authoritative study in this field of pathology.

International Tennis Guide
Nicholas van Daalen
Charles Scribner's Sons
$3.95

For those tennis buffs who would like to combine their favorite sport with the fascination of travel, Nicholas van Daalen provides a wealth of information on the best tennis resorts of the world. They range from the medium-priced hotels to the ultra-luxurious, allowing the tennis traveler to plan his vacation with both interest and pocketbook in mind. With special emphasis on the United States and the Caribbean, this book furnishes all the details a tennis amateur would want to know and serves as a general travel guide as well.

A Surgeon's Odyssey
Loyal Davis, M.D.
Doubleday
$8.95

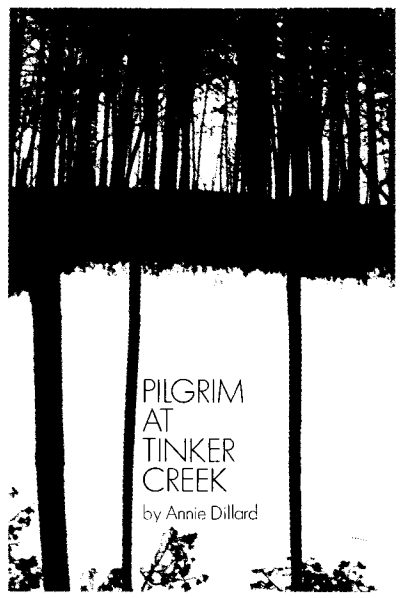
The autobiography of Dr. Loyal Davis, one of the country's top neurosurgeons, is indeed the story of an odyssey, not only his own but that of medicine itself. Beginning with the author's boyhood in turn-of-the-century Galesburg, Illinois, when medicine was still primitive, the book goes on to describe new techniques in diagnosis and treatment as they developed and led to the present era of antibiotics, organ transplants, and specialization.

The Gooseberry Fool
James McClure
Harper and Row
$5.95

The flavor of South Africa, the spice of a hard-hitting detective and a murdered man cook up a thrill in this boiling suspense novel. McClure, the author of *The Steam Pig* and *The Caterpillar Cop*, here adds to his reputation as a mystery novelist.

While drinking in his kitchen, Hugo Swart met death at the end of a steak knife. Lieutenant Kramer, in his search for the murderer, digs into his psychological bag of tricks to wrench the truth from unwilling sources. His assistant, Bantu detective Sergeant Zondi, narrowly escapes an irate mob of stone-throwing natives while on the trail of a suspect in the South African countryside. As piece after piece fits together, Kramer finds that the murderer no longer needed to come to justice. He had already met it.

This is a strong book, occasionally a very sad book, and at times a funny one, as well.



Pilgrim at Tinker Creek
Annie Dillard
Harper's Magazine Press
$7.95

Already a best-seller, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* is a journal of the author's observations about the natural life she has known in her native woodlands—Tinker Creek located in the Roanoke Valley of Virginia. One of the eight young women written up in the October issue of the *Post*, Annie Dillard brings to her observations a keenness of insight and a sense of wonder rarely met in books of this genre. Of herself she says, "I am no scientist, but a poet and a walker with a background in theology and a penchant for quirky facts." The poet in her is everywhere evident in this prose-poem of hers: the reader's attention is caught not only by the freshness of her insights, but by the beauty of her descriptions as well.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.50 above the retail price to cover mailing and handling charges. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Ten Best Jobs

continued from page 15

building what the industry calls "black boxes" or "hardware" and designing new uses for them—"software"—is a $20-billion business. Data processing—in which the range of jobs is extraordinarily wide—demands more than 50,000 new personnel a year.

Grace Carr is a twenty-seven-year-old designer of new uses for minicomputers, the fastest growing segment of the business. She caught the wave of the future by switching from a mathematics teaching degree to computer science. Instead of being in teaching, a field of declining demand, she has wide job options and earns $15,000 a year, with $20,000 likely in a few years.

Although her work is highly technical, programmers with a high school education can train on the job at companies like Interdata where Grace works. Joan Snyder, a supervisor in maintenance programming, reports success with many able women and salaries that rise to $9,000 or $10,000.

"The field is wide open to women now if they go out and get the proper training," she says. Her own training began in the Navy's Fleet Computer Programming Center, San Diego, and continued at Interdata.

Since each manufacturer must have its own "assembly language" to create new programs, each must train new employees to use it. Once familiar with this private language, computer operators can graduate to elementary and then to more sophisticated programming. Finally they become systems analysts and designers of new generations of computer languages like Grace and Joan.

As in most technology, degrees are increasingly in demand. But companies often contribute to the cost of further education for valued employees.

4. *Medical technicians and technologists.* Norma Rivera, chief respiratory therapist at New York Hospital, is a member of an auxiliary team of specialists. Doctors are delegating more and more specific skills to people like Norma, and hospitals across the country are setting up new departments, creating enormous opportunity.

Norma Rivera credits her switch from library clerical work to her medical specialty with almost doubling her salary, to over $12,000. Training: a two-year program at a community college making her a Certified Respiratory Therapist Technician, accredited by the national organization. The next step is to train as a registered therapist, and there's an accompanying increase in salary.

Within any one field are a variety of jobs. Norma does mostly post-operative work, but she could work in a cardiopulmonary laboratory, as a technician in a doctor's office or even selling oxygen therapy equipment. Different hospitals and areas have differing needs, she points out.

The health services network is a sprawling colossus employing more than 4.5 million. And today only 9 out of every 100 of them are physicians. There will be at least 60,000 openings annually for technicians, with another 13,000 for technologists in advanced medical laboratory work. They must be holders of the bachelor's degree with majors like microbiology.

5. *Business economics.* Despite a noticeable rise in unemployment among liberal arts graduates, women with practical majors such as economics are having little trouble finding jobs. Some of the tens of thousands of annual openings are with banks, hospitals, corporations, investment companies and the government.

In fact, the variety of possibilities defies description. Audrey Dixon, a chic young black woman, is a securities analyst with a Wall Street firm. She first used an economics degree to get a job in the portfolio management department of a Boston trust company. Her salary grew substantially when she switched to research and became a specialist in the food, cosmetics, clothing and textile industries.

Nina Klarich, a blonde whose good looks are still somewhat of a rarity in the executive dining room, wears two hats as a bank officer in Chicago. She administers First National Bank of Chicago's foundation and handles economic research.

Professional salaries vary considerably, but many middle-level executives make $20,000 a year or more.

6. *Accounting.* Mary Gleason, a partner at Arthur Young & Company, one of the "big seven" in the accounting world, has a varied and stimulating job, not at all the dry occupation many people imagine. Her assignments introduce her to the inner workings of corporations as diverse as oil and textile companies, foundations, publishing houses and aircraft manufacturers.

She has watched the changeover from women who work just to bridge the gap between school and marriage to women who have clear career goals. Now she can assure the increasing number of women applicants that they will be encouraged to work directly with clients and to take on many of the same jobs men do, situations that weren't always true in the past. College graduates now begin at $10,000 to $12,000 a year, but top jobs can bring as much as $100,000.

Her advice to fellow professionals: "Take advantage of every opportunity of keeping your knowledge

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up to date. Larger accounting firms are among the businesses that offer a host of company-sponsored seminars. Taking them can be critical for advancement."

Accounting also offers a highly profitable free-lance option to women who don't want full-time work while raising a family.

7. *Civil service—city, state and federal.* Joan Cole, the young, attractive assistant to the head of Chicago's Civil Service Commission, ticks off some of the gains for women in government. More have jobs with major impact. The offices of both the Chief of Manpower Planner and the First Deputy Head of the Public Works Department are held by women. Opening recruiting and consolidating the job titles into one category for both sexes have given women access to better jobs, with attendant wage increases. Executive development and management courses groom women for higher-grade posts.

Today, Joan Cole reports, around half the women in city government are in what once were male jobs. City managers, urban planners, social and recreational workers, statisticians and economists are just a few of the openings in civil service ranks. The pluses are job security, steady pay increases, and promotions and fringe benefits ranging from ample pensions to educational subsidies—for job-related studies like public administration and urban planning.

8. *Engineering.* Here emphasis is on chemical, civil, electrical, industrial and mechanical specialties. Together they will yield at least 32,000 jobs annually. Women still make up only about 2 percent of the nation's engineers, but to talk to such newly fledged professionals as Sue Nemeth, G.M.I.'s first woman engineering instructor, reinforces claims that this will be a major field of endeavor for women.

Sue, a slight blonde just out of university, teaches basic engineering. Her specialty is in "Human Performance," a branch that is concerned with designing the safest and most comfortable work environments. She is challenged and excited by the "human interest" aspect of making industry a better place to work. As she sees it, it is an outmoded idea that workers must adapt to the environment. Eliminating uncomfortable noise levels, confining spaces or ill-designed equipment is the goal.

Lydia Lazurenko, a senior projects engineer, works at the other end of the engineering spectrum—in aerothermodynamics. The current objective: perfecting the design of an aerospace turbine engine.

Engineering has a further interest, exemplified by Naomi McAfee, president of the Society of Women Engineers. A department manager at Westinghouse, near Baltimore, she began on the technical side in research and systems analysis, then moved into management.

Management and executive positions with many corporations have commonly gone to men with an engineering background coupled with a master's in business administration—a further incentive to pursue this varied field.

9. *Manufacturing and wholesale trade sales.* About 50,000 slots open each year in these two related areas. Women who have moved from retail to wholesale selling find their salaries double or triple. Demand centers on selling products requiring some technical preparation. Manufacturers provide this training or it can be acquired through study or on-the-job experience with anything from power tools to business machines.

At twenty-eight, Vivian Simmons left a secure Detroit teaching job to enter the unfamiliar world of business machine sales. If the new demands were great, so were the rewards. Less than a year after joining the Burroughs Corporation, Vivian is several rungs up the training ladder as a marketing representative.

A stranger meeting her for the first time is struck by her outgoing vitality, confidence and determination—not unlikely ingredients in a good salesman's success. Employers cite other helpful qualities in Vivian and others. Women are praised for dedication to getting a job done, attention to detail, a direct way of handling interpersonal relations, an ability to handle problems logically.

10. *The Armed Services.* Air Force Lieutenant General William V. McBride recently gave official recognition to today's prevailing sentiment in employing women. Announcing there will be a 150 percent increase in the number of WAF's in the 1978 Air Force, the general bluntly said, "We in the Air Force have acceded to an age-old truth—that is, the young women of this nation constitute a valuable resource of virtually unlimited potential."

In keeping with this attitude, the services have opened up every job—from air maintenance crews to advanced communications and electronics to flying—to women. The only restriction is a legal one that keeps women out of combat-related jobs.

Captain Fran McKee, Commanding Officer of Naval Security Group Activity at Fort Meade, singles out the diversity of training offered by the modern services. Enlisted women and officers can pursue technical and scientific studies whether they make a lifetime career in the services or return to civilian employment.

Other inducements are free medical and dental care, discounts, housing subsidies in some areas, the opportunity to travel and thirty-day annual vacations.

It can be easier to break new ground in the services than in civilian life—aviators, chaplains, surgeons, security officers all find a welcome today.

Continued on page 84

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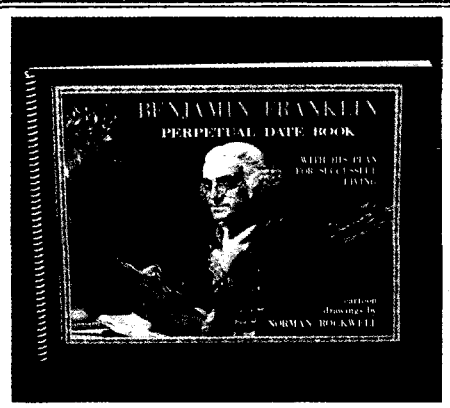

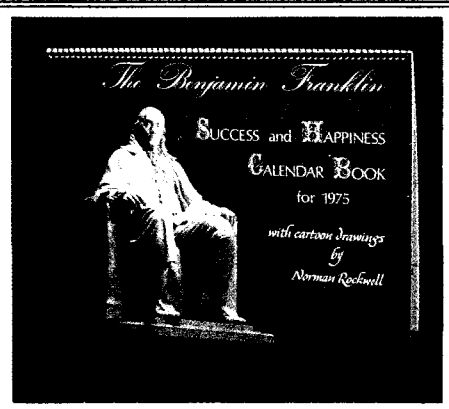

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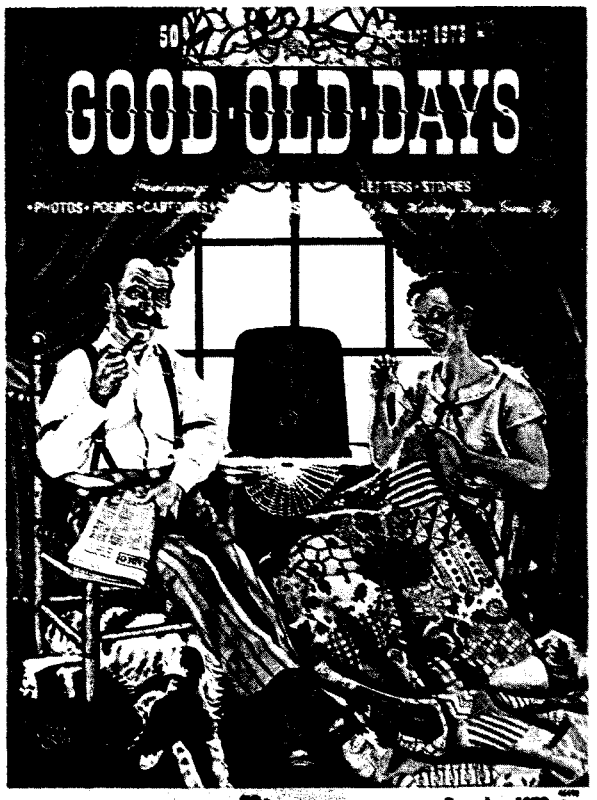

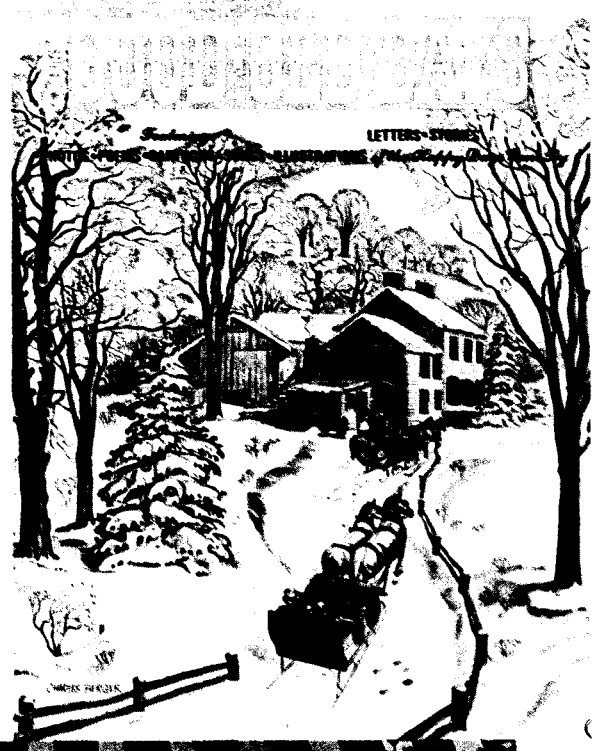

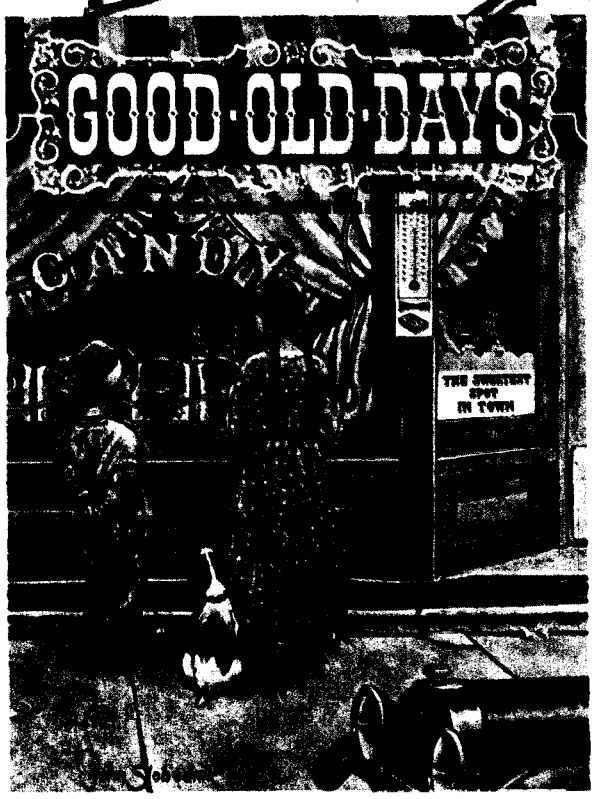

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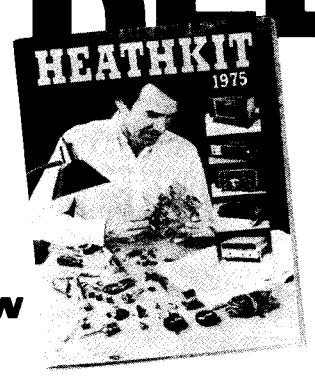

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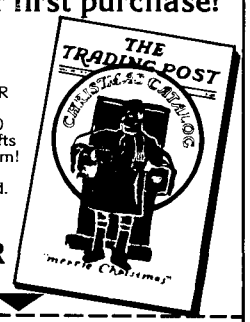

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Russia

continued from page 63

of Soviet development and the vicissitudes of détente did not feel that the United States should lend Russia any more than the $500 million we have already advanced, unless the Soviets present us with a "balance sheet." Other nations to which the United States has made loans and advanced credit have given our international bankers an accounting of their assets and liabilities and their capabilities of repaying a loan. Western nations have long been accustomed to these normal relationships between creditor and debtor, but the Soviets have, thus far, declined to advance a balance sheet, and so the negotiations at this writing are still stalemated.

Observers within the U.S.S.R. believe that Brezhnev is in a very strong position in his negotiations with the United States because, should we disengage from détente, the West Europeans and the Japanese would be eager to take up the slack, even though their combined capacity is still short of the U.S. industrial muscle which Russia so urgently needs to develop her Far Eastern territories.

Said one seasoned observer, "The question to ask yourself is: 'What would happen if a hundred million Chinese suddenly started walking into Siberia?' The Russian Far Eastern armies could not stop them, unless they used atomic weapons. There is no motor transport with which to move up reserves; there is only one railroad now to carry supplies; and air transport is limited. If the Russians do use nuclear weapons the Chinese now have retaliatory capabilities. That is why the Soviets are interested not only in U.S. participation in the development of Siberia but also in Japanese support. With these two nations involved in a troika with Russia, developing the Soviet Far East and the maritime provinces, a deterrence will have been set up dampening Chinese military and colonization ambitions in that area." Concluded this expert: "The Soviets like everything secure. They always want to be able to predict what will happen. Since they cannot predict what the Chinese will do they are nervous and upset."

Nobody in Russia steps off the sidewalk in the parks, cuts across lawns, litters the streets, or defaces property with graffiti. The common reason given is that all this property belongs to the government and hence it would be illegal to offend. But the present political system has created a nation of busybodies; each Russian keeps a close eye on his neighbor and is quick to personally remonstrate any real or fancied transgression.

Russian cities and towns have no suburbs. There are no private houses, streets or shopping centers outside the central cities. The inner core of all Russian cities contains the rebuilt villages and old towns and forts, called kremlins, from which the modern cities developed. The inner cities are an amalgam of the architecture and the civilization of the many races and peoples who, from time to time, occupied the steppes and plains of Russia.

So concerned have the Soviets become with preserving the inner core of their cities and towns that tall structures are prohibited in the inner city, even to powerful bureaus such as Tass, which recently had its twenty-story skyscraper reduced to eleven stories by the Moscow Planning Commission, much to the chagrin of the Tass bureaucrats, who now claim that their abbreviated skyscraper is much too small; but their anguish has not moved the Mayor of Moscow, a seasoned Kremlin bureaucrat and head of the city of Moscow Soviet of 1,100 members.

Mayor Vladimir Promyslov has written a book, recently translated into English, which proposes the essence of his master plan for Moscow. Polluting factories must go, to be replaced by precision-engineering and instrument-making industries; the present population will be permitted to increase only slightly to 8.5 million.

In a private conversation, the mayor disclosed that 22 percent of Moscow's citizens are retired and living on pensions. He admitted this percentage would have to change drastically to favor new skilled workers and bureaucrats in the labor-short capital.

Concluded the mayor: "We must become a model communist city in whose collectives there is a high degree of labor discipline, feelings of friendship, mutual assistance, public order and (good) conduct of the people." Mayor Promyslov has been in office eleven years and seems confident that he is on top of things.

Away from the central area of the city larger and taller buildings, particularly apartment houses, are multiplying with machinelike rapidity. But when one passes the last apartment house there is nothing but unorganized countryside as far as the eye can see.

The owners of private automobiles and the proud bureaucrats permitted to drive a Soviet automobile after hours are quite careful, when parking their car, to carefully unscrew the outside rear vision mirror, together with the windshield wipers, and lock them securely in the car. Returning to the vehicle, the process is reversed, the windshield wipers are again placed on the windshield and the rear view mirror is tightly screwed to its stand. This ritual against theft is repeated endlessly by Soviet citizens and foreigners alike because spare parts simply

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cannot be obtained anywhere.

Perhaps the only true elite, outside of the top Kremlin leaders, are the academicians. Even this tradition was handed down to the commissars by the tsars. The outstanding men of the arts and sciences become members of various Russian academies and enjoy the rare privilege of occasionally contesting the government on political and social matters. Even under extreme provocation, the Soviet leaders have been exceedingly careful and guarded in their retaliatory measures.

During the recent visit of President Nixon to the Soviet Union, a small group of media and newsmen attempted to interview Andrei Sakharov, the prominent physicist who has been agitating to call attention to the plight of certain political prisoners still being detained by the Soviets. It was the intention of the American newsman to record and broadcast the dissident views of Sakharov.

Without notification or ceremony, the Russians promptly blacked out the American television relay and effectively stopped the transmission. The American newsmen professed to be very surprised at this "unexpected" move by the Soviet government.

However, the American news media, which are often stronger than government itself, and can bring down a local, state or national administration through their selection and presentation of the "news," found out again that no opposition to the will of the regime is permitted in the Soviet Union. In effecting détente, the United States will have to decide whether or not it is willing to do business with a totalitarian regime. The debate in America on the pros and cons of this question will have a long and continued airing in the months to come.

Interestingly, a prominent Jewish intellectual, married to a blond Russian physician from the Ukraine, had this comment on the current American preoccupation with Jewish emigration from Russia.

"There are approximately two and a half million Jews in Russia at this time, although this does not count Jews who are married to Russians and are no longer on the Jewish census. Of the two and a half million, perhaps three hundred thousand would wish to emigrate. One of the effects of American agitation at this time, calling for more Jewish immigration to Israel, does not take into account the several million Jews who do not intend to emigrate." "Further," said our Russian acquaintance, "the concern with Jewish emigration would seem to be too narrowly construed. What about the emigration of Armenians, Ukrainians, and other nationalities? Why just concern for Jewish emigration?"

Perhaps one of the reasons for Russian alarm and concern at unrestrained emigration is their falling birthrate and its effect on population. Through the war years from 1939 to 1945 the Russians lost not only millions of soldiers and civilians, but the birth rate plunged to a low from which it never recovered. Today, with free and available abortion, small flats and working mothers, the average Russian family is very small and the Soviet Government literally dotes on each newborn baby.

Of the 130 million persons in the Soviet labor force, 30 million are in agriculture. They farm 50 percent more land than in America, with ten times as many people farming it, but produce only 60 to 70 percent of our output.

Rent in Russia is almost nonexistent. The average salary in the Soviet Union is around 200 rubles per month (a high salary would be 400 rubles a month), yet the rent is only five to nine rubles monthly. So low is the rent that proper maintenance is not available for apartments, with the result that even new construction soon appears to be shabby and uncared for. Nevertheless, one of the most attractive awards to a Russian bureaucrat or factory worker is a larger apartment, with perhaps a bedroom or a spare room for an occasional relative or guest.

The German press and TV commentators accompanying the Americans were noticeably glum and reserved when the President visited the Katyn memorial to Russia's war dead. Never once did the Russian host refer to the German enemy. They referred only to the Nazis, but they were devastating in their commentary on Nazi atrocities. Some of the newsmen covering the event were discomfited, as they recalled the Russian atrocities against the Polish army and the Polish civil population.

Interestingly, the Finnish reporters, all of whom could speak Russian well, chose to speak only English during their odyssey through Russia. The Finns are very sensitive to the new English word "Finlandization" which is a current political expression meaning to render a state a vassal.

Certain American commentators and newsmen were learned, knowledgeable and experienced in Russian history and politics. But by and large, the average newsman was interested only in the news of the moment.

To preserve their political and economic status, the Soviet leadership is encouraging the development of "elitism" patterned on the ancient Chinese and the modern French and British systems, whereby examinations govern advancement and access to greater privilege. The new elite sponsor their children in the way of all elites, so that while the offspring of fallen leaders are little seen, the young of the new management, military and government bureau class are gradually gaining an identity which will some day crystallize into a meritocracy of formidable proportion.

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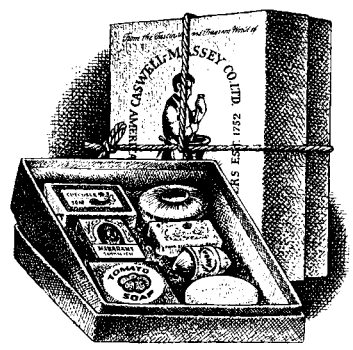

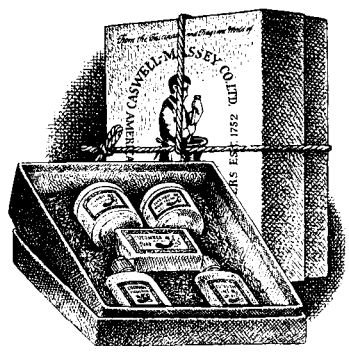

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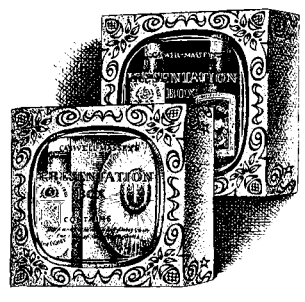

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When our plane landed in Moscow, one of the advance men who had been there previously said, with humor, over the intercom, "To some of you who have been here before—things are about the same now as they were then." By that he referred to Russian security, bureaucratic intransigence and the general confusion and lack of communications which govern Russian movements hither and yon. Said the American steward, after the newly arrived passengers had been left standing in the aisle for a half hour waiting to debark, "We have been instructed by Soviet security that we are to deplane one by one." How else does one deplane, except one by one?

On the last day, as the plane bearing the American newsmen was about to take off from the Moscow airport, a newsman took over the intercom with the following mimic: "Ve are aboot to taike ooff. You count you luggage, ve count you. Now please, you fasten you seat belts." Over the voice of all of this tomfoolery, however, came the clear and commanding voice of the captain. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you will be happy to learn that there have been no reported American defections while here this time in the Soviet Union." To the cheers of the Americans, the Pan American captain lifted his sleek jet past the pride of Aeroflot into the blue Russian skies for Amsterdam.

The President's mission was accomplished. The Third Summit would seem to have made detente irreversible in our time. As Andrei Gromyko said to this correspondent, in a personal interview immediately following the signing of the Summit Agreement: "America and the Soviet Union long ago learned to talk about war, and we did it well, but we never learned the language of peace. That is what this ceremony is all about. We now know each other's peace objectives."

There appears to be a chance that if the Soviets and the Americans, in their new enveloping camaraderie, can find the ways and means to keep in touch and to help each other, the mistakes and errors which could catapult us into a nuclear catastrophe may be forestalled. Perhaps with time, the generations of the future may be able to adapt their social systems to the realities of coexistence for the ultimate benefit of all humanity.

These are distant goals, but they are worth working for. At the moment, however, our relations with the Russians could best be summed up in a remark made by a young Englishman who was sitting at the "cash" bar in the Intourist Hotel with his two colleagues. The Englishmen were on their way to Kazakhstan to build their second new rubber products plant. As he quaffed his second warm Russian beer he conjectured, *"It's about time you Yanks got in on it."* ☒

Baba Yaga

continued from page 67

They passed on. The cat waited impatiently for the third traveler. By now the sun was directly overhead and very warm. He stretched out into a more comfortable position. Too comfortable it was, for soon he was fast asleep and dreaming of flying through the sky on a huge meat pie. As he flew, he ate, sampling the flaky crust, some tender carrots, and sweet and tiny onions. He was about to begin on an especially juicy chunk of meat when strange buzzing noises awakened him. Not more than three feet away was an old peddler stumbling up the road. His clothes were ragged and he was singing a sad little song to himself.

"A z-z-zadder man there never
waz-z-z
In all of Russia it iz-z-z true. . . ."

"At last, the third!" yelled the cat to himself. He quickly uncovered the pie and took a huge bite. He had taken his second delicious mouthful when the peddler stopped directly in front of the fir tree. The man stopped singing, shifted his pack, and sniffed.

"I must be getting too old to walk for so long in the sun. I could swear I smell meat and good food—here in the middle of nowhere," he muttered. "I have had nothing to eat but dried berries for the past three days—and precious few of them. Ah well. . . ." He took a few steps more, but tripped over a rock and fell flat. He lay there crying weakly for help.

The cat rushed to the stranger's side, lifted the heavy pack from his back, and helped him to his feet.

"Many, many thanks, my friend," the old man smiled through his tears. "I am so weak from hunger that I might have lain there until wolves—great wolves with snarling white teeth—came to rip me to pieces and devour me!" Then he added, "Poor meal these old bones would make for the smallest wolf."

The cat thought he was about to cry again. "Your pack is very heavy," he said. "Very heavy."

"Yes," the peddler sadly replied. "It stays full and my pockets, empty. I thought I might sell something as I walked this way. But I have seen not a soul! Well, no one except for one gypsy with one tiny bear."

"I saw him, too," said the cat. "He passed here not too long ago leading the cub by a leash."

"A very handsome leash—and the finest leash in all of Russia, or in the world," the peddler said. "I sold it to him. Well," he added, "it was not really a sale. He said he had no money, but offered me this instead." As the cat watched, the peddler drew

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from his pocket a round piece of cloth. It was woven of the finest wool. The background was the deep black of a clear, moonless night, and in the exact center was a fire-red eagle. The bird's outstretched wings bore orange designs–just the shade of a soft and misty sunset.

"That is a fine cloth," said the cat. "I have never seen such colors and designs. It is very fine indeed."

The peddler nodded his head. "But it will not buy me a meal, even if I ever do reach an inn. I should have made the gypsy give me his earring. It was gold and worth something. But if I had not given him the leash," he sighed, "the poor boy could not have gotten the cub back to camp. How I laughed to see that cub dance and tumble through his tricks! So now I am minus a fine leather leash and without a kopek to my name. I am an old fool–and a very hungry one."

The peddler stood up and took two wobbling steps before the cat said, "Wait, old one, I will share my food with you." The cat helped the peddler back to his seat and brought out his pie.

The old man's eyes lit up. He hugged the cat with joy and exclaimed, "This is too, too much from such a new friend!"

"Yes, so some of it is for me," the cat replied hopefully.

The peddler went on thanking him and eating–very quickly. "Will he never stop?" said the cat to himself. "Soon there will be nothing left." Then he asked. "Why is it you travel this road? I have never seen you go by here before."

The peddler rolled his eyes to heaven. "Ah! That is a long, sad story. It is my daughter. My youngest and fairest child–the fairest in all Russia. She is very ill, and no one can think how to cure her. She will not speak a word or move, but sits all day staring at the wall. She grows thinner and weaker by the day. Every evening, my poor wife and my five sons and I think we shall not see her alive in the morning."

The old man handed the pie to the cat. "My poor, poor Maroushka," he sobbed. The cat looked at the pie hungrily and then back at the peddler. "Here, here," the cat said. "We shall find someone to help your daughter. In the meantime, you must be strong. Eat now, talk later." His mouth watered, but he handed the pie dish back to the peddler. "Come, come! Eat, eat."

"Thank you, my friend," said the peddler as he dried his tears. When he had finished every morsel, every crumb of the pie, he gave the dish back to the cat. "I only wish I had something valuable to repay you for your kindness."

"I want nothing," the cat said, gazing at the empty dish.

"You must have something," the peddler insisted. "My wares! That is it. Take them all." The cat refused. "Ah, I was a fool! I should have demanded gold from the gypsy!" the peddler said.

"Nonsense," said the cat. "The

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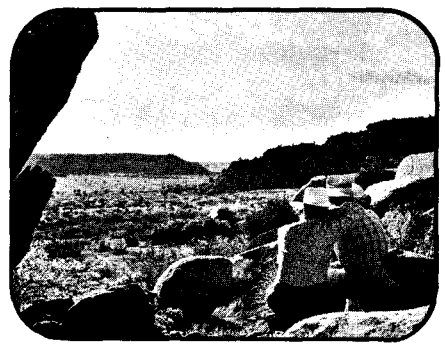

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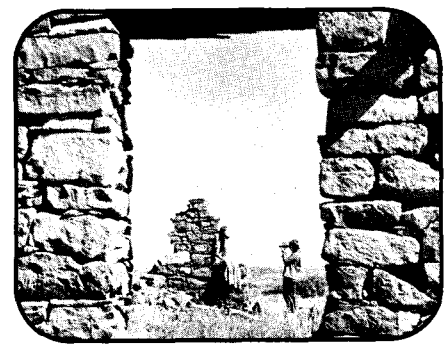

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cloth he gave you is surely as fine as any earring."

"Then that is what you shall have. And may it serve you in the best of health," said the old man as he handed the cloth to the cat and bowed deeply. He added morosely, "If only I could so easily pay someone to restore Maroushka to health."

Fearing still more tears, the cat said, "Tush. Baba Yaga can cure her easily. I live with her not far from here, and I shall take you to her."

The cat wondered how a cloth could serve a cat, but he folded it, placed it in the pie dish, and helped the old man to his feet. As they walked along, the confident peddler buzzed a happy, funny song, but the cat was worried. What would happen to him? Baba Yaga had ordered him not to leave his post until she sent him a sign. Furthermore, she did not like strangers near her hut.

When they reached the clearing, the cat instructed the old man to wait while he went to see if Baba Yaga had returned. As he entered Izbushka, he saw the witch dozing by the fire. She leaped to her feet. "Well!" she shrieked. "It is about time you came back! I smell the smell of a stranger. For your sake it had better be the peddler!"

"Y-yes," the astonished cat stuttered. "His daughter is very ill——"

"Never mind that. I am not so stupid. By now she is recovered and picking wild strawberries. But bring the old man in before he disappears—and say nothing to him."

The cat fetched the peddler who soon stood before the witch explaining his mission. "Well, peddler," said Baba Yaga, "curing such a strange illness is hard work. What will you pay me? I do not work for nothing."

"I have not a kopek," he replied. "Not one. Not a half one."

"What about your sack?" the witch demanded craftily. "Surely you will have something in it for me."

"All of it," the peddler answered eagerly. "You must take it all."

"What use have I, the most powerful witch in Russia, for a bagful of trinkets? But perhaps I shall accept something, if anything interests me."

The peddler opened his sack and first pulled out some beautifully embroidered ribbons.

"Bah!" said Baba Yaga. "Since when do witches need ribbons? Something else!" she snapped.

The peddler next showed small, tinkly bells. The witch covered her ears. Ivory bracelets? She snorted. A handsomely carved wooden flute did not interest her, nor a box of matches, nor pots, nor pans. The peddler slowly drew out a pair of dice, beeswax candles, a small goose-down pillow, and a leather-bound book of poems. Nothing suited her.

"More!" the witch screeched. "You must have more than that!"

"Nc " said the peddler. "You can see my pack is empty."

Baba Yaga was in a rage. "Empty your pockets. Hold nothing back. I warn you!"

The frightened old man emptied his pockets. They contained only a small knife and a shiny chestnut.

The angry witch leaped to the cat's side. "Stupid cat!" she howled. "Why do you bring me this worthless peddler? All of Russia will suffer if my enemy, Koschey the Deathless——" She looked down and saw the cloth.

"Eeeee!" she cried, grabbing the cloth and jumping up and down. "Your daughter is already well. And this is what I shall have of you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! Most wonderful witch! At last my Maroushka is well!" the peddler cried. Then he stopped. "But the cloth I cannot give you. I have already given it to your cat."

"Oh," said Baba Yaga. "To my what? My cat?"

"To your 'stupid' cat!" the cat remarked.

"Surely, I never meant to say that," Baba Yaga replied. "Dear cat, I must have this cloth. If Koschey the Deathless once gets his wicked, wizardly hands on this, all is lost."

"Perhaps," the cat mused aloud, "Koschey the Deathless would treat a cat well. I become very tired of sitting around here day after day with only bread and cheese and hard work to occupy me." He saw the witch's brow furrow into lines of anger. "Still," he continued, "I would hate to leave here. It is not so very bad." Baba Yaga's rage began to fade. The cat went on smoothly. "If one had time to roam about more——"

"Ah!" said Baba Yaga, "you are a sly one! As it happens, long ago I had decided to send you off tomorrow to amuse yourself at the gypsy circus. Of course, should you go to live at Koschey's, you would miss it."

"At Koschey's? Surely, I never meant to say that," said the cat. "Have the cloth!"

The peddler, dismissed, left for home and his Maroushka. But first he thanked Baba Yaga over and over and pressed into the cat's paw the flute—the finest wooden flute in all of Russia. He said he hoped it would help the cat amuse himself on days he had to stay at home.

The minute the old man was out the door, Baba Yaga dashed to the Dragon's Head Chest and snatched out the Book of Magic Secrets. She placed the cloth on a page. There was a great flash and a puff of smoke.

"Perfect!" Baba Yaga cried aloud. "It fits perfectly. Centuries ago, old gypsy magic was woven into this cloth. Placed on my Book, these symbols unlock many ancient secrets. In the hands of Koschey the Deathless, this cloth could have meant sorrow for many people.

"By the time you return from your circus," she went on, "I shall have new secrets mastered. And more work for both of us."

But the cat barely heard her last remarks. He was busy, tootling a happy tune on his new flute.

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KEEPING POSTED

Senator Barry Goldwater

United States Senator Barry Morris Goldwater (Republican, Arizona) is superbly qualified to write on the status of the United States Air Force—which he does beginning on page 22 of this issue of the *Post*.

Senator Goldwater has been in a position to get close-up looks at the air arm of our defense force from both the inside and the outside.

During World War II, he served as a pilot in the Air Transport Command of the Army Air Corps. He was a member of the Arizona National Guard from 1945 to 1952, attaining the rank of colonel and the important position of chief of staff.

After having been a member of the Phoenix (Arizona) City Council from 1949 through 1952, he was elected United States Senator from Arizona by a slim margin in 1952. He transferred his military status to the Air Force Reserve and rose to the rank of Major General before his retirement in 1967.

His present close insight into military affairs in general and those of the air arm in particular derives from his positions as ranking Republican member of the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee and member of the Armed Services Committee. He also serves on four of the subcommittees of the latter group—research and development, national stockpile and naval petroleum reserves, preparedness investigating, and tactical air power.

Ten years after his crushing defeat by Lyndon Baines Johnson in the presidential election of 1964, Goldwater has gained amazing stature and respect from many of the very same people who were opposing him vigorously at that time. (Maybe they have grown up and matured since then.)

After his opponent's supporters and campaign workers attempted to paint Goldwater as an "extremist" in foreign policy who might rashly carry the United States into war, Johnson went ahead and did most of the things that Goldwater had advocated doing.

Goldwater's obvious honesty and ringing outspokenness have placed him in the position of being respected even by those whose philosophies and political views are exactly 180 degrees away from his.

Long the leading spokesman for the conservative wing of the Republican Party, Goldwater has resisted at every turn what he charges are the attempts of Democrats to create a quasi-social state in America.

Born in Phoenix on January 1, 1909, Goldwater attended Staunton Military Academy and was graduated from the University of Arizona in 1928. He entered the family business, the Goldwater's, Inc. department store in Phoenix, and in 1934 was married to the former Margaret Johnson. They have four children, United States Representative Barry Goldwater, Jr. (Republican, California), Michael Goldwater, Joan (Mrs. Eugene Butler) and Peggy (Mrs. Richard Holt).

The Senator's hobby is photography, and he is so accomplished that he is a member of the Royal Photography Society, among other groups. A portfolio of Senator Goldwater's photography of the Southwest, titled "The Country I Love," appeared in the November/December 1973 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. He also has found the time to write a number of books, the most prominent of which were *The Conscience of a Conservative* (1960), *Why Not Victory?* (1962), *Where I Stand* (1964), *Arizona Portraits* (1940) and *Delightful Journey* (1971).

In 1937, Goldwater was the recipient of a special award made by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. He was named Phoenix's man of the year in 1949.

Jim Murray

Jim Murray's description of himself as a youth ranks right along with some of the best lines he has written about America's top athletes—such as those on Los Angeles Rams' Coach Chuck Knox (see page 42 in this issue of the *Post*).

"One of the outstanding non-athletes of my time, I was a choke hitter (not the bat, my throat), a lip fighter and a lonesome end because I drifted away from the play," Jim says.

No jock-worshipping sycophant, Murray manages to work plenty of salt into his daily column which is syndicated nationally by the Los Angeles *Times*.

Beneath his celebrated writing skill—he has been named officially as "America's Best Sportswriter" for eight consecutive years by the National Association of Sportscasters and Sportswriters—is a solid foundation of journalistic experience covering a broad spectrum of non-sports as well as athletic reporting and writing.

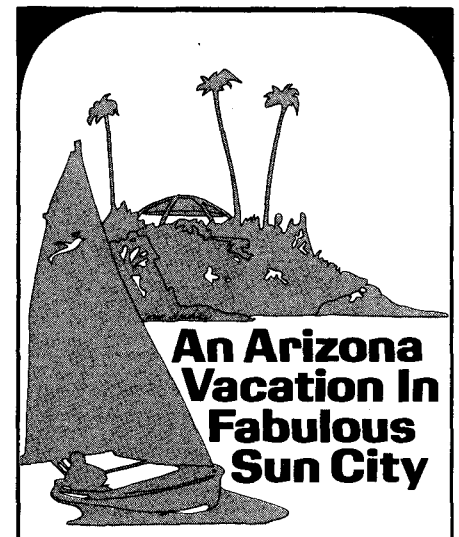
Born in 1919 in Hartford, Connecticut, Murray was graduated from Trinity College in Hartford in 1943. While in college, he served as campus correspondent for the Hartford (Connecticut) *Times*. After his graduation, he started as a police and general assignment reporter for the New Haven (Connecticut) *Register*, then worked his way up to the federal government beat.

Murray did a Greeley in 1944 and went to work for the Los Angeles *Examiner* in 1944 as general assignment reporter and rewrite man. From 1948 to 1959, he was Los Angeles correspondent for *Time* magazine. When the Time-Life axis launched *Sports Illustrated* magazine in 1953, Murray was one of the founders. He served as its West Coast editor until 1961, when he was lured away by the Los Angeles *Times* to serve as its premier sports columnist and one of the top stars of the entire *Times* syndicate stable.

Murray's fortes are satire and hyperbole. Almost everyone who is anyone in sports has been roasted by Jim Murray at some time or other. It is a sort of badge of belonging—something on the order of the Purple Heart. But he is seldom vicious. It is obvious even to most of the targets that Murray's typewriter talks with tongue in cheek.

In earlier years of his career, Murray covered major crime stories including the Louise Peete murder case, the Lupe Velez suicide and the Overell murder trial. He also wrote cover stories for *Time* on John Wayne, Ava Gardner, Lucille Ball, Charles Laughton and Marlon Brando, among others.

He is the author of two books, *Best of Jim Murray* and *Sporting World of Jim Murray*. He won a National Headliners Award in 1965. Married and the father of four children, Jim makes his home in suburban Los Angeles but spends much of his time on the road following the major sports events.



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continued from page 75

As women gain broader experience in the business world, they have pointers for those who follow:

Realize that a job is likely to be a lifetime commitment, not a stopgap between school and family. A well-built career can carry over the child-raising years to blossom again later.

Older women should tackle the problem of working through local and national counseling services before presenting themselves at employment agencies or answering newspaper ads. Some, like Minneapolis lawyer Diana Murphy, complete a graduate program as they enter their forties. More often a careful assessment of work and nonprofessional experience will act as a guide in choosing a career.

Even before going for counseling or interviews, decide what kinds of rewards, financial and psychological, you want. Know how much commitment you're willing to bring to a job. Do you enjoy immersing yourself in long hours as research chemist Kathleen Taylor does, or do you prefer a 9-to-5 day like advertising executive Elizabeth Draper?

Never sign on for a job you don't really want. It's a waste of time for you and your employer. With so many companies setting hiring goals, there is a much broader choice of jobs in any case.

Summer jobs can explore future employment areas, testing your interest and competence. Monica Durso used her high school internship in city government to sample a variety of positions, finally settling on an educational department program after college.

Keep up on recruitment interviews and seminars posted by school and college counseling offices, local businesses and chambers of commerce. Good counseling usually comes to those who seek it.

Press for admission to technical, business and scientific courses if you meet resistance.

Once on the job, don't wait to be chosen for advancement. If the job is narrow, either build it into something better—like the researcher who went out and got government contracts for technical reports on her own—or move on. Don't look for a comfortable niche. Take stock of the situation early. If you've absorbed whatever you can and know it's a dead-end job, pick another. Mobility can mean a substantial raise and other benefits.

Be prepared to take risks. Like men, learn to take mistakes in stride. Take a positive attitude and figure out what the mistake can teach you. Then put it behind you.

Summing up the new drive to achieve, Peggy Milford, at twenty-seven the youngest commercial district manager in the Bell System, says, "It's knowing *you* are a person, you're not somebody's wife or child or mother—you can achieve on your own." ⁂

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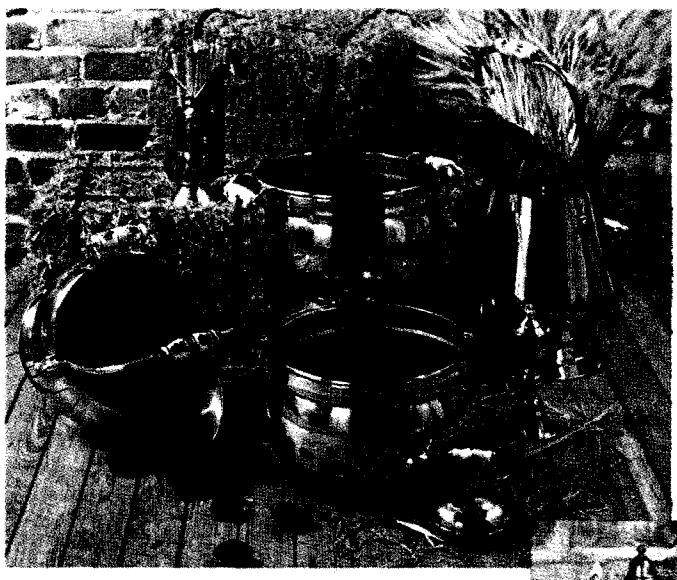
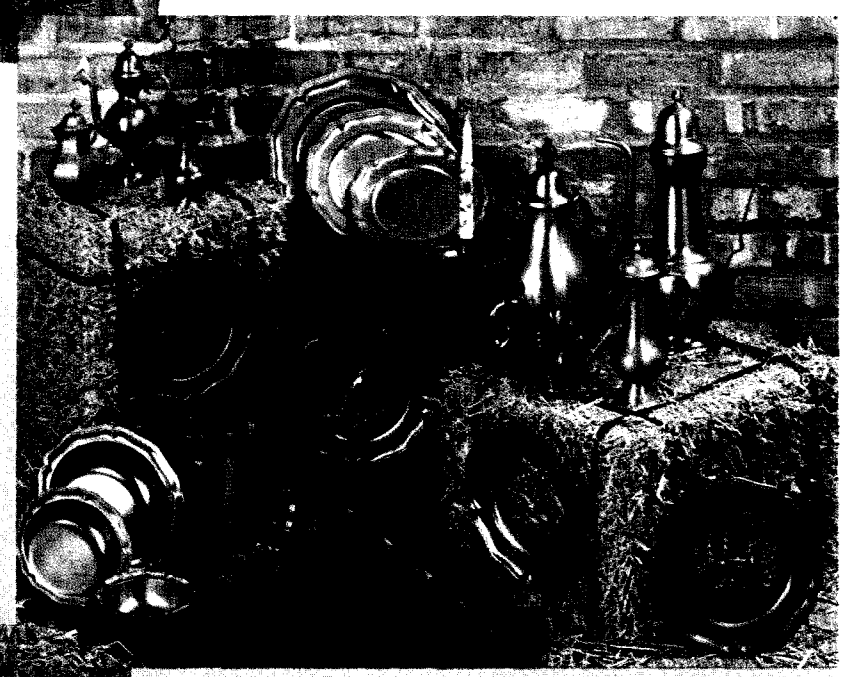


#65, Coal Scuttle, 11", $30.00; #64, Planter, 11"x13", $72.50; #110, Large Coal Scuttle, 20"x10", $116.50; #51, Coal Scuttle, 12"x10", $57.50; #88, Copper Pail, 9"x12½", $64.00; #79C, Oil Lamp (Wick Included), 7½", $20.00; #60, Watering Can, 2½"x5", $19.00.



#573, Mocha Tankard, 6½", $39.50; #588, Rooster Tankard, 9½", $51.00; #586, Acorn Tankard. 6½", $30.00; #552, Queen Anne Serving Platter, 13", $29.95; #551, Queen Anne Serving Plate, 11", $18.50; #550, Queen Anne Serving Plate, 9", $13.00; #538, Candle Holder, 6", $17.00; #518, Coffee Urn, 14", $130.00; #525, Flemish Tankard, 15", $134.50; #587, French Wine Tankard, 9", $51.00; #539A, Hanging Image Plate, 9", $13.00; #539F, Hanging Image Plate, 9", $13.00; #539B, Hanging Image Plate, 9", $13.00; #539G, Hanging Image Plate, 9", $13.00; #577, Footed Fruit Bowl, 9", $34.00; #581, Candy Dish, 7", $17.00; #571, Ash Tray, 5½", $9.50; #506, 1 Liter, 8", $37.00; #505, ½ Liter, 6", $26.50; #504, 2 Deciliter, 4½", $20.00; #503, 1 Deciliter, 4", $14.00;#502, ¼ Deciliter, 3¼", $10.00; #501, 2 Centiliter, 2¼", $7.50; #500, 1 Centiliter, 2", $5.50; #507, Complete measure set (save $4.00), $116.50.

#DB3034A, Bird/Flower Platter, 13", $93.50; #DB3027A, Windmill Hanging Plate, 9", $42.50; #DB3022A, Bird&Flower Hanging Plate, 7", $33.95; #DB202, Flowers/Vase, 7½", $23.50; #DB228, Flowers/Vase, 14", $112.50; #DB212, Flowers/Vase, 10½", $39.00; #DB213, Flowers/Ginger Jar, 12½", $49.00; #DB3018A, Windmill Hanging Plate, 5", $22.50; #DB500, Bird/Flower Fruit Dish, 10", $93.50; #DB205, Flowers/Pitcher, 7", $21.75.

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Simplissimus

continued from page 57

of the new way of living, accepted by everyone and becoming household pets, just as dogs and cats had been. About the time that pterodactyls appeared, dogs and cats began disappearing. No one could say why. Mrs. Tarrant allowed herself a little smile at the inadvertent use of the word "say." She was a meticulous woman in thought and habit, and even thinking an inappropriate word annoyed her. No, there were no buttons to push on their bracelets to ask, plink, plink, "Where have all the dogs gone? And the cats," ting, ting, "where are they?" It was much too complicated. Nor could one, lacking the correct button, question a strange item that appeared in the newspaper about the same time the pterodactyls appeared. After breakfast, Mrs. Tarrant always turned on the television to get the daily news, a slight half column, which flashed on and off so quickly that only the most rapid reader could finish it in the allotted time. Mrs. Tarrant was a fast reader. At the end of the news column a few lines stated that during the previous week a creature believed to be a dinosaur had been sighted along the border between Montana and Saskatchewan, quietly cropping the leaves of some chokecherry bushes. The item was never repeated. No matter how fast she read, Mrs. Tarrant never saw it again. But she wondered and sometimes felt a little wistful that it was not possible to talk it over with anyone. But there just weren't enough buttons on their bracelets to discuss properly the astounding fact that a dinosaur had been glimpsed along that northern border. What button could convey the idea of the possibility of a new Mesozoic period? What bell could attempt to spell out Saskatchewan?

She mustn't carp. Life was not perfect. Not even life under Simplissimus. And if she ever felt the least bit critical of the new regime, she always reminded herself sternly that no one had imposed it on the people. They had done it themselves . . . yes, and had been glad to. Mrs. Tarrant was sixty-five, and she had no difficulty in recalling—and recalling brought a shudder—life in the century they had left behind, not too long ago.

It had been dreadful.

Being a student of history, she could have told you just when the first sour note had been sounded, spoiling and defiling what should have been a glorious century. The panic of 1907 (using the old chronology) had started it all, followed closely by that first horrible war, by the Great Depression, by the second war, culminating in those scandals that rocked and finally overthrew the government. In the Great Recession that followed, people, starving and rioting, marched on Washington, not in thousands but in millions, and the president fled along with his cabinet.

And that was when Simplissimus appeared. Mrs. Tarrant could not now recall what his former name had been. Billy Jim, Willie Joe . . . something on that order . . . and his last name had faded completely from her memory. He had been a very junior senator from some midwest state who in the midst of starvation and plague and riot had announced on television that with the permission of the people he would present a solution to their difficulties. Everything, he said in his distinctive drawl, had grown too intricate, too complex, and what was needed, what would save this country was simply . . . simplicity.

Yes, simplicity.

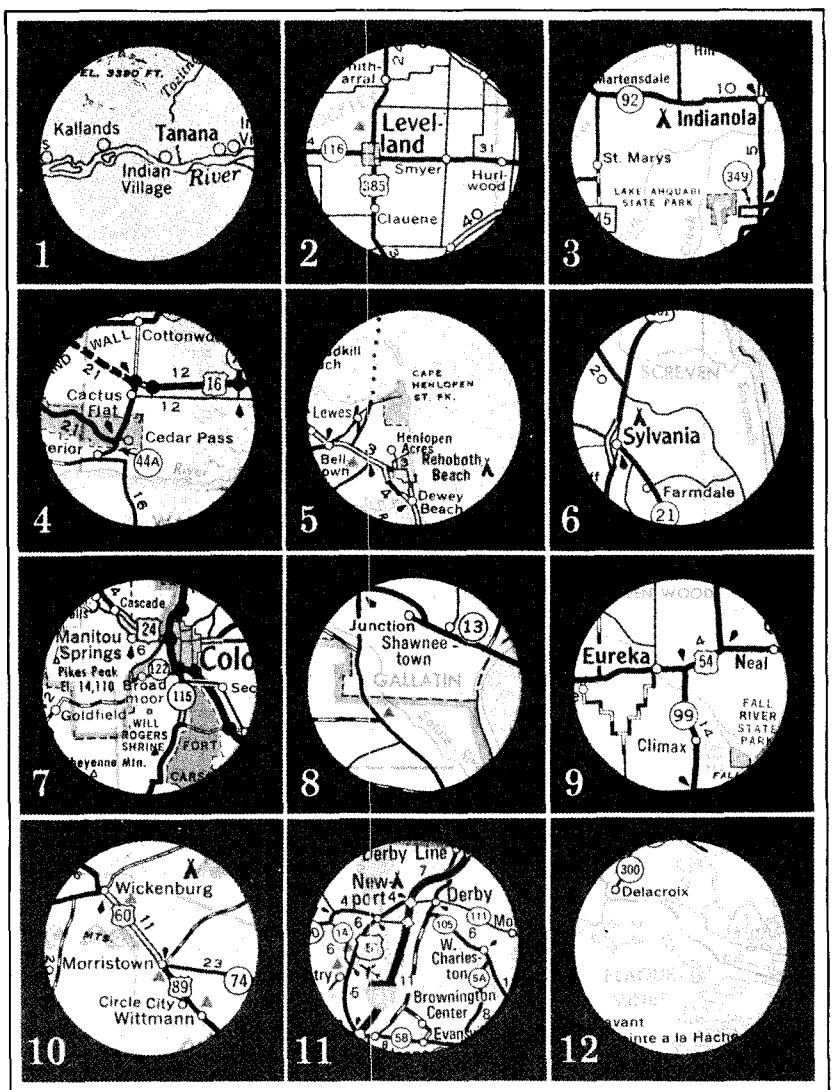
If they were to survive at all, he told the nation, they would have to get down to the bare bones of living. Trim off the fat. Do without. And what they could most easily do without, he told them, was words. The idea was breathtaking. It was ridiculous. And at first people laughed scornfully and called him a nut. Not talk? Was Billy Jim crazy? Yes, words, the junior Senator insisted, pointing out to his listeners that they had been drowned in the cascade, the flood, the torrent of words that had gushed out of their televisions at the time of the scandals. Words, at least spoken words, had gotten them into their present fix, and would not a blessed silence throughout the land bring renewal, bring peace, bring prosperity? Simplicity in word and deed and thought, that was the ticket, said Willie Joe.

The people went to the polls. Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant went, too. They had talked it over for weeks, intelligent people that they were. And they admitted to each other that they were sick of words. Oh, not the written word, only the spoken word. They thought with wry smiles of Mrs. Kelly next door waging her acrimonious war with them over two inches of land that, she said, the Tarrants had stolen from her when they put up their redwood fence. The quarrel had gone on for years. They were sick of words. Simplissimus, displaying a deep understanding of human needs, believed that young mothers should be allowed to sing a certain lullaby to their babies until they were nine months old. Elderly couples could speak to each other in the privacy of their homes which would not be wired for sound until one of them died. When George Tarrant, senior to his wife by several years, died, the workmen had come in, and Mrs. Tarrant, loving her husband deeply, was too shattered by grief to mind a silent house. From then on, she communicated only by pressing the buttons on her bracelet. Simple sounds for simple words. How many words, actually, did one need? Good morning. Ping. Good evening. Ping. I'm sick. I'm hungry. I'm lost. Ping. Ping. Ping. There were answers to every one of those statements pressed out on buttons. What more did anyone need?

Nor was there any question, Simplissimus said, of violating the Constitution. Freedom of speech would not be lost. (Remember the lullabies, remember the old folks!) There would just be less of it, that was all. And the printed word would continue, same as before, yes indeed. Libraries would be open, newspapers would appear on television, but since the spoken word had been voted out, no colleges could operate in the old way. All knowledge would be dispensed in books, read in the privacy of one's home, by one's self. It was back to the bare bones of learning, it was up to the individual, the good old simple American way.

Yes, everything had become simplified. Even clothing. Even food. Back in the sixties and seventies (using the old chronology) an amazing number of ardent young people had dedicated themselves to weaving cloth, making leather belts, dipping candles. Presumably, they had found their life's work, and Simplissimus, giving everyone what he wanted, suggested that they keep on weaving and dipping and working with leather. They were now, though no longer young, supplying their fellow citizen with some of the necessities of life. Twice a year Mrs. Tarrant found on her porch her seasonal garment, her leather belt and her supply of candles for the next six months. An inveterate reader of plays and poetry,

Continued on page 128



AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area in the north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

Answers on Page 118

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♈ Aries

Mar. 21-Apr. 19

Your ruler is Minerva, Goddess of wisdom, war and the liberal arts. Your planet is Mars, called "the red planet." Your color is red, your metal iron and your element is fire! You are energetic, impulsive, enthusiastic, and steadfast. Your mineral is realgar/orpiment.

♒ Aquarius

Jan. 20-Feb. 18

Your ruler is Juno, queen of the heavens. Your planet is *Uranus, a primary* planet, bigger than the earth. Your color is purple, your metal rare uranium and your element air! You are honest, curious, broadminded and humane. Your mineral is amethyst quartz crystal.

♊ Gemini

May 21-Jun. 21

Your ruler Apollo, is god of light and heat. Historically he represents the highest form of masculine beauty. Mercury rules your metal quick-silver. Your color is blue-grey and your element is air! You are restless, versatile, clever and expressive. Your mineral, one half of a pair, is the geode.

♋ Cancer

Jun. 22-Jul. 22

Your ruler is Mercury. Your planet is the moon—fitting for the sign of a water creature. Your colors: iridescents and the heraldic "tincture of purple." Your metal is silver and your element water. You are tenacious, patient, sympathetic and influential. Your mineral is chalcopyrite.

♍ Virgo

Aug. 23-Sep. 22

Your ruler is Ceres, goddess of growing things. Your planet is Mercury, smallest star and nearest to the sun. Your color: grey-blues, your metal quick-silver and your element earth! You are good-humored, industrious, intelligent and tender. Your mineral is flourite.

♉ Taurus

Apr. 20-May 20

Your ruler is Venus, goddess of beauty and love. Your planet is Venus—the most brilliant star. Venus rules your metal copper. Your color, from heraldry, is the "green tincture" verd. Your element is earth. You are adamant, persevering, kindhearted and musical. Your mineral is malachite.

♎ Libra

Sep. 23-Oct. 22

Your ruler is Vulcan, god of fire. Your planet is Venus, "the morning and evening star." Your color is light gold, your metal is copper and your element air. You are just, artistic, painstaking and affectionate. Your mineral pyrite is commonly called "fool's gold."

♏ Scorpio

Oct. 23-Nov. 21

Your ruler is Mars, god of war. Your color, from heraldry, is deep red as in the coats of sovereign princes. Your metal is steel and your element water. You are energetic, independent, genial, with strong likes and dislikes. Your mineral is vanadinite.

♑ Capricorn

Dec. 22-Jan. 19

Your ruler is Vesta, goddess of the hearth. Your planet is Saturn. Your colors, from heraldry, are black and brown. Your element is earth. You are ambitious but cautious, diplomatic and have great understanding. Your mineral is dog-tooth calcite.

♐ Sagittarius

Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Your ruler is Diana, goddess of the chase. Your planet is Jupiter, with a disc that's blue. Your color is bright blue, your metal tin, and your element fire! You are impulsive, candid, generous and sport and nature loving. Your mineral is chrysocolla.

♓ Pisces

Feb. 19-Mar. 20

Your ruler is Neptune, god of the sea. Your colors: ocean blue or sea green, your metal tin and your element—water! You are sensitive, kind, ebullient, and idealistic. Your mineral, clear as water itself, is rock quartz crystal.

♌ Leo

Jul. 23-Aug. 22

Your ruler is Jupiter whose domain is the sky. Your planet is "giver of life and energy and center of all celestial bodies"—the sun. Your color is yellow (as the sun), your metal gold, and your element fire! You are generous, energetic, *proud and assertive.* Your mineral is sulphur.

For your convenience use the perforated order form on page 113.

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Please rush the NATURE'S SCULPTURE ZODIAC mounted on a crystal lucite base that I have indicated below. I understand my cost is only $16.50 plus $1.75 shipping charges per sculpture. Total: $18.25.

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Send your gift list to us. We will ship the gifts direct to your friends.

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From the dawn of history, mankind's development has been guided by the elements. Astrology is based on the principle that the position of the planets and the signs of the zodiac have much to do with what is happening here on earth. Ancient astrologers tell us that to certain people, born at a certain time, a particular stone will bring fortune, happinesss and good luck. Now you can have your personal sign of the zodiac and its corresponding mineral for good fortune.
These are geological jewels gathered from the mines, caves and lake beds throughout the proverbial four corners of the world. Mounted on crystal clear lucite, imprinted with your own astrological sign. Carefully cut and displayed, a *very personal* gift.

Included with your zodiac mineral is a copy of "The Basic Elements of Astrology", considered by many as the finest introduction to astrology. The nature, quality and rulerships of the planets are described in detail, and the signs and houses are completely explained. Thorough, informative. Yours as a gift with each zodiac mineral.

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Food Crisis

continued from page 54

vigorously any change in food-cost relationships. While in India, over 60 percent of personal income goes for food purchases, Americans spend but 16 percent of their take-home pay for food. With the rising peril of food calamity facing the developing nations, Americans face some difficult choices in reconciling the obvious imbalance between our food surpluses and the acute distress of other peoples. Some notable Americans comment:

Father Theodore Hesburgh, President of Notre Dame University and Chairman of the Overseas Development Council: "The food crisis will make the energy crisis look like a picnic . . . this world is going to see an explosion and the cataclysmic revolution we deserve unless aid is provided the poor and hungry nation." This statement was included in remarks given by Father Hesburgh in introducing the landmark report of the Overseas Development Council which declared: "Worldwide population growth is still the dominant source of expanding demand for food. With world population expanding at nearly 2 percent per year, merely maintaining current per capita consumption levels will require a doubling of food production in little more than a generation."

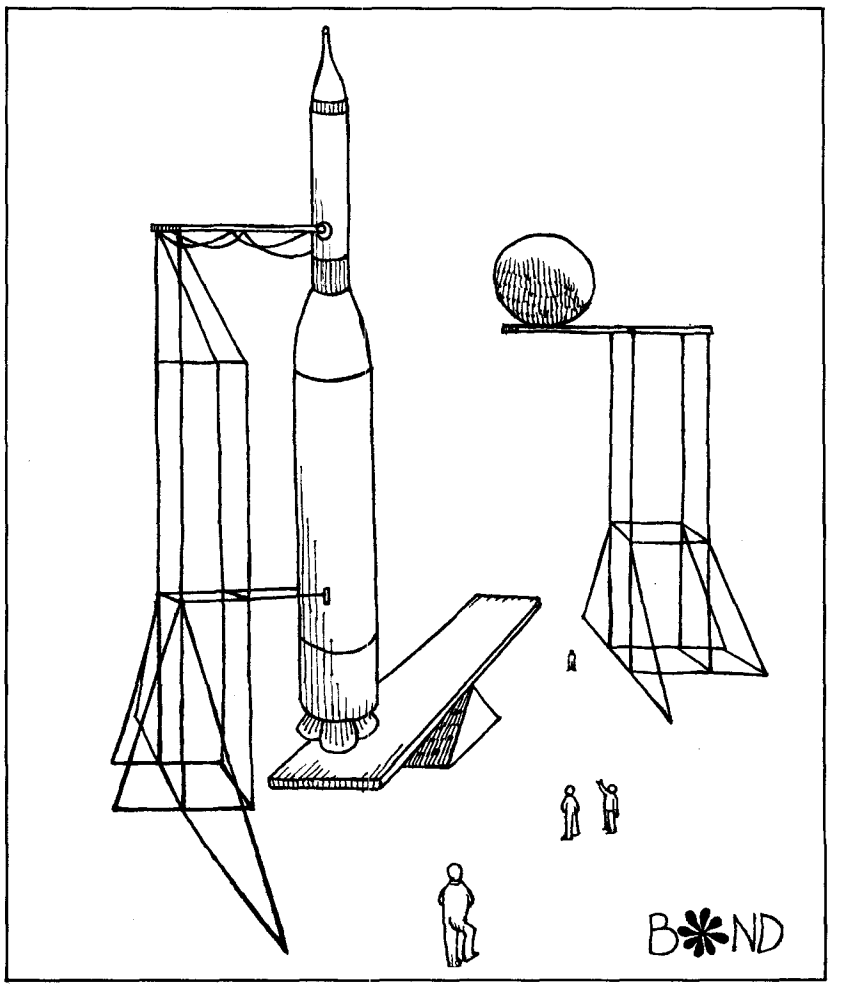
Senator Hubert Humphrey: "We are going to have some big moral decisions to make. We will be faced with famine situations in Africa, Asia, and other parts of the world where there are victims of rising population and bad weather. But the question, I believe, is going to come down to whether Americans will be willing to cut down on their own consumption to help those poor people."

Sylvia Porter, syndicated columnist: "What we must do is develop a rational, national food policy which could assure supplies of basic food in event of shortages, stimulate production in time to meet anticipated needs, and, above all, brake today's yearly price upsurges. . . . This is a challenge of the most urgent importance to all of us."

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: "The global economy must achieve a balance between production and population growth and must restore the capacity to meet food emergencies." Dr. Kissinger went further and proposed that the United Nations sponsor a world conference on food to convene in Rome in November. For this conference to succeed, American food policy-makers must develop a master plan which will calculate the myriad forces which impinge on the crisis: farm prices, consumer prices, and the development of a system of production and distribution which will be global in nature and which will ensure the availability of *affordable* food supplies wherever needed.

The alternatives to positive action are frightening, at best. More and more economic power will flow to the rich nations which have food or fuel to sell. The poor nations, those whose ability to produce food is steadily falling behind demand, number 1.32 billion people. The wealthy countries which have been able to keep food production apace of demand number only 380 million. If systems are not developed for adequate sharing of food resources, increasing hostility—with the inevitable consequences of a total breakdown of peace and order—is the ominous prospect.

New plans for international



credits and financial systems need to be developed. Solutions must be found so that the poor countries can either afford the necessary fuel and fertilizer to produce the largest possible crops and cover the inevitable shortfalls due to weather and blights, or convert their economies to a simple form of subsistence agriculture based primarily on manpower. However, the task of financing purchases is at best academic if the needed food is not grown. Our need is for a clear national plan maximizing food production, to take care of our own needs at reasonable prices, to use as an important medium of foreign exchange, and to satisfy our humanitarian heritage.

Present U.S. policy tilts between two philosophies: government planning and dictation on the one hand and free and unrestricted markets on the other. Advocates of the planned approach cite the advantages obtained by assuring farmers of a minimum return, and consumers of stable prices, when government participates in the agricultural economy by restricting plantings, purchasing surpluses, assigning acreage quotas, and controlling exports and imports. Traditional government schemes, however, are less and less useful in the face of global shortages.

Any housewife buying sugar this year knows that the price has more than doubled for this basic foodstuff; the sugar program was one of the earliest and best established of government agricultural efforts. By restricting imports and allotting acreage quotas for domestic growers, the government was able, in most years, to keep prices sufficiently attractive for farmers and at the same time assure adequate supplies. Worldwide sugar stocks, however, started diminishing in 1970; by 1974 the United States Sugar Act no longer insulated Americans from world pressures, and increasing competition for sugar supplies around the world forced all prices drastically higher. Congress has reacted by refusing to continue the sugar law, and for the first time in forty years we will be buying our sugar in a free, worldwide arena.

Agriculture Secretary Butz maintains that "we do have a national food policy, and a darned good one," and is emphatic in his belief that present conditions demand reliance on free market forces. He insists that government should greatly reduce its role in manipulating the forces of agricultural demand and supply. In his words, "No government ever grew the first bushel of wheat or ear of corn, only farmers do." Butz further believes that government-owned surpluses deter full production, both at home and abroad. American farmers, he feels, fearful of erratic sales of public stocks caused by political pressures, dampen their plantings in the face of large public holdings, while foreign governments, eyeing large government granaries in the United States, are less prone to insist on all-out methods of farm expansion in their own countries, not understanding or disbelieving that *the basic solution to food security lies in finding new incentives for farmers to produce.*

Not long ago, the socialist government of India attempted to nationalize its system of wheat distribution. After a year of dismal results, the policy was quietly withdrawn and the system returned to private enterprise. The Indian bureaucracy found that the farmers, rather than sell to the government at low prices, simply held the grain off the market and ate better themselves; or moved it across the borders to buyers willing to pay more. Farmers anywhere in the world, whether in India or the United States, can and do figure profit and loss, and proceed accordingly.

On the touchy and political question of who should store our surplus food productions, official USDA policy emphasizes that the government will no longer carry large reserves. This means that growers, dealers, processors, and importers of foodstuffs must now undertake this responsibility. Government spokesmen favor the security of reserve stocks, but insist that the burden of holding them should be shared by all countries, and that each nation should develop its own system of reserving food. Thus, the Japanese, who used to carry two weeks' supply of soybeans in storage in their country, plus two weeks more afloat en route from America, are now actively arranging for a six-months' supply, with heavy stocks maintained in the United States. Among other benefits, this saves the American taxpayer the cost of carrying Japan's reserves.

Technical agricultural assistance to developing nations has been a favorite investment by the private sector, notably the Rockefeller, Ford, and Kellogg Foundations, as

Continued on page 92

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Sunday in Westchester

continued from page 52

ten years older, saw him that way. He did keep himself fit. Or else maybe it was just that Mr. Andrews was accustomed to dealing with people in that authoritarian manner.

"Why don't we get started?" Mr. Woodman said. "You'll see very quickly I'm your kind of man, Mr. Andrews."

Mr. Andrews sniffed.

Mr. Woodman led them to where his car was parked. It was a Bentley. It was an old Bentley. Venerable perhaps would be the better word. It was very obviously well cared for, with love. Mr. Woodman was very proud of that car. It was his label in Westchester County.

Mr. Andrews sniffed again. "Must make unconscionable profits to run around in a car like that."

Mr. Woodman held open the rear door. He was in cheery spirits. He liked nothing better than to work with an old Tartar like Mr. Andrews, especially when Mrs. Andrews was someone who teased her husband now and again.

The morning was beautiful. The sun shone brilliantly. It was early fall. The leaves were turning spectacular.

"First I'll show you a little place right on the Sound," Mr. Woodman said as he got behind the wheel.

"Told you I didn't want a little place," Mr. Andrews said. "Told you I got lots of grandchildren. Didn't you listen?"

"Well, we'll have a look anyway," Mr. Woodman said. He smiled to himself.

Calling the Bradley home a little place was of course Mr. Woodman's little joke. The house had twelve bedrooms. There were three guest houses. There was a private slip for a yacht.

Mr. Woodman said expansively, "Did you say you had a boat, Mr. Andrews?"

"One of my sons, not me," Mr. Andrews said, surveying the house. "I can't afford one."

Mrs. Andrews shook her head and almost winked at Mr. Woodman. Almost.

"Well, let's have a look inside," Mr. Woodman said.

"Want to walk around first," Mr. Andrews said. "Like to get the feel of a place before I go inside. Mother, you go in with Mr. Woodman and I'll join you."

His hands clasped behind his back, Mr. Andrews started a stroll around the grounds. Mr. Woodman took Mrs. Andrews inside.

"He likes to put on a poor mouth," Mrs. Andrews said confidentially to Mr. Woodman. "He's always afraid someone is going to take advantage of him."

"I like a skeptical buyer," Mr. Woodman said earnestly. "When a skeptic knows he likes something, he knows it."

"That's my husband. Do you know how deep the water is at the pier out there?"

"I'm not sure," Mr. Woodman said, having never before been asked that question.

"It might be a factor," Mrs. Andrews said. "I'm no good at all remembering numbers, but I think Larry's boat is rather large."

"The house is unoccupied now and there's nobody here I can ask," Mr. Woodman said. "But I'll have a word with Tom Bridges, the Town Clerk. He ought to have the statistics."

"Of course it could always be deepened, I suppose," Mrs. Andrews said, looking around. "Quite dark in here for such a sunny day, isn't it?"

Mr. Woodman had been asked that question before and he had a ready answer, but he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Andrews.

"Damned dark in here for such a sunny day," Mr. Andrews said.

"This section of the house gets the afternoon sun," Mr. Woodman explained hurriedly.

"Makes it damned hot in summer," Mr. Andrews said. "How many working fireplaces in this place?"

"I—I don't know," Mr. Woodman said, again being presented with a brand new query.

Mr. Andrews squinted at him. "You don't do your homework, do you, young fella?"

There were a number of factors militating against the Bradley house. The kitchen was somewhat old-fashioned, for one thing, and while it certainly could have been modernized, Mrs. Andrews was adamant in feeling that at that price the house should have a kitchen that didn't have to have anything done to it. Mr. Andrews wasn't too happy about all those guest houses. Family stays in the house, correct? Then what kind of people would he put in guest houses?

"I take your meaning," Mr. Woodman said, having read that phrase in an Agatha Christie detective story. "Well, we'll just proceed to the next cottage."

"Is it on the water?" Mr. Andrews asked.

"No. But you didn't make that a condition," Mr. Woodman said. He

Continued on page 90

A Thing of Beauty

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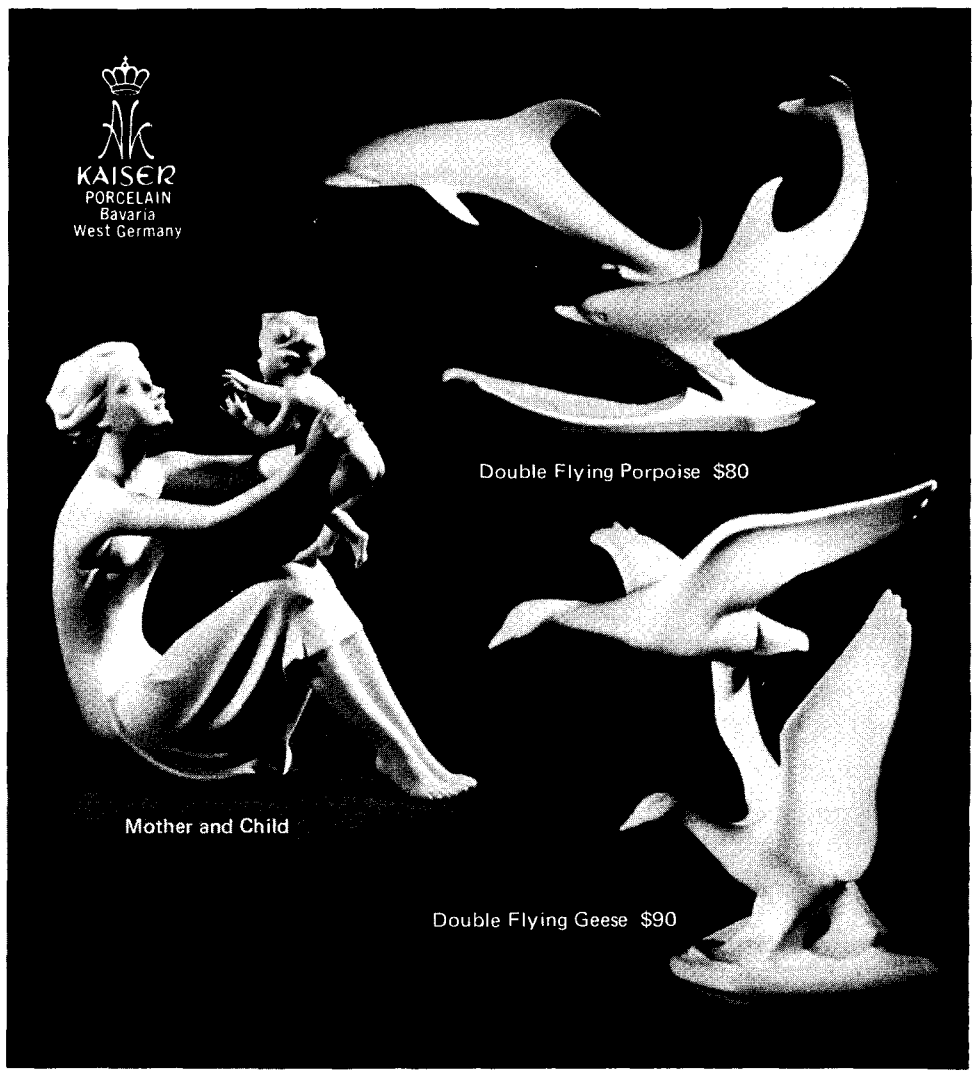

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Grand Jury

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the prosecuting arm of the Watergate investigations do. And secrecy is the law profession's equivalent of executive privilege. What is plainly out in the open is that the violation of the rule and law of secrecy is in itself a conspiracy against the President of the United States. It could happen to you!

Those who deal in the underworld of "leaks attributable to high or well-placed sources" are familiar with the story of the ambitious young journalist who rushes around yelling, "The sky is falling, the sky is falling." While he does not prove himself an accurate prophet, the fact is a percentage of people who heard him yell the quote often enough will believe the sky is going to fall. So it is with an indictment; though only an accusation, given the "right" kind of publicity, people will—and do—believe the indictment is not an accusation but a proof of guilt.

Judge Antell is joined by a whole host of attorneys and judges, many of them of the caliber of the late Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter and men like Roscoe Pound, Raymond Moley and Wayne L. Morse. They claimed as far back as 1931 that most grand juries were inefficient, rubber-stamp servants of the district attorney, that they relieved prosecutors of delegated authority and responsibility and were overly dependent on the police for evidence and the public prosecutor for legal advice.

Of all the nations in the world, *only* the United States and Nigeria still retain the grand jury system.

Abolished in 1933 in England, where the grand jury system originated over 800 years ago, this archaic device is still used in all federal district courts and, although some states have adopted constitutional provisions which allow legislatures to abandon the system, none have actually done so.

One of the weaknesses of American criminal law is that legal fictions become so firmly entrenched that it is considered sacrilegious to dislodge them. A concept that is apparently antiquated will be retained solely because of the sacrosanct preeminence ascribed to it by tradition. While other legal institutions attempt to adjust to and grow with the times, the legal fiction of the grand jury continues unimpeded and unchanged. Regarded with the unquestioning reverence that befits a policy "older than the nation itself," the grand jury grinds haltingly along toward oblivion, one hopes.

The truth is, if a preliminary examination were conducted by magistrates in this country, as is done in England and elsewhere in the Western World, in all cases where persons are accused of a criminal act, the grand jury would be an unnecessary luxury. If a man is charged with a crime, he should be brought before a judge who will hear *both* the witnesses for the prosecution and the defendant, and the defendant will have the opportunity not afforded him by the grand jury of having his attorney present to advise him.

If the judge, after hearing the facts, thinks the prosecution has not made a prima facie case, the accused would be freed of the charge and spared the expense, shame, agony and anguish of a wrongful indictment. Further, his friends, neighbors, and employer would never know he had been under suspicion, nor would the accusation appear on the subject's credit records, or on the report of character reporting organizations. If, on the other hand, the judge decides the case is sufficiently suspicious to warrant further investigation, the case would then be turned over to the courts for trial.

Certainly a judge who has spent the whole of his life in examining disputed issues of fact and is familiar with every facet of human ingenuity, would be at least as capable as twelve or twenty-three laymen serving on a grand jury. Although conscientious and sincere, these men and women, as pointed out by Judge Antell, could not and should not be faulted for failure to understand a point of law. Moreover (as in "your" case), because they are unable to see a moral distinction *between civil and criminal wrongdoing,* the grand jury is adamant about calling for criminal sanctions in cases which are based essentially upon disputes between individuals and in which the state has no legitimate interest.

Although admittedly a minority, some men in public office are indifferent to professional standards, to the obligation they owe the accused and his family. Certainly a predatory prosecutor would be far less likely to have his way with a judge than with a typical grand jury.

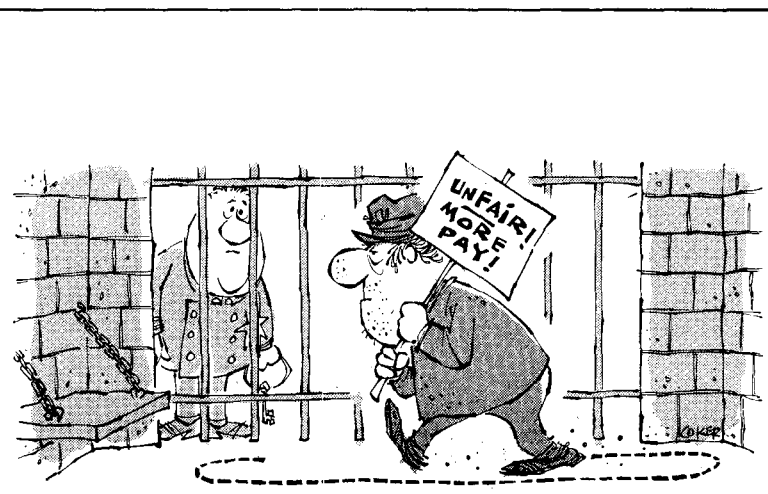
But meanwhile, what happened to the "you" who was wrongfully indicted?

If you were able to make bond, you were released after being fingerprinted, mugged and subjected to all the indignities any criminal suffers. You had to hire a high-priced criminal lawyer (they don't come cheap), and if you had to go into debt to do so, it is of no importance or concern to the district attorney. Even if you are never brought to trial, you still suffer the financial loss, the indignity of seeing your reputation evaporate as your name appears in the local newspaper; for to your friends, to your fellow churchgoers, your coworkers and to your employer (with whom you run the risk of losing your job), you *are* guilty—*otherwise, why were you indicted?* And this lamentable fact is attributable to the American public's ignorance of the grand jury system.

Now suppose you couldn't make bail. You might sit in jail for months—despite the fact that you are innocent, despite the fact that the Constitution calls for a "speedy trial." Eventually, though, you will either go to trial, be found innocent as you are, or—more likely—you will be told by a well-clad assistant district attorney that you can go home, for the D.A. has decided he doesn't have enough evidence to bring you to trial. The indictment is not dismissed; it will hang over your head until the day you die, for in most states there is no statute of limitations on indictments, though this is paralleled only for the crime of murder.

Who will repay you for the job you lost, the wages you lost, the suffering of your family that might have had to turn to welfare for support? For the mental anguish you suffered, for the traumatic experience endured by your children at the hands of their peers ("your daddy is a jailbird," etc.)? The harm done to their psyche is incalculable, and what it might cost society later is something to consider. In the words of the immortal Damon Runyon, "It will be more than somewhat." You will, for the rest of your life, live with a police record maintained by the local and state police agencies and by the FBI—even though you were acquitted, or the case was never brought to trial.

Our conclusion is that it is high time to transfer the indicting function to those who have learned restraint from the judicial process—the judges.



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By Gerald I. Ralya

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If you were the judge, would you allow Marvin six months' pay?

Marvin lost. The court said it could not stretch the law governing witness fees to include the time he spent in jail, and that any special compensation for that period would have to be awarded by act of the legislature.

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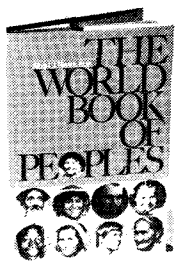

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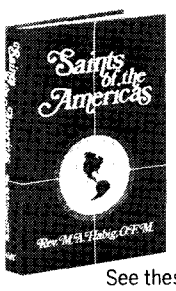

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continued from page 88

was certain about that.

"Didn't say I did. Just asked whether it was on the water."

"No."

"So you said."

The cottage was a baronial mansion built to suit a millionaire manufacturer of plumbing supplies just before he went altogether mad. It was set on a rise in about ten acres of lawn, now a bit overgrown, and was surrounded by virgin forest. Mr. Woodman stopped the Bentley just inside the caretaker's gate to give his clients a good look.

"Keep moving, young fella," Mr. Andrews said impatiently. "Didn't come all the way up from New York to sit in a car."

"Ellery, Mr. Woodman is just trying to let us see the house and its surroundings," Mrs. Andrews said.

"We can see it as we ride up to it," Mr. Andrews said.

Mr. Woodman, far from being disgruntled, was delighted. He knew Mr. Andrews's type. Judge a client's character, he had told his fellow realtors at the annual meeting of the County Real Estate Association, where he had again been presented with the annual gold trophy for having the highest sales in the county. Once you fathom character, half the job is done. And he certainly had the track record to prove it.

"There is a very good first mortgage on this house," he said as he drove up the long circular driveway. "And the present owner will undertake a second."

"Good," Mr. Andrews said noncommittally.

"Ellery, you know you wouldn't want to bother with anything like that."

"Mother, money is money. If the man wants to take on a second mortgage, I say, good. Better to have my own money working for me."

"Yes," Mr. Woodman agreed. "Precisely." He tried to recall how many fireplaces were in the house. He thought three. He'd take a chance on three. He was hoping that when the Andrewses saw the extraordinary bathrooms in the house they would forget all about fireplaces.

Fingering his long-stemmed martini glass, Mr. Andrews said, "Absolutely *not*. It's preposterous. If I were to consider that house—and mind you I said *if*—I would refuse absolutely to buy that furniture. Ghastly! Worst taste I've ever seen."

"Some of it was pretty, Ellery," Mrs. Andrews said.

"None of it was pretty, Mother, and whether it's pretty or not has nothing to do with it. Why in the name of the good Lord would I shell out $270,000 for a house and then be required to spend an additional $45,000 for used furniture?"

"Antiques, Mr. Andrews," Mr. Woodman murmured over his whiskey sour.

"May be antiques to you, young man, but they're just plain old pieces of furniture somebody else has used for years, as far as I'm concerned. If they're antiques, they ought to be in some museum, correct?"

"I'm afraid the present owner is firm about the furniture," Mr. Woodman said.

"If I owned all that junk I'd be firm about getting rid of it too," Mr. Andrews said.

Mr. Woodman could do nothing but nod and order another round of drinks. They were in one of the most fashionable restaurants and certainly the most expensive one in the country. They had looked at three more houses and unfortunately the only one that had caused a flicker in Mr. Andrews's eyes was encumbered with furniture. And Mr. Woodman had to agree with his client. The furniture was totally out of place. The house was Early American. The furniture was French. And there were twenty-seven rooms of it. And it wasn't just the furniture, which would have been lovely in its own setting. It was that Mr. Andrews had taken personal affront at being informed the furniture had to go with the house. He acted as though he were being victimized in some devious scheme. And Mr. Woodman knew from long experience that when a client becomes suspicious of the broker, all is lost.

To counter that dangerous trend in Mr. Andrews's thoughts Mr. Woodman had suggested they have a bite of lunch. He saw quickly how much ground he had lost. Mr. Andrews's white brows shot up as though there was in that innocent proposal something hidden and tricky. Showing his distrust, Mr. Andrews had said they were there to buy a house and not to waste time eating. It had taken a little doing for Mr. Woodman to persuade him nothing would be lost in taking a little time out for lunch. The restaurant to which he had then driven the Andrewses was consciously constructed to resemble one of the castles of Henry VIII.

"For the love of Pete," Mr. Andrews exclaimed as he surveyed in disbelief the fake Tudor room and the waitresses costumed as 16th-century tarts. "What kind of crazy place is this?"

"It's pretty, Ellery," Mrs. Andrews said.

Mr. Andrews turned his eye on her. "It seems to me, Mother, that you've just about forgotten every word in the language but pretty. If this place is pretty then I never studied English in school."

"It's just a fun place," Mr. Woodman said, sensing he might have made another blunder.

"Looks to me like they're more likely to put on a show here than feed you," Mr. Andrews said. He glowered as a young waitress, her white, fluffy blouse open almost to her navel, sailed by.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Woodman," she said with a mysterious smile.

Mr. Woodman mumbled some-

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thing as she passed and smiled feebly at his clients. Good Lord, how could he make so many misjudgments in one morning? "The food is excellent here, I assure you," he said, trying to remember something of the manner of the bluff King Hal. "As I say, it's a fun place."

"What the devil is a fun place?" Mr. Andrews asked.

"He's right, Ellery," Mrs. Andrews said. "It is fun."

"Hmmph," Mr. Andrews said.

They were seated by another young lady whose décolletage was abruptly cut off by the waist of her skirt or else it might have plunged to her knees. Her breasts were confined by some arcane miracle. She asked, risking leaning over, whether they would care for cocktails.

Mr. Andrews, a little red-faced, scandalized, was about to say no, and Mr. Woodman would have taken this as another evidence of the widening breach between his client and himself, when unexpectedly, Mrs. Andrews came to the rescue.

"I think I'll have a martini," she said.

"Gin or vodka?" the waitress asked.

"It's always gin, my dear," Mrs. Andrews said. "A martini is composed of gin and vermouth. Vodka and vermouth may be a palatable drink but it is not a martini. Make mine very dry with English gin and a twist."

"Yes, ma'am," the waitress said, educated.

"Ellery, you have one too," Mrs. Andrews said. "You know you like a drink in the middle of the day occasionally and as Mr. Woodman said, this is a fun place."

Mr. Woodman knew his fate depended on Mr. Andrews's reply. When Mr. Andrews finally nodded grumpily, his spirits soared.

"Make mine a whiskey sour," he said happily, knowing now he would prevail.

After the first round the second went a little smoother. Mr. Andrews seemed to be relaxing. He was even casting his eyes about the room and seemed to be less hostile. Mrs. Andrews was positively beaming, and Mr. Woodman felt he had an ally in her. He gave a small thanks for that.

The waitress appeared then with the shrimp cocktails everybody had ordered and the shrimp were very good, for which Mr. Woodman gave another small prayer of gratitude. Although he urged his clients to try the onion soup for which the restaurant was justly renowned, they refused, saying they had to watch their weight. They did accept his suggestion to try the roast beef—he took that as a positive signal—and he was relieved the roast beef was up to standard. There was coffee and he ordered cigars.

"Any other toy he'd cut open to see what's inside!"

"Hardly touch them anymore," Mr. Andrews said. "Doctor's orders."

"But take a couple home with you, Mr. Andrews," Mr. Woodman said. "These are rather special." He leaned closer. "I'm not supposed to reveal this but they're real Havana."

"But that's against the law!" Mr. Andrews said in outrage. "That's supporting communism."

"No, no," Mr. Woodman said. "They are from before Castro. They've been kept in special humidors."

"Oh," Mr. Andrews said, mollified.

He accepted a brandy and in the end, at Mr. Woodman's special pleading, put three of the cigars in his handkerchief pocket.

At the end of the meal Mr. Andrews refused flatly to allow Mr. Woodman to pick up the check. He said he did not in any way want to be obligated. It was only when Mr. Woodman invoked laws of hospitality that he yielded.

"After all, Mr. Andrews," the real estate man said, "you're in my neck of the woods."

As he paid the bill with his credit card he hoped fervently that in time he would make it Mr. and Mrs. Andrews's neck of the woods as well.

At the railroad station waiting for the 4:42 back to the city, Mr. Andrews said, "Well, it still comes down to the Hawkins's house."

"Hawkes," Mr. Woodman said.

"You know the house I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the name isn't important, is it?"

"No, sir." Somewhere along the line during the course of the afternoon as they went through four more houses, he had for some unaccountable reason taken to calling Mr. Andrews "sir."

"Won't consider the furniture. Not at all. Not saying I'm considering the house, mind you. But I'll put it this way. Without the furniture I might, just might, consider the house."

"I understand, sir."

"Speak to Hawkins."

"Hawkes. I will, Mr. Andrews."

"And it would make it a hell of a lot more attractive to me and easier for you, young man, if you could positively verify those thirty acres in back of the house are for sale—and at an honest price."

"I'll do that, Mr. Andrews." The train was approaching. "I'll let you know by Tuesday at the very latest."

"Tuesday?" Mr. Andrews asked.

"Perhaps even tomorrow," Mr. Woodman said quickly. "I'll let you know at the Fifth Avenue address. Correct?"

"Correct."

"Incidentally," Mr. Woodman went on, to show his knowledge about these things, "is that where . . . "

"Yes, damn it to hell, she does live in the same building. Now am I going to have to listen to you about that?"

As the train came to a stop, Mr. Woodman said, "May I say it's been a pleasure to meet you."

"Spent too damned much money on lunch," Mr. Andrews said. "Food's to feed you."

"That was my pleasure as well," Mr. Woodman said. "And you'll hear from me. Good-bye, Mrs. Andrews. I do hope we'll all become neighbors."

"Hmmph," Mr. Andrews said as he boarded the train.

As the train racketed along, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews sat back, their bellies filled with good food and drink, their souls filled with fresh air and the memories of the homes they had

Continued on page 96

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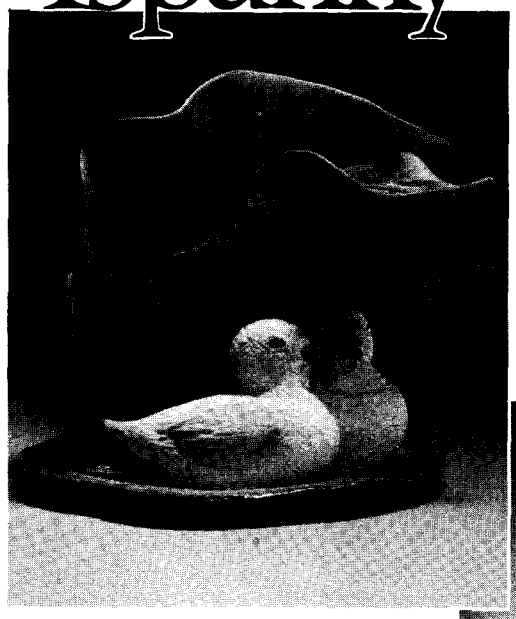

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well as by the federal government.

The Rockefeller Foundation, which includes "Freedom From Hunger" as one of its basic program objectives, supports an exciting project in the Philippines on the problems and potentials of tropical agriculture. The Philippine experiment is based on the premise that, given the proper ingredients and management, tropical farms can yield multiple successive crops, up to five per year on the same land. A recent report declared, "Parts of Asia, desperately short of rice and wheat just three years ago, are now actually on the verge of a surplus in both crops. . . India, with her population growing at a rate of more than a million people a month, in 1971 won her long struggle to achieve at least a temporary self-sufficiency in grain. With the world watching anxiously to see whether this success is permanent or only temporary, India is now trying for a new breakthrough in production through multiple cropping. . . The potential of multiple cropping for increasing production is beyond question. Its progress in the future will depend not so much on the availability of technology or the industry of farmers as on (a) whether farmers can get credit to buy the inputs they need, including water, power, and labor, and (b) *whether it will pay them to raise the additional food.*"

The great agricultural college system of America has played an important role in modernizing agriculture in the developing nations. For example, scientists at Purdue University have developed a high protein strain of sorghum, a grain which is remarkably adaptable to tropical, arid conditions. Now the problem is to find localized adaptations of the strain which will make it useful in protein-starved poor countries. Dean Richard Kohls of the Purdue School of Agriculture believes, however, that fewer resources are devoted to such research today than five years ago. Nevertheless, technical assistance represents a method through which America has helped and no doubt will continue to help poor nations help themselves.

Since 1954 the United States has provided nearly $25 billion in food security assistance to poor countries, both for development and in times of disaster. We have met this need even in times of tight supplies—nearly $900 million in this fiscal year alone. But our charitable commitments should be made at the beginning of the marketing year and not as a last claim on our food supplies—as it has generally been under Public Law 480.

Department of Agriculture leaders believe that world agricultural trade barriers must be liberalized and that producing nations must adopt a doctrine of *comparative advantage,* which means that each product is best produced in those countries which produce it most efficiently. Since a policy of full production involves stimulating growers to produce, it would seem obvious that it is easier to stimulate an efficient producer than an inefficient one. International agreements in specific commodities have never worked very well when their purpose was the protection of inefficient producers.

American agricultural policymakers also wish for a better system of information gathering and dissemination on a worldwide basis. Such a system should be free-standing, supported independently. The United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization is a source of some information; however, FAO is totally dependent upon the reports of member nations, some of which have been notoriously distorted. The use of sophisticated techniques, involving satellite transmissions, computerized data bases, and high speed communications could build a body of knowledge which would enable farmers to make intelligent decisions and which could head off developing calamities. Creation of such a system will be a key United States recommendation at the Rome conference. Perhaps science fiction writer Asimov's dream of a Bicentennial space launch could include a crop survey satellite.

What is the outlook for feeding the world in the next several decades? An FAO report, published last June, is pessimistic: it predicts a shortage by 1985 of some 85 million metric tons of food between what is needed and what will be produced. Others are more optimistic. Dean Kohls feels that the problem is no worse today than it was seven years ago; it has simply drawn renewed attention from the public-at-large. He points to the fact that major breakthroughs have managed to keep the world apace of demand and he cites the tremendous increase in corn yields through hybridizing and fertilization, the green revolution in Asia. There are prospects of further breakthroughs, notably in increasing soybean yields. Don Paarlberg, Director of Agricultural Economics for the USDA, is "cautiously optimistic" and foresees the world "keeping a half-step ahead" of food demand. All would agree on the need for intensive research, application, and development of the supporting systems—transportation, credit, cash markets, fertilizer and fuel supplies—to conquer hunger.

America's awesome prowess in food production and agricultural research stands today as our most important single source of strength in dealing with the rest of the world, and the unleashing of this powerful agricultural machine is one of the important stories of the decade. Concluded Secretary Butz, "Our farmers should understand—our people should understand—that this new force will now become a powerful building block in the edifice of world peace we are trying to construct."

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Churchill

continued from page 47

MY DEAREST RANDOLPH,
I AM LIVING HERE IN A LITTLE FARM. IT IS NOT SO PRETTY AS HOE FARM, AND THERE ARE NO NICE FLOWERS AND NO POND OR TREES TO PLAY GORILLA BUT THERE ARE THREE LARGE FAT DIRTY PIGS. LIKE THE ONES WE SAW IN THE WOOD.

THE GERMANS ARE A LONG WAY OFF AND CANNOT SHOOT AT US HERE. IT IS TOO FAR. SO WE ARE QUITE SAFE AS LONG AS WE STAY HERE. BUT WE CAN HEAR THE CANNONS BOOMING IN THE DISTANCE AND AT NIGHT WHEN IT IS ALL DARK WE CAN SEE THEIR FLASHES TWINKLING IN THE SKY. SOON WE ARE GOING TO GO CLOSE UP TO THEM AND TRY TO KILL THEM. THIS IS BECAUSE THEY HAVE DONE WRONG AND CAUSED ALL THIS WAR AND SORROW.

GIVE MY VERY BEST LOVE TO DIANA AND KISS SARAH FOR ME. WRITE ME A LETTER YOURSELF SOON AND I WILL SEND YOU AN ANSWER BACK.

YOUR EVER LOVING FATHER,
WINSTON S.C.

One thing Randolph learned from his father was a deep respect and love for the English language. Even in his otherwise unproductive school years, Sir Winston had found one bright spot: "I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence—which is a noble thing." He once even sent a copy of the classic grammar textbook *Fowler's English Usage* as a Christmas present to a member of the Royal Family!

Both father and son won school prizes for memorizing vast amounts of poetry and prose: a thousand lines of Macaulay or twelve hundred lines of Gibbon. Both had the sometimes disconcerting habit, whenever the conversation flagged or when riding along in a car, of suddenly bursting into vociferous and dramatic recitations of some still-remembered schoolboy epic.

Both indulged in a grand and elaborate style of writing and speaking. When Sir Winston became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1911, he issued scores of directives all of which began with the phrase "Pray tell me . . ." or "Pray find out whether. . . ." These became known to his staff as "The Lord's Prayers." During World War II, he had red tags printed, saying "ACTION THIS DAY," which meant just what it said. Sir Winston and Randolph could be very impatient and demanding, and working for them was not without its frustrating moments. But, as Sir Winston once said about the complaints of his Chiefs of Staff during World War II, "They may say I led them up the garden path, but at every turn of the path they have found delectable fruits and wholesome vegetables."

A friend once described Sir Winston as "a man of simple tastes: he is always prepared to put up with the best of everything." Randolph was the same way, and Stour was filled with cooks and maids and handymen and gardeners and secretaries and valets and visitors all the time.

Sir Winston liked to have a half bottle of champagne with his lunch each day. In fact, on a speaking tour of the United States in 1931, his contract stipulated that he must be provided with a bottle of champagne before each lecture. Once he was told that there had been a threat on his life, and that they had to make plans for his safety. He replied: "First things first. Get the champagne."

When he had work to do, Sir Winston would take a nap every afternoon without fail. He said that this enabled him to add hours to his working day. Perhaps "nap" isn't an adequate word, because he would put on pajamas, get under the covers, and fall deeply asleep for about an hour. Then he would get up, have a bath, and work late into the night until his aides dropped off from sheer exhaustion. Anyone showing signs of being tired would be revived with some lines from Longfellow:

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Randolph kept the same late hours—and quoted the same inspirational Longfellow. Working on this unconventional schedule, we would sometimes stay up until dawn. As a young man, Randolph resembled his mother, but as he grew older he looked more and more like his father. Sometimes, late at night, sitting by the dying fire, listening to him read from one of his father's books, I would have the uncanny feeling of being in Sir Winston's own presence.

In recent years it has become popular and fashionable to criticize and minimize Churchill's career and achievement. A whole revisionist school of historians has appeared, claiming that if World War II hadn't given him the opportunity, he would have been relegated to a minor and eccentric footnote in British political history.

Sir Winston upset his foes, and sometimes even his friends, because he was so proud and so determined to fight for the things he believed in, whatever the odds and whatever the cost. Most people eventually bow to overwhelming odds and finally defer to public opinion and conventional wisdom. But Sir Winston spent his whole long lifetime refusing to give in or give up. In the bleak days of 1940, he told the demoralized French ministers, "Whatever you may do, we shall fight on forever and ever and ever." He was speaking for himself as well as for England.

During the troubled days of 1915, when the fortunes of war were also in the balance, he rallied the spirits of a meeting with the words that described his and his family's approach to life: "Sure I am of this," he said, "that you have only to endure to conquer. You have only to persevere to save yourselves, and to save all those who rely upon you. You have only to go right on, and at the end of the road, be it short or long, victory and honor shall be found!"

Too many people today seem to feel uncomfortable with the qualities that Sir Winston had in such exuberant abundance—courage, loyalty, patriotism, and family pride—and the easiest way to dismiss them is to "discover" that he had deep-seated psychological problems, or that he drank too much brandy and smoked too many cigars.

But I think Sir Winston understood himself best of all. One day in 1906, he sat next to Prime Minister Asquith's daughter at luncheon. It was the first time they had met, and the thirty-two-year-old Churchill overwhelmed the young girl with a torrent of dramatic ruminations on the lowly and insignificant state of man in the overall scheme of the whole universe. He ended by looking at her with a twinkle in his eyes and said, "Yes, yes, we are all worms. But I do believe I am a glowworm."

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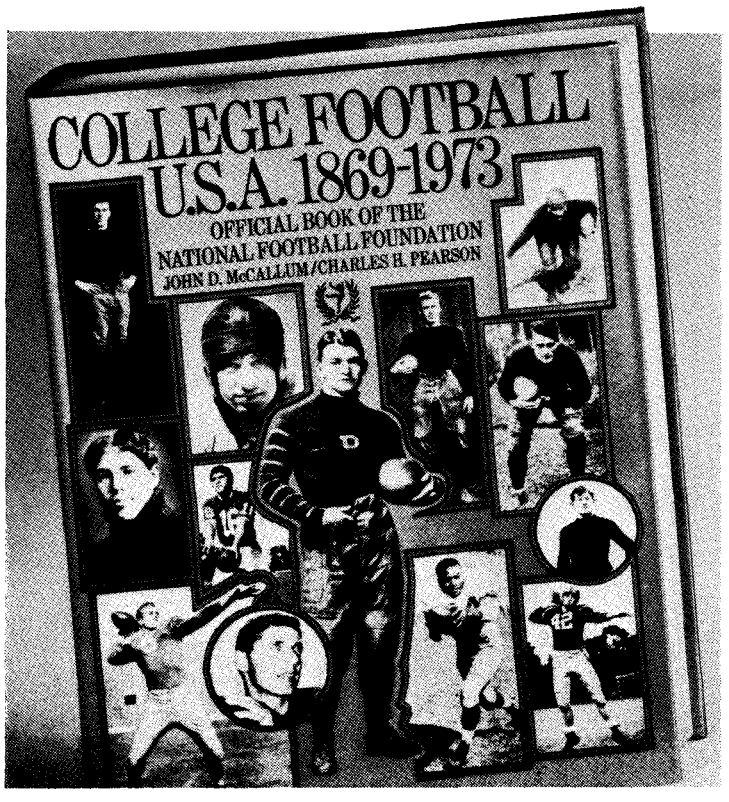

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continued from page 91

seen. They got off at Grand Central Station, went to the subway and took the shuttle to Times Square. They took the West Side subway uptown and got off at 72nd Street. They walked up two blocks to the welfare hotel.

In the lobby of the battered building they were greeted by an old man with a wispy beard who was seated in a ravaged chair next to a rubber plant.

"How was it, El?" he asked Mr. Andrews.

"Splendid." Mr. Andrews took the cigars out of his pocket and gave them to the man. "Here, Maxie, we had good pickings today."

Maxie took the cigars and smelled them and rolled his eyes. "Usual time, El?"

"Usual time," Mr. Andrews said.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews walked up three flights of stairs to their room. The elevator in the hotel had not worked in almost three years. Inside the room they smiled at each other affectionately.

They took off their clothes with care and put them in garment bags in the one closet the room offered. They put on other clothing. Mr. Andrews's trousers had a patch on one knee.

"Well, Mother, it was a nice day," he said.

"Lovely, oh, just lovely, Ellery. But I sure hated to pass up that soup. I'd like some right now."

"So would I, but there you are."

"When can we do it again, Ellery?"

"I reckon we might manage it in a couple of weeks if we cut corners. Long Island, I'd say. Fella in Southampton had some pretty good ads in the paper. But we got to do our homework."

"We can start in the library tomorrow."

There was a knock on the door. Maxie was outside. "They're ready," he said.

The three went down to the lobby. There were about thirty people there, most of them seated on the floor. There were young and old, black and white. Mr. Andrews stood before them. Before he uttered a word their eyes were shining and their faces were rapt.

"The first house we saw had three little guest houses and was smack on the water and there was even a place where you could park your own yacht." Mr. Andrews began.

There was a low, wondrous murmuring in the room.

"You forgot about the car, Ellery," Mrs. Andrews said, "that beautiful car."

"Oh, yes, thank you, Mother. The real-estate man met us at the station in a Bentley. A Bentley," Mr. Andrews went on slowly, "is the same as a Rolls Royce. . . ."

To find out what one is fitted to do and to secure an opportunity to do it is the key to happiness.

—John Dewey

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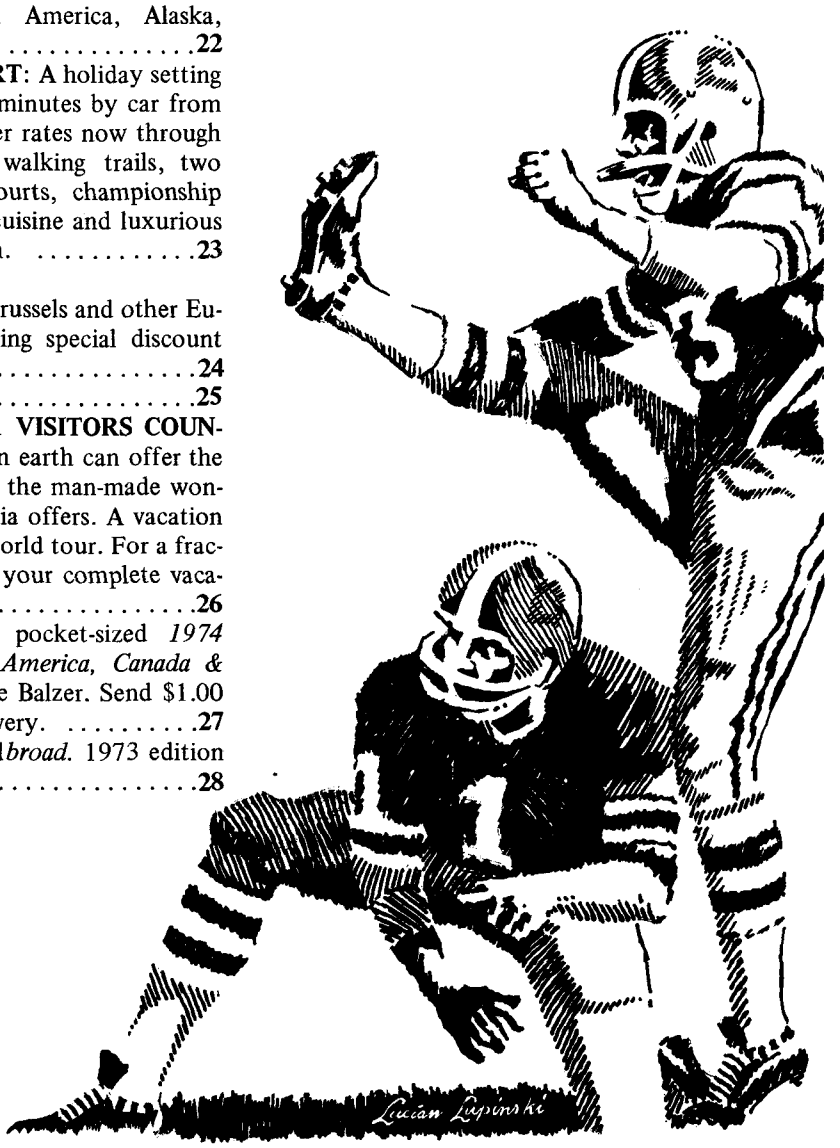

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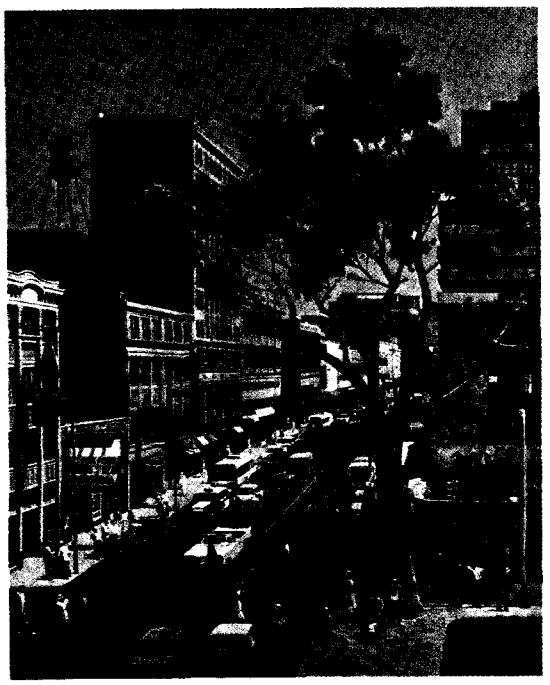

Two views of Peachtree Street. This Post *cover (above) was painted in 1960 by John Falter. The photograph was taken this year. Only the elm tree remains. And the Capital City Club. And perhaps the sort of prideful clubbiness of citizens who regard Atlanta as a password to the great life.*

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He went and he stayed and he prospered, so the story goes, and having thus demonstrated at least a rudimentary intelligence, after ten years he did what any right-thinking native Atlantan always does. He packed up his money and hurried back home.

As soon as the airport limousine deposited him downtown he was naturally swift to set his feet on Peachtree Street. What he saw caused the returned prodigal to blink unbelievingly and totter dazedly into the venerable Capital City Club in search of a drink and, if possible, a familiar face.

"What's happened out there?" he gasped to an old schoolmate when he had downed a bourbon, shaken a hand and could speak again. "I mean Peachtree Street . . . Atlanta . . . it's all *different*!"

"You mean they've changed it since I've been sitting here?" asked the schoolmate. "Why, this is only my second drink!"

Anybody, any random Johnny-come-lately, a breed which constitutes 75 percent of Atlanta's population, could have told the native son that the old saw about the weather applies equally to the city itself: If you don't like Atlanta's weather, they say, wait a minute. If you don't like Atlanta, wait a week or two. That building, that street, that way of life will be replaced, rearranged, revolutionized.

Mayor Maynard Jackson, who as Atlanta's first black mayor is himself a pretty good symbol of this state of affairs, was trying to explain some new and not altogether popular facets of his regime to a forum at the city hall the other day.

"Things are happening very quickly in Atlanta," he said. "We are inundated with change."

The Wits End Players phrase it another way. Phil Erickson, with whom comedian Dick Van Dyke got his start in Atlanta twenty years ago, and Phil's wife Nancy have been lampooning Atlanta and Atlantans for more than a decade with skits and songs in sassy revues now presented nightly at the Sheraton Biltmore Hotel's Empire Room. (They formerly operated their own supper club a couple of blocks away.) The song which Atlantans and their visitors never tire of hearing is "They're Tearing Up Peachtree Again."

Written in 1962 by June Stephens, the song is updated constantly to cover the latest upheaval in the life of or on the main street of Atlanta. It has almost become the city's theme song, starting as it does with Yankee General William Tecumseh Sherman's arrival for the battle of Atlanta in 1864:

When Sherman's blue troops were marching this way
They got to the edge of the city one day.
The men in artillery just couldn't get in.
They were tearing up Peachtree even back then.

And many verses later:

When Judgment Day comes—and they say that it will—
The angels will sing and the earth will stand still.
The heavens will ring out a thunderous "Amen!"
Then they'll go back to tearing up Peachtree again!

Chorus:

They're tearing up Peachtree again, again!
They're tearing up Peachtree again!

It's not that Atlantans set upon their beloved thoroughfare destructively. It's just that they have an uncontrollable compulsion to rearrange the water mains or utility lines, to take a tuck in a sidewalk or put a gusset in somewhere to accommodate a new skyscraper, a new shopping complex and, coming up soon, a new rapid transit system.

Change might well be said to be the only truly constant thing about Atlanta. Thirty-odd years ago author James Street, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, said Atlanta was known to the rest of the world for four things: (1) a golfer named Bobby Jones, (2) a book entitled *Gone With the Wind*, (3) a sheeted band of terrorists called the Ku Klux Klan, (4) the drink Coca-Cola.

Now in 1974 a new generation has grown up and some new stars have emerged. The grand-slam record of Bobby Jones abides but he died in 1971 at the age of sixty-nine years—an old man who once remarked that he felt a little silly about his youthful concentration on golf.

Margaret Mitchell's big book after thirty-five years is still a best-seller and the movie plays somewhere in the world every day. The author herself was struck down on Peachtree Street by a hit-and-run driver and died back in 1949. And many young people, even Atlanta young people, now profess not to have read the novel and consider the opulent film starring Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh creaky and campy.

The publication of her book, Peachtree Street, U.S.A., *in 1963, established Celestine Sibley as an authority on the city of Atlanta. The author of several other books, she has been a reporter for thirty years and during most of that time a daily columnist with the Atlanta* Constitution.

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Elevators in Atlanta's hanging garden hotel spin up the floors like cocoons. The social aspects of Atlanta are embodied in this roadside inn where Tara and everybody's front porch seem to have collided.

The KKK still exists but, unmasked and exposed, is impotent and well-nigh forgotten.

Of the four original pillars of Atlanta's fame only the drink called Coca-Cola stands undiminished by the passage of time, in fact, growing in stature and gathering to itself fresh renown—not to mention consumers—every day.

But what new claims to fame have succeeded those that have wavered or fallen away?

Atlantans themselves argue about the third but they unhesitatingly rattle off the first two: Hank Aaron and John Portman.

Aaron, the Atlanta Braves' left fielder, is, as some sportswriter once put it, "a black man who sees something white and hits it with a stick." But what a stick and what a blow! In those competent dark hands, strengthened from his early boyhood by the job of chopping and delivering ice to unrefrigerated homes of his native Mobile, Alabama, a hardwood stick became a magic wand turning the forty-year-old black man not into a prince but into a king—the all-time home-run king of the world.

On the afternoon of April 4, in Cincinnati, Henry Aaron walked up to the plate, adjusted his batting helmet, stuck out his rump and waited warily for the pitch from Cincinnati Red Jack Billingham. He let three balls go by, struck at one and knocked the fifth over the fence.

It was his 714th home run and it tied the record of the immortal Babe Ruth.

Four nights later back in the Atlanta stadium before a record crowd of 54,000 rain-soaked fans, The Hammer, as he is called, did it again—this time fracturing the unbreakable record, the one even Babe Ruth himself thought might stand forever.

Atlantans and their visitors from afar went wild. Aaron himself, typically low-key, accepted plaudits and plaques modestly.

"Just wanted to get it over with," he said, almost in apology.

The night of the tie in Cincinnati he explained it to the Atlanta *Constitution*'s sports editor, Jesse Outlar, this way: "Before the game I was a little uptight. I said to myself the only way to get rid of the jitters is to go up and hit one. That's what I did."

Aaron, called "Man" back on Edwards Street in the suburban community of Toulminville, just outside Mobile, left home for the pros at the age of seventeen, taking with him two dollars, a couple of sandwiches and a change of pants. He now makes $200,000 a year. (Sammy Davis, Jr., bid $25,000 for the baseball he hit to tie Ruth, and the one which broke Ruth's record is considered practically priceless—an artifact for base-

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ball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.)

In Atlanta, despite public adulation and his personal affluence, Aaron lives modestly with his second wife, Billye, widow of civil rights leader Sam Williams and a television personality The Hammer met when he went to be interviewed a few years back on WSB's "Today in Georgia" show. As he approached Ruth's record a season or so ago he was besieged by hate telephone calls and hate mail from nuts who apparently considered it an effrontery for a black man to try to dethrone baseball's great Ruth. His employers assigned guards to protect him but as his mother, Estella, told sportswriter Mike McKenzie, when "Man" hit that homerun "he'd have to go around those bases alone" and "with so many people around, you can't be watching them all."

Aaron himself apparently wasn't worried. He figured the haters "just don't understand baseball" and went calmly along hitting 40 or more home runs a season. He wanted to hit the crucial 714th back home in Atlanta where most of his friends are and only did it in Cincinnati after the baseball commissioner decreed that he had to play there, if the Braves played.

Atlanta sportswriters who have written thousands of column inches about him still like Leo Durocher's old description of Aaron.

"He has class," said the Lip, "class based on quiet competence, and lacking in emotional outbursts . . . one of the greatest, and I mean one of the all-time greatest."

"Just a nice man who hits home runs," concluded *Journal* sportswriter Ron Hudspeth.

The other prime claim to fame Atlantans are agreed on is less a hero of the hotdog-and-beer, leather-lunged masses but a hero nonetheless—the international architect-developer John Portman.

In a way it's ironic that Portman is appreciated principally in banking and building circles as far away as Brussels and Tokyo because the needs of people, particularly sun and tree starved central city people, are a major motivation to him. Portman is looked on by many as the savior of downtown Atlanta from decay and slow death. He is not alone in this endeavor, of course. There's a whole galaxy of Atlanta business and civic leaders dedicated to the proposition that Atlanta shall not succumb to the affliction that has struck many of the nation's major cities—municipal heart disease. But the forty-nine-year-old Atlanta-Georgia Tech-bred Portman may be the most flamboyant, the most inventive, the most sought-after city saver in the world.

After seeing what he did in Atlanta—or a portion of what he did, for there's no end to Portman plans and projects—they sent for him in Paris, Brussels, San Francisco, Chicago. Henry Ford II persuaded him to come to Detroit. They're calling his name in Times Square. And in Japan they recently devoted a gorgeous coffee-table size picture book called

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To help get at this problem, we are supporting specific legislation in Congress that calls for a marriage of the public and private sectors. Such a joint effort would set up nationwide standards and create programs that will exercise some control over medical costs and help cover the crippling bills when sickness does occur.

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Global Architecture to his works.

John Portman is different from most architects in that he likes to own all or part of what he builds—to be his own client, as he puts it. So he became a developer, borrowing money to launch his first big addition to Atlanta's skyline, the Merchandise Mart, which is the largest mart of its kind in the country except for Chicago's. The other difference about Portman is that he doesn't rejoice in designing one isolated building. He likes to build 'em by the block full, communities of skyscrapers tied together by aerial bridges and malls with fountains and trees, complexes where people can live and work and shop and go out to dinner, to the theater or to a museum—all without ever setting foot in an automobile or bus or subway.

His Peachtree Center, when it is finally finished, will be such a city-within-a-city. It will represent an estimated $700-million capital investment on downtown Peachtree street just a pulsebeat away from the rapid transit line and to be completed at the same time—1980.

A chunk of the plan is already completed. It is, of course, what the repatriated citizen's eyes first rested on when he touched Peachtree Street in the vicinity of the Capital City Club. There are four office buildings, the Merchandise Mart, a bus station and a hotel—the Hyatt Regency.

The hotel was Portman's first real attention-getting showpiece of innovative architecture, designed because he felt sorry for people who walked into dimly lit hotel lobbies, wrote down their names, got a key and then traveled down drab and close little maze-like corridors to lock themselves in identical sterile cocoons. People, he believes, need green growing plants and moving water and other people to look at. They need sunshine and space and a sense of excitement where they live, even temporarily, and where they work.

So Portman built Atlanta an oh-wow hotel on Peachtree Street, the first of a lot of wonderful and different and occasionally theatrical structures which are going up all over the world under his aegis. From a cruising cab the Hyatt Regency might be any other hotel. Its entrance, tucked in beside shops and potted shrubs and sheltered by a concrete canopy, doesn't look either especially posh or inviting. But once inside it's an oh-wow all the way. A twenty-two-story sunlit atrium slashes through the center of the lobby to a Plexiglas ceiling with balconies instead of corridors connecting the rooms on every floor, their bannisters swathed in ivy and ferns and everything open to the atrium and overlooking the lobby. Elevators as transparent as soap bubbles and shaped like brilliant-encrusted jewel casks zip up and down in full view. One elevator breaks through the roof for a breathtaking stretch when it is outside the building and hurtling skyward with all Atlanta spread beneath it. It comes to port in what Atlanta

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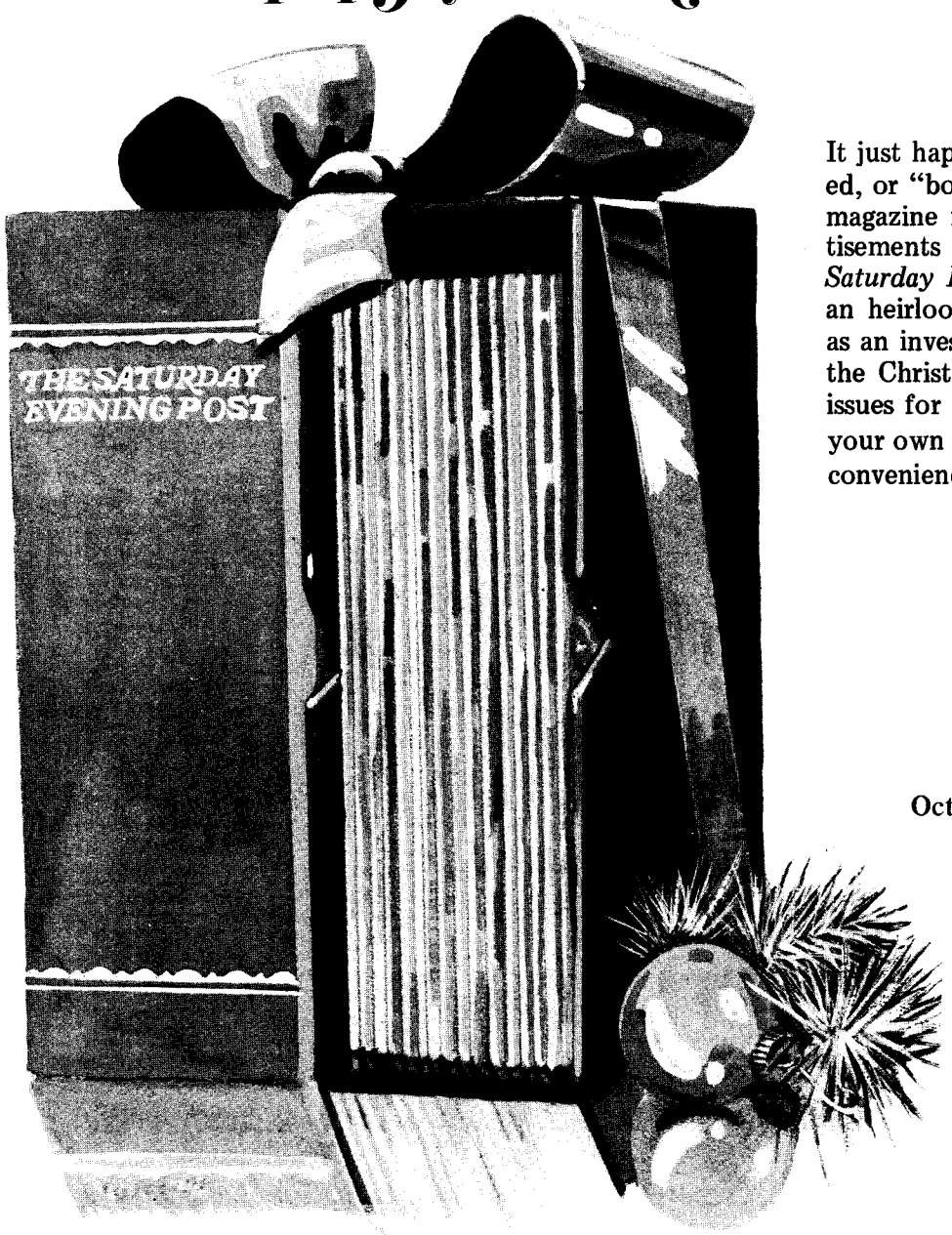

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children call "the blue glass bubble," a revolving restaurant and bar from which hometowners delight in exhibiting their city to visitors, especially at sunset and lamplighting time.

Because it is different and exciting the Hyatt Regency and its neighbors in Peachtree Center have attracted attention and got Portman bids in all parts of the world. He goes, bringing back new pieces of sculpture and paintings for his elegant white and brown office in Peachtree Center or his Northside Drive home which has a creek running through the living room. But he would never permanently leave Atlanta, he says.

"Atlanta is the city closest to my heart," the architect explains. "I don't think I could ever leave this city. The more I travel around the world the more I appreciate what we have here. The spirit of this city is one that is to be envied by most cities. It is the spirit of a young man—young, aggressive, optimistic and hopeful. There are cities where most people have become cynics. There's a lot of cynicism about cities in general. Atlanta is a startling example to the contrary."

It is a favorite subject with Portman as he relaxes on a white sofa, the sounds of Peachtree Street muted by the distance of 20 floors, and talks of the "enlightened" civic and business leadership, the progressive news media and sound political leadership going back to the late William B. Hartsfield, an Atlanta mayor who when he quit in 1962 was famous in the nation for his quarter of a century of intelligent, forward-looking service at the helm of city government.

Portman's feeling about Atlanta's spirit was expressed another way back in 1959 by an old mountain woman.

"Spunky kind of place, they tell me," she said. "I've heerd my pa say they left hit for dead in '64—but hit was too blamed headstrong to lay down. Hit's mighty hard to kill either a place or a person that's bound and determined to keep a-going."

History will attest that Atlanta has ever been "bound and determined to keep a-going," ever possessed that magic astringent ingredient that distinguishes the quick from the dead. Some call it faith. Scarlett O'Hara called it pushiness. It is, according to older cities in the South, a lively blend of brash and bumptious confidence, tempered by Bible Belt religious conviction and spiked by plain curiosity.

Founded in 1836 by railroad builders and called first Terminus, then Marthasville and finally Atlanta (historians disagree over the meaning but it is either the feminine of Atlantic or a typo for Atalanta, the goddess of fleetness), the city rapidly became a transportation center. It had four flourishing railroads reaching out like the fingers on a hand and a busy population of 10,000 when it attracted the attention of the Union General Sherman twenty-eight years later. Naturally, Sherman couldn't let those railroads keep operating, hauling men and supplies across the country, but as everybody who saw *Gone With the Wind* or read the book knows, he didn't destroy Atlanta quickly or easily. (One of the chief local complaints about the movie when it premiered here in 1939 was that it lasted four hours and the wrong side still won!) The Battle of Atlanta was a long hot summer's job of work for the Yankees, dragging on from July to September, and family histories are full of stories of how the military did not fight alone in defense of Atlanta. Even after Sherman had destroyed all of the 4,000 houses but 400 and wiped out all but three or four churches, causing the populace to seek refuge in other parts of the state, some stubborn souls hung on, still fighting.

There was a grandmother who drove a foraging Yankee soldier from her smokehouse by giving him the same kind of treatment he probably would have received at the hands of his own grandmother. She grabbed up the battling stick used to beat the clothes beside the washpot and used it on him, walloping him across the backside and scolding him roundly as she swung. The soldier, probably wishing he had met the Confederate General John B. Hood instead, fled, and such provisions as he took with him probably gave him indigestion.

The old lady wouldn't have called her action courageous. She was simply taking the most direct and practical course to guarantee that she and her family would be around for that eternally challenging event—Atlanta's tomorrow.

A young woman hanging out clothes in a trailer park on the south side of town recently expressed the same quality of suspense and excitement about Atlanta. She and her husband are what she called "new-style immigrants" from the Midwest who came to Atlanta looking for jobs in industry, liked what they found and are determined to stay.

"Anything can happen here," she said contentedly. "Twenty-one colleges, the symphony orchestra, the art galleries, the festivals and the fun . . . you know we want to rear our family here! There's money to be made, too. Look at Tom Cousins, a young man nobody had heard of a while back, now a multimillionaire. Atlanta dirt is pure gold."

She paused to put another clothespin in a diaper.

"We're not getting ahead yet but we will," she went on. "My husband has picked up a saying here that he uses to keep me cheered up. He says, "It's gonna be a Gre't Day in the Mawnin'!"

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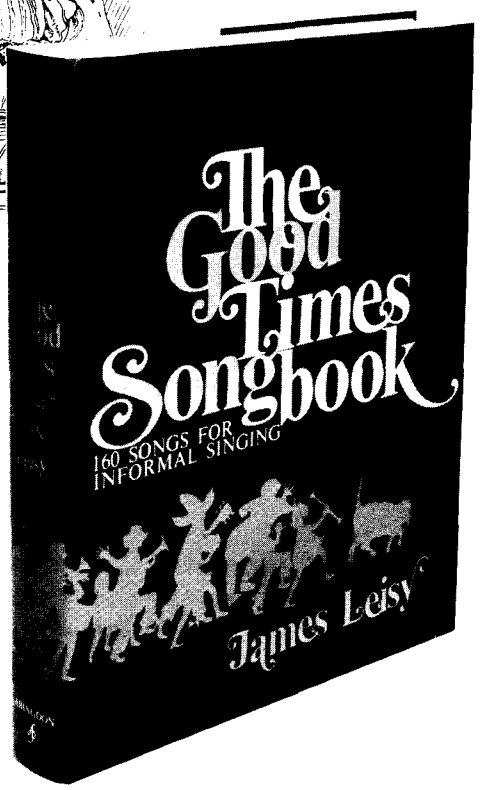

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Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't owned and managed a mink farm where we lived.

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband for years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were! I thought about them all that day. In my opinion it had to be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

After I'd used the mink oil my complexion looked fresher, clearer, smoother. There was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! The little lines had been eased away. Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it. My friends and relatives were astonished at the change in my appearance.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Emlin® Mink Oil Essential Creme. It contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for. These reports make me say "I believe that my mink oil will make your wrinkles vanish."

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spirit sustained the war-dispossessed citizens who came back after Sherman burned and pillaged their town, and started rebuilding. It attracted their erstwhile foes, Yankee soldiers and some few carpetbaggers, too, who came to have a hand in the town's future. (Atlanta has always attracted and welcomed northerners. The man charged with building fortifications for the Battle of Atlanta was a New Englander named L.P. Grant. The current authority on Atlanta history, author of a three-volume tome called *Atlanta and Environs*, is a gentleman from Indiana, Franklin Garrett.) The great-day spirit is rampant today among people like Tom Cousins, the boy-wonder builder the young woman considered such an inspiring example.

Thomas G. Cousins, an obscure pre-fab house salesman a few years ago, was Georgia's biggest home builder by the time he was thirty-one years old, and now at the advanced age of forty-two rivals John Portman as a developer of eye-catching mid-city real estate. In 1963, Reese Cleghorn, an Atlanta newspaper and magazine writer, observed wryly that Cousins "just wants to build a few thousand houses by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Cousins did build a few thousand houses—subdivisions and condominiums and apartment complexes—by dozens of roads until he had a ring of Cousins, Inc., properties around the city. Then he built the Omni, a great, rust-colored metal and glass sports arena, beside the railroad tracks downtown. It is the home of the Atlanta Flames ice hockey team and the spot where circuses and rock groups perform when they come to town. Next up, in fact scheduled for completion this year, is a mega-structure covering more than ten acres under one roof—Omni International to be connected to the Omni by covered walkways, with the world's biggest escalator conveying visitors to an ice skating rink, restaurants, nightclubs, a trade pavilion, an international bazaar, a German beer garden, tennis courts, ten movie theaters, a three-story waterfall and, when they are surfeited, a nearby 520-room hotel.

At last count Cousins was calculated to be more than twenty-one times a millionaire and great chunks of that "gold" Atlanta earth, where old Terminal and Union railroad stations were razed and dozens of railroad lines were uprooted, is either owned or controlled by Cousins.

Atlantans dodging to avoid falling bricks or timbers where an old building is coming down, or pausing, bemused, to stare at bulldozers moving antlike around some monstrous hole in the ground, routinely murmur to one another: "Portman? Or Cousins?"

It is a favorite boast with Dan Sweat, director of an organization of business and civic leaders called Central Atlanta Progress, that Atlanta's central business district is "unique in the world" in that it kept growing and renewing itself during the turbulent days of the 1960's, when many cities were caught up in racial upheaval and violence.

Thirty-six new buildings with more than twelve million square feet of office and hotel space went up during the decade. Sweat was showing slides of the new skyscrapers, including the city's tallest, the forty-four-story First National Bank tower, to a group of students at the University of Georgia in Athens. He told of the seventy-story, 1,000-room hotel John Portman is building on the site of the old state-owned Henry Grady hotel on Peachtree and spoke of its being "the tallest hotel in the world, surpassing Moscow's Ukraine and New York's Waldorf-Astoria."

"It will be," Sweat continued his narrative, "one of the sixteen tallest buildings in the United States and the South's highest. An indoor lake at the bottom of the atrium. . . ."

"Aw," said a student in the audience, "you gotta be kidding. That's a brag."

"Come to Atlanta with me, son," Sweat answered curtly. "I'm going to let you touch steel."

Sweat, an ex-newspaperman, was not bragging. He works with one of the most realistic groups in the world—the Central Atlanta Progress Board headed by Harold Brockey of Rich's, the South's biggest department store. All of them know that saving the central city is sheer practicality. The downtown business core, measuring one and a half square miles, provides employment for more than 45 percent of Atlanta's workers and accounts for 44 percent of the total property tax base. So this group has been vigilant to push for development that will keep the downtown not only alive and kicking but interesting. As much as they rejoice in building, they gloried recently in non-building. An anonymous donor gave the city a couple of blocks at Five Points, downtown's heart, and all of the buildings were torn down to make Central City Park an area of grass and trees where shoppers and workers in nearby banks and stores sun themselves or picnic on fair days. This park has been so successful that the city is preparing to level more buildings and extend it 200 feet—all the way up to the old Candler building, which was built in 1906 by the founder of Coca-Cola, Asa G. Candler, as the city's first skyscraper—an imposing seventeen stories. (This "palatial structure," as the press called it in 1906 when it was dedicated, has recently been refurbished and become a prestige address for lawyers and doctors.)

Of course it took more than steel and concrete to help Atlanta through the city-destroying 1960's. A will to survive and a willingness to change were necessary. Atlanta had

Continued on page 112

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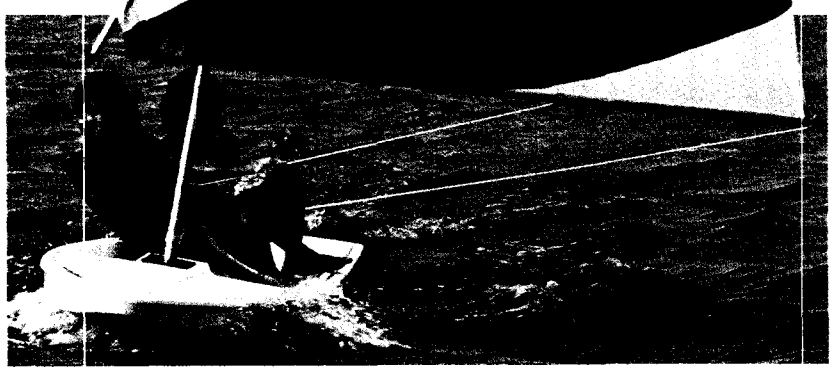
Water-Way to Go

Scamper 101



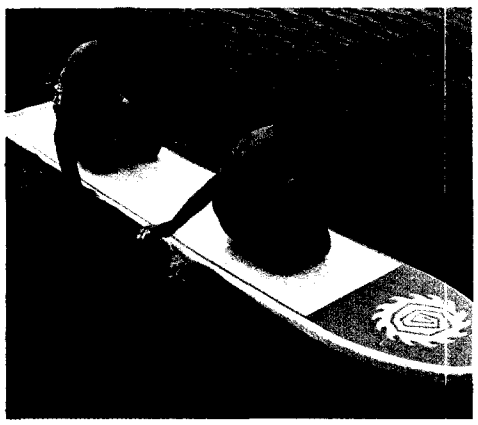
Here is a "fun" boat at a thrifty price for the new sailor just getting his sea legs. The unsinkable 11-foot expanded polystyrene hull with a 3-foot beam carries two adults comfortably in its self-bailing cockpit. She comes complete with 45-square-foot nylon sail and 10-foot aluminum boom and yardarm with an 8-foot mast. Her draft is 30 inches with marine plywood centerboard down. The 101 can be carried on a car top or in a station wagon easily. It's a cinch to rig and even a youngster can right it should it tip over. There's plenty of sailing enjoyment for very little money in the Scamper 101. Comes with complete instructions. Shipping weight is 57 pounds. $129.95.

Scamper Cat

Sail like the Polynesians in the Pacific with this new and exciting catamaran. Sail alone or with a group. ScamperCat is fast, seaworthy and sturdy, and you can move her to the water on a car top without using a boat trailer. ScamperCat has unsinkable expanded polystyrene hulls with Vacobonded plastic exteriors. She draws just 13 inches, is 12 feet long and has a 6-foot,8-inch beam. Rudder and tiller, as well as the 17-foot, 6-inch mast and the 9-foot boom are aluminum. There's a big 75-square-foot nylon sail with three battens. The hulls lock easily and securely into one rigid unit. Comes with complete instructions. Shipping weight is 185 pounds. $599.95.

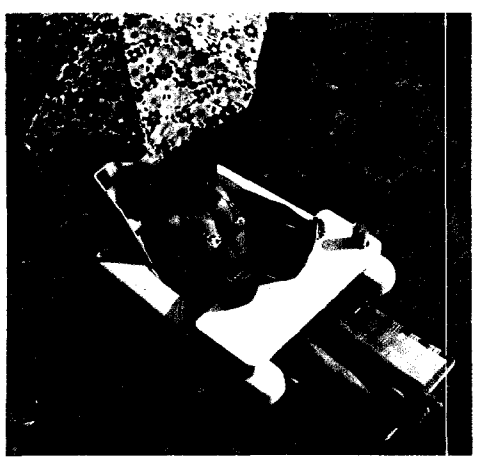
Paddleboard

You'll think of many ways to have fun with the Formex Paddleboard. It's unsinkable because it's made of aluminum reinforced expanded polystyrene. It's a great swimming aid, or an ideal rescue board. Expert swimmers can be towed behind a power boat. Paddleboard weighs only 19 pounds and is 11 feet long and 2 feet wide. Shipping weight is 25 pounds. $40.62. With paddles, $52.90.



Floater loafer

The Floater Loafer is a full-length lounge that supports you comfortably near the water surface. Made of expanded polystyrene, the Floater Loafer has positive flotation all the way to the foot rest. Seat and back are made of polished aluminum with durable plastic webbing. Optional detachable table and umbrella add the final touch of the easy life. $38.95.



Holiday Shopper, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Please send me the Formex water-fun products indicated below:
☐ScamperCat 113, $599.95. ☐Scamper 101, $129.95. ☐Floater Loafer, $38.95.
☐Paddleboard, $40.62. ☐Paddleboard with paddles, $52.90.
All orders shipped freight collect.
☐Check or money order enclosed.
Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge

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Please allow 6-8 weeks delivery.
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.
For your convenience use perforated order form on page 129A. 4H

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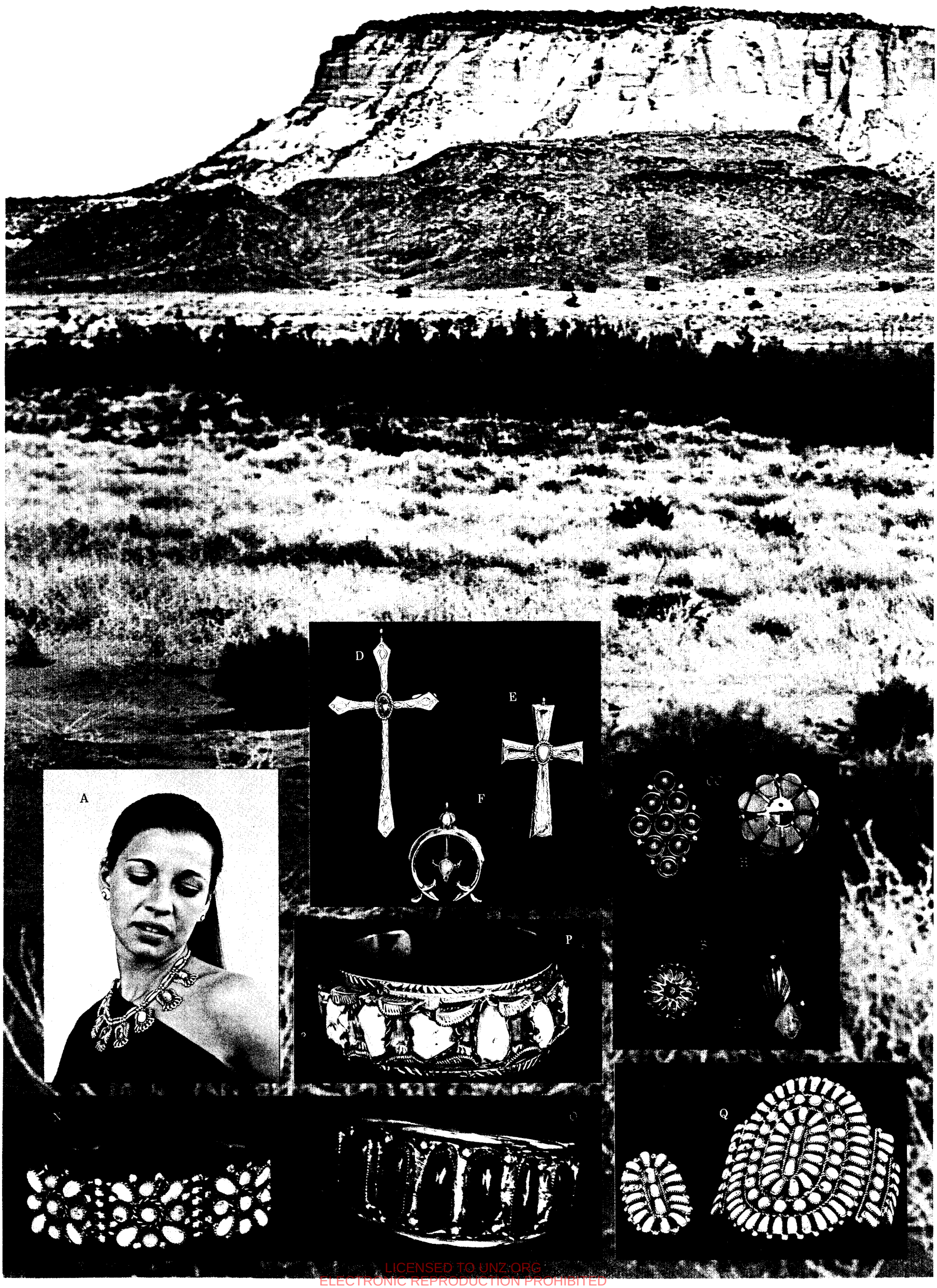

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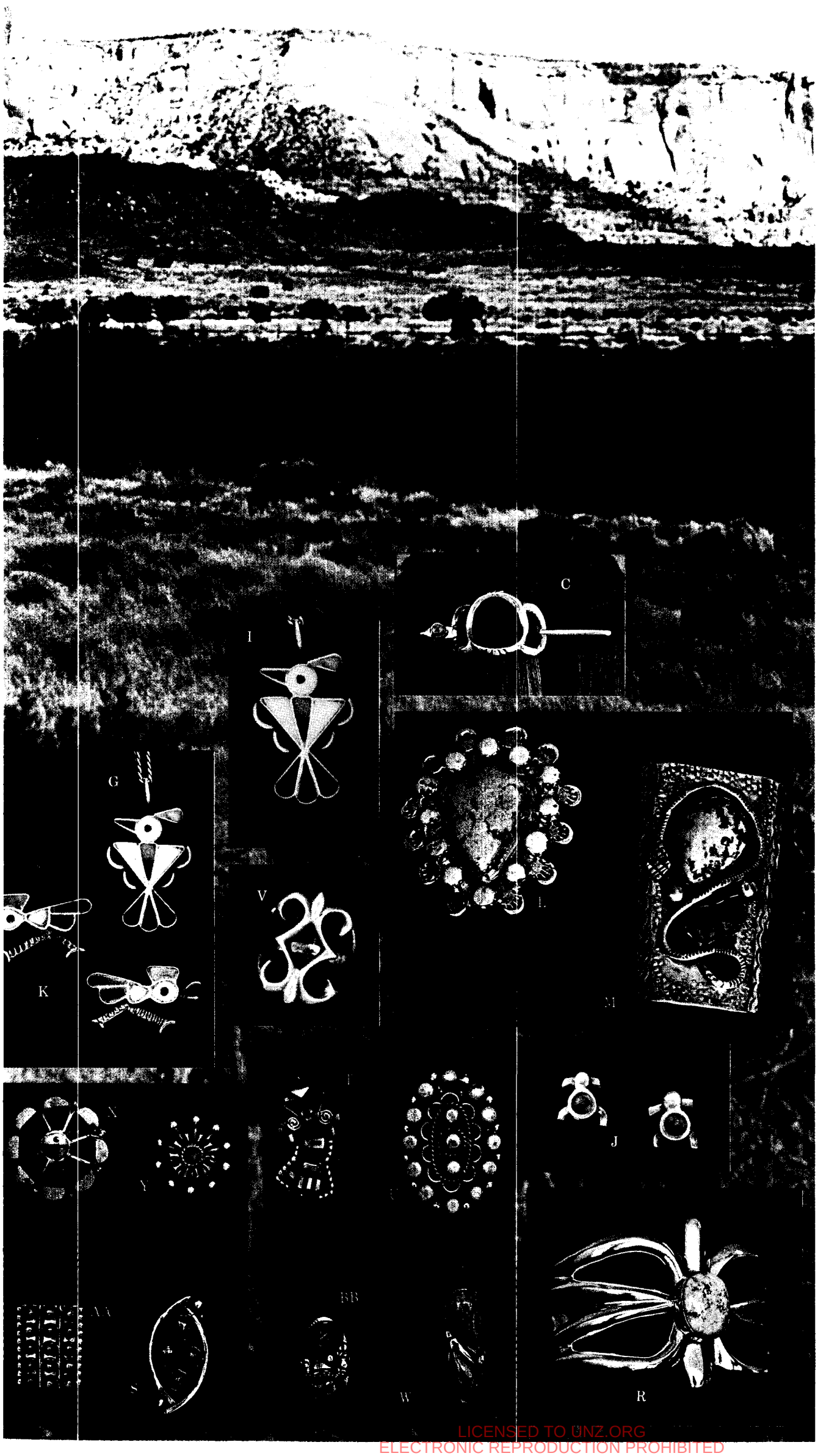

INDIAN ARTISTRY

From the Zuni Pueblo in New Mexico. Handsome sterling silver and genuine turquoise jewelry, created with skill and pride by Zuni artists. Each piece is handcrafted . . . no two are alike! Each is an original American Indian work of art. Because each piece is an original and unlike any other, the items you order will not be exact replicas of those pictured here . . . but will be within 90% similar.

These beautiful examples of American Indian art are sure to become collector's items. Order now and expect delivery in time for Christmas.

Please send me:

A ____ Squash Sets at $900 each.
B ____ Ring at $90 each.
C ____ Hair Fastener at $36 each.
D ____ Cross (5"x3") at $45 each.
E ____ Cross (4") at $36 each.
F ____ Large pendant at $48 each.
G ____ Small pendant at $18 each.
H ____ Ring at $90 each.
I ____ Key Chain at $18 each.
J ____ Earrings at $10 each.
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O ____ Bracelet at $135 each.
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Q ____ Bracelet and Ring Set at $705 each
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X ____ Ring at $75 each.
Y ____ Ring at $60 each.
Z ____ Ring at $36 each.
AA ____ Ring at $45 each.
BB ____ Ring at $90 each.
CC ____ Ring at $30 each.

There will be a $2.00 fee for shipping and handling direct from the Laguna Reservation, Laguna, New Mexico.

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THANKSGIVING DINNER WITH THE LAGUNA PUEBLO INDIANS

Wouldn't you like to try out a recipe that dates back to the fifteenth century?

By Kathryn Klassen

Illustrated by Bill Ware

700 years ago
people were living here
water was running gently
and the sun was warm
on pumpkin flowers.
It was 700 years ago
deep in this canyon
with sandstone rising high above
The rock the silence tall sky and flowing water
sunshine through cottonwood leaves
the willow smell in the wind
700 years.
The rhythm
the horses feet moving strong through
white deep sand.
Where I come from is like this
the warmth, the fragrance, the silence.
Blue sky and rainclouds in the distance
we ride together
past cliffs with stories and songs
painted on rock.
700 years ago.

- Leslie Silko, a 26-year-old Laguna woman

An Indian Thanksgiving—imagine at your Thanksgiving table a pre-1539 recipe! What could be more American than Indian traditional rituals, ceremonies, legends to bring depth and beauty to modern holiday celebrations.

Food, among the Indians, has historically been closely linked with the spiritual world. When the Spanish Coronadoed through the Southwest in 1539, the Pueblo (means village or settlement) Indians had long been peaceful farmers and hunters. Their diet consisted mainly of corn, squash, pumpkin, beans, wild spinach and celery, and game. Original environmentalists, who lived on the land for centuries leaving no scars deeper than a corn furrow, they based their year-round lives on a fundamental reverence for life and earth—on the religious conviction that man must live in harmony with the world about him. Man is only as much as, and as little as, the earth which produces the crops, the sun which brings growth and warmth, the winds which carry the pollen (sacred), and the animals (referred to as deer people, coyote people, owl people) who give their lives to provide man with food and clothing. Harmony is fragile and must not be thrown askew—whether by wickedness, ignorance, or accident.

All Pueblo Indians have assigned duties and positions. Men grow corn, women grind it. Usually the wife owns the house and its contents. A man may belong more to his mother's house than to his wife's, and be more responsible for his sister's child than his own (society is matriarchal). Some rituals are complex, some not—such as cleaning up the pueblo for the arrival of the harvest "so the corn will be glad we bring it in."

A man plants his crops with prayer and songs. When he leaves to go hunting he says prayers to the deer. He never shoots the first deer he sees, but asks permission of him to shoot a member of the deer people, explaining that his family needs the food. At home the wife is singing a song-prayer to the deer, inviting it to come to her husband's gun. She promises to honor it, to pray for its spirit, not to allow any of its flesh to go to waste.

After the deer is killed, the husband's aunt is given the privilege of preparing the dinner. The entire family—aunts, cousins, all—feasts on the head of the deer. Afterward, the horns are tossed onto the roof or nailed above the barn door. In some households, the head is taken to a taxidermist to be mounted. The deer head then occupies a place of honor on the wall of the home. During holiday times, spruce twigs, symbol of everlasting life, are twined to form a ring which is placed on the antlers. The finest jewelry of the family—turquoise chunks, squash blossom necklaces, coral jacklaws are hung around the deer's neck—a beautiful ritual of respect honoring the source of food and life.

Moderation is the rule. No use of peyote or the mushroom *teonancatl*, or datura (jimsonweed)—except as an anesthetic at Zuni while setting a broken leg, or cutting out a tumor, and then it is given only to women or children. Indian men don't need such pain-killing nonsense. At least seventy medicinal plants—some restricted, some free—are known and used. Talking to plants is nothing new; according to the Pueblos, if the words are genuine, plants will talk back. Sex is casually accepted—"he's a likable fellow, always in trouble over women," goes a common saying. No self-torture; and fear of death is minimal. A man is popular who "talks easy and talks lots." But no excesses. Each gesture is an obeisance to living right, in unison with each other, to the past and the living world—divinity of living.

Religion demands that villages be built next to "living water" (running water)—which explains why most of the pueblos follow the Rio Grande River valley. The pueblos (there are nineteen in New Mexico, one, the Hopi, in Arizona) are like the small countries of Europe. There are old land disputes. Each has its own loyalties to one cause or another. Each will tell you that it is the only pueblo still doing things—dances, food preparation, religious ceremonies—the old way. "The others have forgotten the ways of the old ones. They don't do it right anymore."

Other differences? The women of Santa Ana are the Dutch housewives of the Indian world. Not a woman in the village prepares breakfast without first mopping her kitchen floor. The Santo Domingo women are the worst housekeepers, but they are the Armenian merchants of the Indian world. The shrewdest trader is hard put to get the best in a business transaction. The Zunis and Taos are the aristocracy. When a girl from another pueblo marries a boy from one of these villages it's like a Winesburg, Ohio, girl marrying a Rockefeller.

Laguna, located about forty-five miles west of Albuquerque, is the newest (1698), wealthiest, and most progressive settlement. A sizable income from uranium leases allows scholarship programs and profitable industrial projects which provide employment. An extraordinary church dating from 1706, with an ornate sanctuary combining Indian painting reminiscent of old Zia pottery designs and classical religious art, dominates the skyline.

The Zunis, their neighbors to the west, learned metal work from the Spanish and now produce a tremendous variety of high quality jewelry. Designs are the inspiration of individual artists—probably the finest and most delicate of all Indian jewelry. Turquoise, coral, tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl are inlaid in picture-type designs on a silver base. Zuni fetishes, as beauti-

A Zuni woman, an ancient craft. Pottery making declines as turquoise rings, silver belts turn to gold.

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Old Church of San José de la Laguna (1706) overlooks America's earliest condominiums (inset). Nearby uranium mines yield college scholarships, tourist motels, hospital facilities.

ful as they are valuable—birds, bears, turtles, are handcarved and strung on *heeshi* necklaces, usually three strands with twenty fetishes on each.

Navajo work is bolder, larger; the Navajos are better known for rugs, weaving. Hopi craftwork is best known for its silver overlay. (The Singer family does excellent pinpoint of turquoise and coral designs; Charles Loloma and Preston Maningue are top silversmiths.) Santo Domingos are famous for their *heeshi*—shells, stones cut into squares, strung, and ground down producing a fine rope. Papagos produce more basketry than any other tribe. Pottery is making a revival—especially among the Acomas, Picuris, and Cochitis (who also produce the finest drums). Indian Arts and Crafts Source Directories are distributed upon written request (Indian Arts and Crafts Board, U.S. Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. 20240).

The Catholic Church has claimed converts among the Pueblos for 300 years. Indians today find nothing inconsistent in revering both native and Catholic ceremonies. Following the midnight Christmas Mass, tom-toms may be brought in and ancient native dances performed around the altar.

Problems among Pueblos today hit at the foundations of their culture. Land resources are inadequate, agriculture as an economic base has become less and less effective, unemployment and underemployment especially affect the young, the ancient system of choosing old men to lead alienates the educated young and closes off cooperation with the surrounding world. Pressures of social change result in frictions, factionalism, alcoholism and weaken tribal authority. However, the record of survival after 400 years of encroachment suggests the values of their native culture may supersede even some of those of modern America.

We would do well to reflect upon certain Pueblo customs. One of the customs of the Pimas, centuries before the "civilized" world moved in, was that a warrior returning from battle (carrying four hairs from his enemy's head, instead of scalping) underwent a sixteen-day cure for insanity. In addition, he became responsible the rest of his life for the souls of those he had killed—animals included. War ceremonials closed with "You may think this over, my relatives. The taking of life brings serious thoughts of the waste; the celebration of victory may become unpleasantly riotous."

Recipes of the Pueblos are simple and ancient. Most use common garden or supermarket ingredients. (Write to Southwest Publishers, P.O. Box 4722, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106, for supplies not available at local markets.) Basics are tortillas, red chili, and green chili—frequently used in combination with other dishes. Everything using chili, red or green, is a post-1539 recipe, brought by the Spaniards (who also brought sheep, cattle, horses—before that time the only meat was game).

Tortillas come in two kinds: flour, made with white flour, shortening, water, baking powder, and salt; and corn—much thinner and made from dried corn soaked in lime and water till softened; then cooked, washed, ground into a fine paste, and patted into thin rounds and baked. White flour came over the Santa Fe Trail in the mid-1850's, so flour tortillas are fairly recent. Corn tortillas are ancient.

Red Chili Paste

This is the basic mixture for many dishes and was traditionally ground on a metate with a mano.

6-8 dried red chili pods
1 cup water
1 teaspoon salt

Tear stems from chili pods and wash in running water to remove dust and seeds. Place pods in blender with water and salt. Blend at high speed until of paste consistency. May be refrigerated for several days.

Green Chili

Preheat oven to 500°. Spread chili on a cookie sheet and bake, turning frequently, until skins are blistered and appear to have separated from the pod. Immediately place the pods on a dampened towel and cover with another damp towel until cool.

Rub shortening or olive oil on hands taking care to work the oil under fingernails and into nail beds before peeling the chili. This will protect the skin from the oils in the chili. Never rub face or eyes while peeling chili. Tear off stems and rinse out seeds. Drain, refrigerate or freeze until needed. Approximately 8 chilis equal 1 cup.

Fried Red Chili Paste

Used for carne adovada or on cold roast beef. Make paste as above, then fry in 4 tablespoons bacon fat over medium heat, stirring constantly, for approximately 5 minutes. Care must be taken to avoid browning the chili, which results in a rather bitter taste.

Carne Adovada

6 pork steaks (stew meat—either beef or pork may be substituted)
1½ cups fried red chili paste
Salt to taste

Cover steaks with chili paste and refrigerate overnight. Bake covered in preheated oven at 350° for 2 hours. Spoon off excess fat before serving.

Squash, Corn, Green Chili

6 zucchini squash, sliced
1 cup whole kernel corn
½ cup green chili, chopped

Place sliced squash, corn and green chili in a heavy frying pan. Cook, covered, over *very* low heat, stirring occasionally, for 20 minutes or until tender. Salt to taste. (No water is added due to the moisture in the squash and the very low temperature at which it is cooked.)

Green Pumpkin Stew

1 unripe pumpkin approximately 8 inches in diameter, peeled, seeded, sliced
1 cup whole kernel corn
1 onion, minced
½ cup green chili, minced
2 tablespoons bacon fat or oil
¼ cup water

Heat fat or oil in a large kettle over medium heat. Add pumpkin, onion, and chili. Sauté, stirring constantly to prevent sticking, until pumpkin and onion are clear. Add corn and water. Cover and simmer over very low heat, stirring often, until tender. More water may be added to prevent sticking.

Panocha Pudding

4 cups boiling water
2 cups panocha (sprouted wheat) flour
¼ cup wheat flour
3/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon lard or butter
½ cup water

Mix flours and add boiling water, stirring until mixture resembles pancake batter. Put sugar into

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a heavy skillet (preferably cast iron). Place over medium low heat and stir constantly until sugar is dark brown and melted. Add fat and water. Increase heat and bring mixture to a boil. Pour into flour mixture and blend well. Pour into a deep, well-oiled baking dish and bake, uncovered, at 350° for 1 hour. Cool. (For some reason this is always cooled, then reheated before serving. It may be served cool, but isn't as good.)

Wild Spinach
8 cups wild spinach (fresh spinach may be substituted), washed
6 cups boiling water
2 teaspoon salt
Plunge spinach into pot of boiling salted water. Remove from heat and allow to set for 5 minutes. Spoon spinach into colander, drain, serve. (The water used for cooking wild spinach is saved and used to make paint for traditional Pueblo pottery.)

Green Corn Bake
5 ears of green corn (slightly underripe for corn on the cob)
4 eggs, beaten
½ cup green chili, minced
½ teaspoon salt
Cut kernels from cob and scrape cob with the dull edge of the knife to extract all remaining moisture. Add beaten eggs, chili, salt, and bake in a covered, oiled baking dish at 350° for 40 minutes.

Sopaipillas
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon shortening
½ cup warm water
2 cups lard
Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. Add water gradually, stirring with a fork. Dough will be crumbly. Turn dough out into lightly floured board and divide. Roll out each half to 10 x 12 x 1/8 inch thick. Cut into 3-inch squares.

Melt lard in a deep frying pan until it begins to smoke. Fry 2 or 3 squares at a time turning once, until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. The squares puff up and resemble small pillows. Serve hot with honey.

Leftover sopaipillas may be slit down one side and filled with a combination of refried beans, browned ground beef and green chili. (They really are better when cooked in lard rather than shortening.)

Fry Bread
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3/4 cup water
2 cups lard
Mix dry ingredients. Add water and knead until dough is somewhat elastic and doesn't stick to bowl. More water may be added if necessary. Allow dough to rest for 20 minutes. Shape into lemon-sized balls. Pat back and forth between palms pausing occasionally to stretch out the rim, until ¼ inch thick and approximately 6 to 8 inches in diameter. Tear a small hole in the center. Heat lard in a 10- to 12-inch frying pan over medium heat until smoking. Fry rounds, one at a time, turning once, until brown on both sides. Drain on a paper towel. Serve plain or with honey.

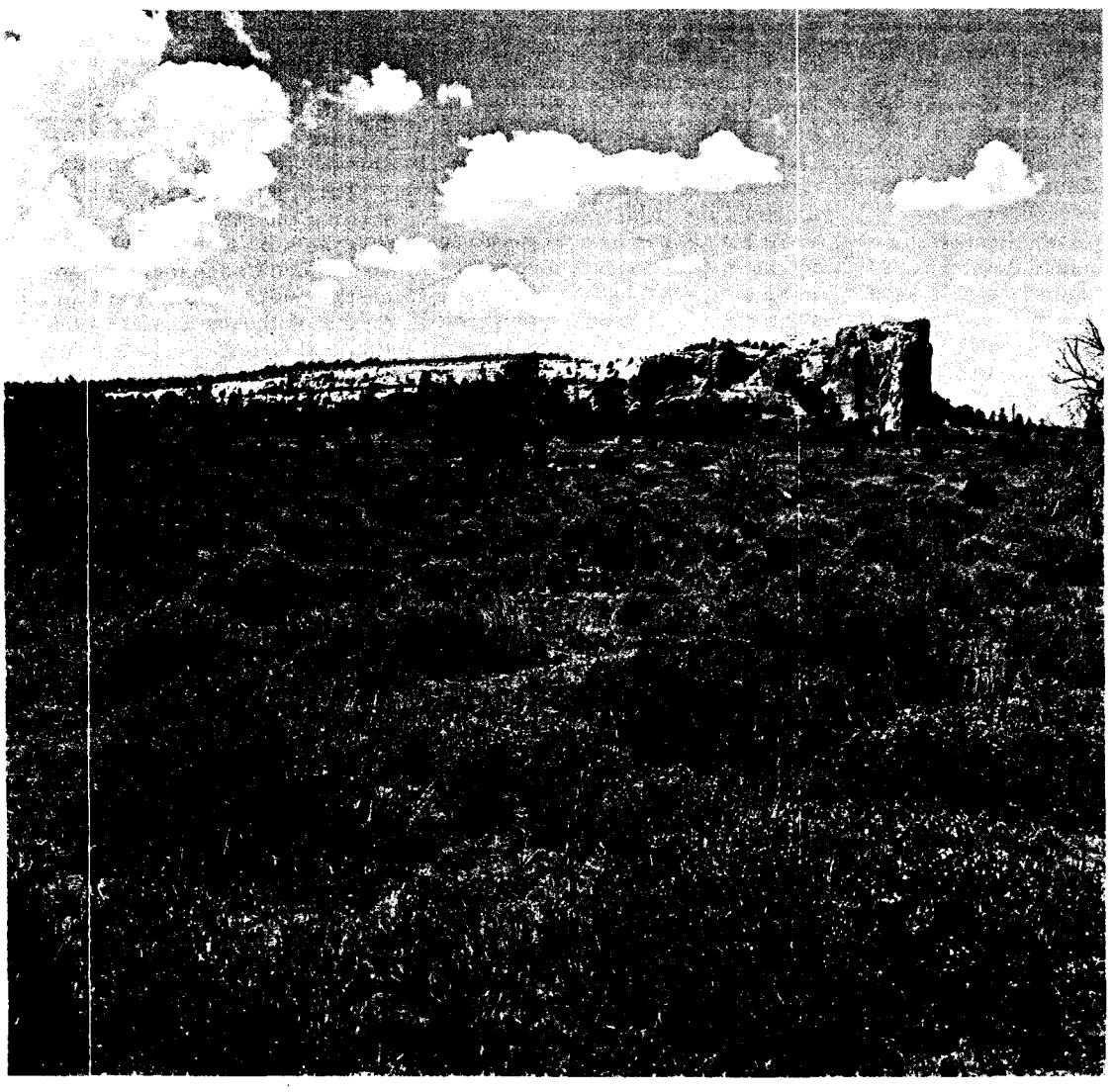
Hi-Yan'-yee (Blue Cornmeal Gruel)
This is an ancient recipe. Blue cornmeal is the most sacred food. This gruel is served to the elderly, to the sick, and to women following childbirth. It is believed to build strength.
1 cup blue cornmeal
1 cup cold water
4 cups boiling water
½ cup wild celery leaves (domestic celery may be substituted)
Bring water to a rolling boil. Mix cornmeal with cold water and add to boiling water. Sprinkle wild celery leaves over the top and simmer, without stirring, for 3 to 4 minutes.

Pueblo Oven Bread
9 cups flour
2 packages dry yeast
½ cup warm water
2 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons lard or shortening
2 cups water
Soften yeast in water. Mix melted lard, salt, sugar and yeast in a large bowl. Alternately add water and flour, a bit at a time, mixing well after each addition. Knead in the last of the flour until dough is smooth. Place ball of dough in a large oiled bowl, cover with a damp cloth and let rise in a warm place until doubled in size. Turn out into lightly floured bowl, punch down, then knead for 5 to 7 minutes. Shape into 4 round loaves, cover and let rise for 20 to 30 minutes. Place loaves in outdoor oven, or bake in oven preheated to 400° for 50 minutes until brown and loaves sound hollow when tapped.

Natillas
2½ cups milk
1 cinnamon stick
2 eggs, separated
3/4 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon vanilla
In a saucepan bring milk and cinnamon stick to a boil. Beat egg whites until stiff and set aside. Beat egg yolks until lemon-colored. Mix sugar, salt, cornstarch and flour. Add egg yolks and blend. Add 4 tablespoons boiling milk, a tablespoonful at a time, to the egg mixture. Pour egg mixture into milk and simmer, stirring frequently, until thickened. Remove cinnamon stick, add vanilla and fold hot custard mixture into egg whites leaving walnut-sized clumps of egg white unblended. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6.

These recipes and more can be found in the *Pueblo Housewife's Cookbook* by Nancy Winslow (Southwest Publishers, P.O. Box 4722, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106), available November 1.

Laguna poet, Leslie Silko, writes: "Where I come from is like this / the warmth, the fragrance, the silence. / Blue sky and rainclouds in the distance / . . . cliffs with stories and songs. . . "



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ATLANTA

continued from page 104

both. In addition, it had Ralph McGill.

The late Atlanta *Constitution* editor-publisher and Pulitzer prize winner, McGill took the lead in establishing a climate of reason and conciliation which helped Atlantans to work out racial problems before they became explosive. McGill was an unsparing critic of inequities in education, housing, health programs and economic opportunities and nagged Atlanta and all of Georgia into initiating some changes and accepting others when they came. He once laughingly explained his position as a gadfly by quoting "Marse" Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* who said:

"Things have come to a helluva pass
When a man can't flog his own jackass."

McGill didn't spare the lash and by the time integration began the city was more nearly ready for it than most southern cities. Later Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was to come home from Montgomery to join his father as co-pastor of Ebenezer Baptist church and launch the Southern Christian Leadership Conference programs of nonviolent marches, bus rides and sit-ins.

McGill was one of the organizers of a citywide welcome-home banquet and was on the platform to see it well done the night Dr. King and his wife, Coretta, came back from Sweden with the Nobel Peace Prize.

Dr. King died from an assassin's bullet in Memphis, where he went to help striking garbage men, on April 4, 1968. McGill died less than a year later—February 3, 1969—from a heart attack while he and his wife were having dinner in the home of a black schoolteacher whose work he had supported.

A grammar school, a twelve-story home for the aged, and the Martin Luther King Center for Social Change—a $10-million complex expected to be finished in 1976—honor the black leader. McGill's old rolltop desk—and before his, the editor-orator Henry W. Grady's—in the new Atlanta Newspapers building is held now by forty-year-old Reg Murphy, the young editor who made headlines last February when he was kidnapped and held for $700,000 ransom for two days and two nights. Jack Tarver, president of the newspapers, paid the ranson; it was delivered in a Jeep by the *Constitution*'s managing editor, Jim Minter; Murphy was released; and within hours the alleged kidnappers, a young man and his wife, were behind bars.

One-third black twenty years ago, Atlanta is now 52 percent black. The big Atlanta University center (part of Atlanta's assortment of twenty-one colleges and universities) has sent out hundreds of bright, well-trained young people into all facets of the city's life. One of them, Andrew Young, a King aide and civil rights crusader, now represents Atlanta in the United States Congress, the first black man to hold that position since Reconstruction days. Another, Maynard Jackson, whose grandfather was a railway mail clerk and member of the black "summit" that met with Atlanta city officials and business leaders to resolve problems as early as the 1940's, is the city's first black mayor.

Called "Big M" by some of the young people, both black and white, who worked in his campaign, Mayor Jackson is a mammoth man standing well over six feet tall and weighing more than he'll ever say over 200 pounds. The son of a preacher, the thirty-five-year-old mayor had his sights set on being a lawyer with a lucrative private practice when John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., diverted him by their examples. Working solely for himself and his family seemed a paltry excuse for living to young Jackson and he made up his mind to "become involved." His first involvement was as a lawyer for the National Labor Relations Board but after three years of helping low-income people where he could, he realized that the means for quicker social change lay in politics. He ran first for congress and was defeated. Then he ran for vice-mayor and was elected. Four years in that post convinced him that he could do a better job than the then mayor, Sam Massell, was doing, and in 1973 he ran against Massell and a gallery of nine other candidates, winning what he calls "a mini-mandate."

"Being mayor of Atlanta is an exciting job, totally absorbing . . . I work eighteen hours a day," Jackson said recently.

When he went into office a new form of government (council instead of aldermanic board with more power vested in mayor) and a new city charter, which had been in the works for years, were both activated. So many changes at one time were hard for even change-oriented Atlantans to take and Jackson began a series of regular forums to explain and placate.

He has other changes in mind, beginning with better law enforcement designed to topple Atlanta from the high place it holds in crime rate, particularly homicides. Jackson is pledged to work for a better-trained, better-paid, more professional police department, and stronger cooperation between it and the community. He has better jobs and better housing for the low-income citizen on his agenda and he exults in the "momentous" economic growth which was rending the air with the song of the jackhammer and riveter's gun even as he talked.

"Do you realize $7 billion in construction is now going on within two miles of the city hall?" he asked. "In two years there will be an additional $2 billion, even before MARTA (Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority) gets started."

The quality of life which has made Atlanta the hub of the southeast and imbued its citizens with a manic kind of patriotism is compounded of many things. The first thing most people mention when they explain why Atlanta is special to them is the weather. It's not unfailingly benign by any means, but wonderful, terrible, never the same, adding up eventually to a year-round average temperature of seventy degrees with summers cooler than most southern cities and winters balmy enough to nurture green forests and fabulous gardens even in urban areas. The altitude (1,050 feet) makes Atlanta the second highest sizable city, after Denver, in the country.

Atlantans long ago moved to save what architect John Portman calls "our magnificent greenery" by passing an ordinance against cutting trees. They are proud and accomplished gardeners and one of the high points in their year is that period in April when the little dogwood tree (second only to the peachtree in civic affections) decks their world in starched white lace—just in time, if the planners have guessed right, for the annual Dogwood Festival. This is a week-long fete which includes the crowning of a queen and a parade but is highlighted by tours of the residential areas where the dogwood arches over street and lawn in a mass of immaculate white bloom.

Atlanta brides are always warned by their mothers that unless they move away they had better look to their linen and china supply and stock the pantry "because, honey, you'll always have company—Atlanta's such an easy place to get to." The means of getting there has changed a little. It was once by train when thirteen railroad lines led to Atlanta. Now passenger service has diminished to the point that all but one small passenger station—little Brookwood out Peachtree road—has closed. But air traffic is so heavy that Hartsfield International Airport has become the third busiest in the country and the city has acquired land in neighboring Douglas County to build another to share the load. A dozen smaller airports operate in the five-county metropolitan area, including Fulton County Airport and Dobbins Air Force Base.

People come to Atlanta for business reasons because it is the regional headquarters, the "home office" of practically everything. They come to shop because the retail stores, led by the famous old Rich's (said by its competitors to be "the true religion" in Georgia), are outstanding in the nation. They come for the Metropolitan Opera in May, the Piedmont Art Festival in the summer, to see the Braves play or the Falcons or the Flames or Hawks, to attend a Georgia Tech game or to put their children in one of the twenty-one colleges. They come because they are ill and Atlanta is a medical center with twenty-three general hospitals and ten special hospitals and has the big U.S. Public Health National Center for Disease Control operating close by. They come to see the sights, Six Flags Over Georgia, a seventy-five-acre amusement park southwest of the city, or Stone Mountain, the world's biggest exposed mass of granite, exhibiting on its gray flank 400 feet up in the air the world's largest piece of sculpture, a Confederate memorial showing the equestrian figures of General Robert E. Lee, General Stonewall Jackson and President Jefferson Davis.

They come also to visit what many people believe is the fourth distinguishing thing about Atlanta (up there with Hank Aaron, John Portman, and Coca-Cola). That's Underground Atlanta, a jolly development started in 1968 to restore the original town of Atlanta which existed along the railroad tracks but was covered up in the 1920's when the city built a series of bridges over the railroads and the stores and restaurants moved upstairs so to speak. Visualized as an answer to Chicago's Old Town and New Orleans's French Quarter, the Underground almost stumped its toe before it was started.

There was a law in Georgia prohibiting the sale of whiskey within 200 yards of a school or 200 feet of a church, and Underground ran almost cheek-by-jowl against the Catholic Shrine of the Immaculate Conception and Georgia State University's basements. The Georgia legislature tried to help out by passing a bill to make all this a matter of local option but the then Governor Lester Maddox decided Underground was a "dive of iniquity" and vetoed the bill. Just when the developers foresaw tourists turning away by the hundreds from this dry spot, the state revenue commissioner saw a way to help. It was in his power to change the liquor regulations and he decided it was possible to measure the distance between a saloon and a church or school not "as the crow flies" but by "the nearest traveled road." Since it was necessary to go upstairs and get on a sidewalk or street to get to either Immaculate Conception or Georgia State the Underground operators were in free.

The Society of American Travel Writers recently cited Underground Atlanta for its "outstanding contribution to a quality travel environment through conservation and preservation."

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A preview of Holiday Goodies from *The Saturday Evening Post Family Cookbook*

And now for further lore from all over the United States in secrets of holiday cookery, we travel to every corner of the country to bring you secret recipes from family cupboards everywhere.

HAWAIIAN SOUFFLE

3 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons sugar
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
4 egg yolks
5 egg whites

Butter soufflé dish (1½-quart) and sprinkle with 1 tablespoon sugar. Melt butter in saucepan; stir in flour. Gradually add milk and sugar, stirring until smooth. Cook until sauce is thick. Add salt, pineapple and stir well. Beat egg yolks until lemon-colored; add gradually to mixture, stirring constantly. Cool. This portion may be made in advance.

Just before baking, beat egg whites until stiff enough to hold a rounded peak. With spatula thoroughly fold 2/3 of beaten egg whites into sauce. Now add remaining whites and fold in very gently. Pour into soufflé dish and bake in preheated oven at 350° for 45 minutes. Chill.

Put into dessert dishes, top with whipped cream. Sprinkle with coconut. Top with a cherry or strawberry. Serves 6.
Carol M. Johnson,
Glenwood Springs, Colorado

WALNUT MERINGUE DREAM

4 egg whites (at room temperature and a few days old)
Pinch of salt
1½ cups of superfine white sugar
1½ teaspoons vinegar
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup ground walnuts
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Oil and flour (or spray with Pam) an 8-inch springform tin and preheat oven to slow (300°). Beat egg whites with the salt at full speed until they stand in peaks. Sift sugar and gradually sprinkle in 1 tablespoon at a time, beating at high speed only until all sugar has been thoroughly mixed in. Then gently fold in vinegar, vanilla and walnuts. Put into the prepared tin and cook in the slow oven for 1 hour. Turn the heat off completely and leave the meringue in the oven until cold. When the meringue is cold remove from tin. The top may crumble slightly; if not, gently tap with knife handle until it crumbles just a little. Just before serving, pile whipped cream (unsweetened) on top of meringue. Then over this lightly dribble some chocolate syrup and sprinkle with some chopped walnuts. Serves 6.
Mrs. Penni Dean
Chicago, Illinois

TROPICAL TORTE

Cake:
2¼ cups flour
1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
½ cup vegetable shortening
1 cup mashed bananas
¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
1 cup finely chopped pecans

Filling:
1½ cups sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 eggs, beaten
1 stick butter
1 cup drained crushed pineapple
1½ cups coconut

Cake: Sift flour, sugar, salt, baking powder and soda into large mixing bowl. Add shortening, bananas, milk, vinegar, vanilla and eggs. Beat 3 minutes. Grease and sprinkle with pecans two 9-inch cake pans. Pour in batter and bake 30 minutes at 350°. Cool and split layers crosswise. Alternate layers of cake and filling with filling on top and bottom.
Filling: Cook sugar, flour, eggs, butter and pineapple until thick. Add coconut. Cool. Serves 8 generously.
Mrs. J.R. Hickman,
St. Petersburg, Florida

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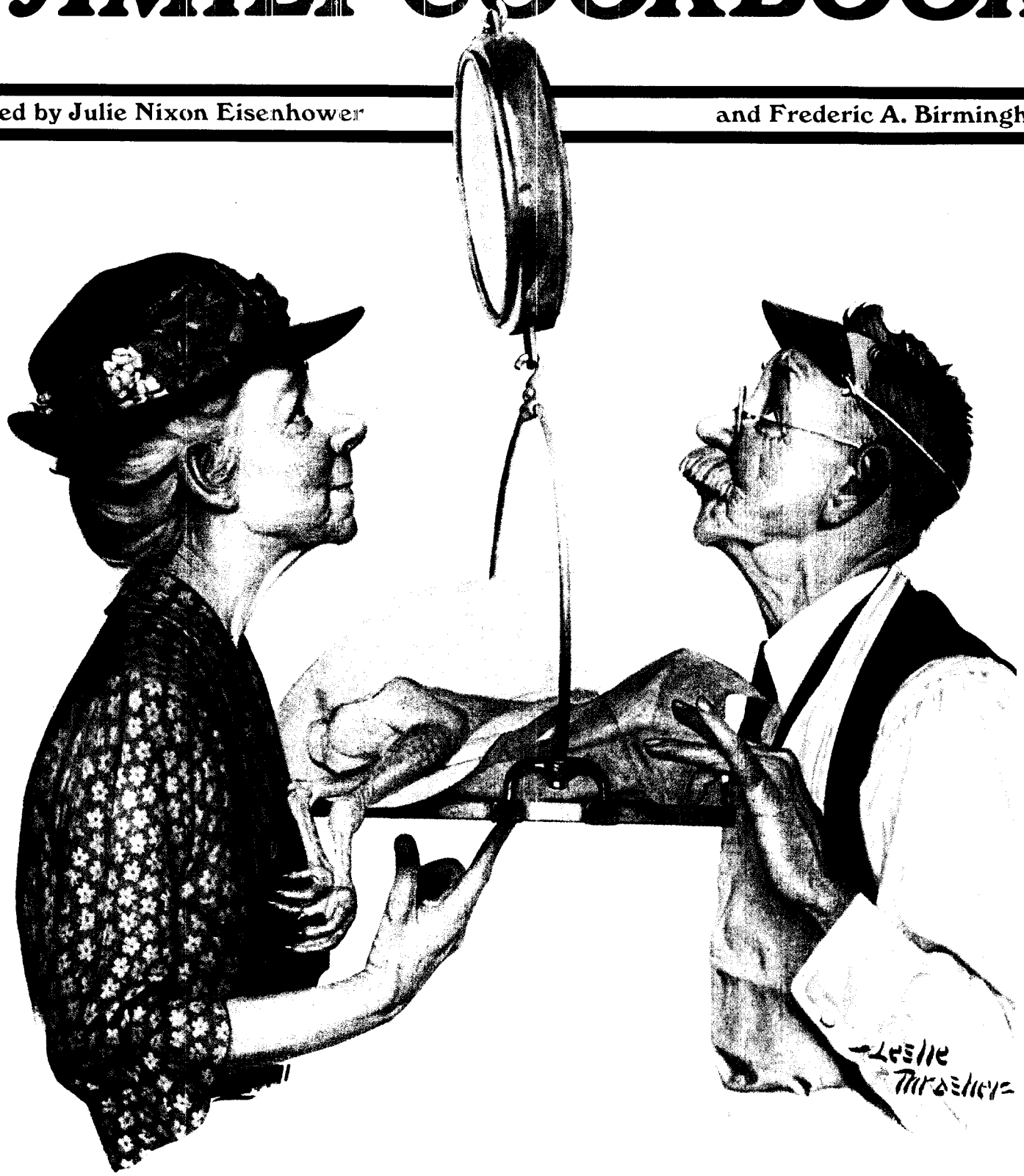
Edited by Julie Nixon Eisenhower and Frederic A. Birmingham



Over 350 treasured family recipes from Post readers; the humor of famous Post cartoons and a sampling of 50 years of classic recipes from the pages of The Saturday Evening Post, including Southern, New England, Midwest, German, Jewish, Pennsylvania Dutch and divers other specialties.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FAMILY COOKBOOK

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

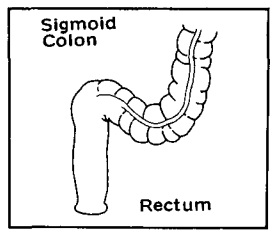
By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"When meditating over a disease, I never think of finding a remedy for it, but, instead, a means of preventing it."—Louis Pasteur

My father died of cancer of the rectum. He hated going to the doctor and was deathly afraid of any kind of examination. It doesn't do any good now but could he have been saved?

Cancer of the rectum can be cured if it is detected and treated early. Until ten years ago, carcinoma of the colon and rectum was a leading cause of death in the United States. During the last decade advances in early diagnosis have reduced that death rate. One of these advances is the sigmoidoscope and its increased use in preventive medicine.

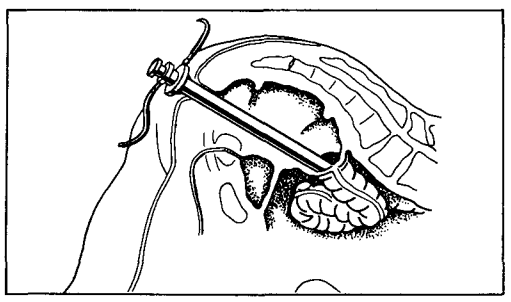
Recently, I had a sad experience. I met a man on a plane coming from Boston who had just visited his wife, a terminal cancer patient. Her cancer had originated in her lower colon. The couple's son was an internist teaching at Harvard Medical School and I knew the feelings of remorse that young doctor must have had for letting his mother miss her checkup. Many times older folks who retire and travel about the country are careless about their physical checkups. One of the most important things that children can do for their elderly parents is to make sure they are being seen on a regular basis for screening tests such as sigmoidoscopy. Most surgeons and many family physicians can perform this procedure.



The sigmoid colon derives its name from its resemblance to the Greek letter sigma.

Development of the sigmoidoscope is generally credited to Dr. William Beach. The instrument is a twelve-inch-long, electrically lighted tube with a circumference a little larger than the size of the thumb. The sigmoidoscope got its name from the area of the bowel it penetrates—the sigmoid colon.

By inserting the sigmoidoscope into the rectum and farther up into the sigmoid colon, the physician is able to see the inside of the rectum and also part of the bowel. It is estimated that 75 percent of all malignancies and premalignant lesions of the colon can be seen with sigmoidoscopy. More cancers occur in the sigmoid area than higher in the colon.



The sigmoidoscope, an electrically-lighted tube, aids in early detection of colon malignancies.

The performance of sigmoidoscopy is simple and only mildly uncomfortable. In preparation for the exam, the patient's bowel is emptied by following a liquid diet beginning the evening before. A cleansing enema is also administered a few hours before the exam. The patient leans forward on a special table, his head below his buttocks. The sigmoidoscope is gently passed through the rectal sphincter. The physician can see the bowel as he is passing the sigmoidoscope farther into the sigmoid colon. Because the bowel folds over on itself, it is sometimes difficult to pass the sigmoidoscope without reaching a blind pouch. To straighten out the bowel wall, the doctor will often gently inflate the bowel with air. Some patients find this is the most uncomfortable part of the examination, as the air may sometimes cause abdominal cramping. Generally, unless there is an obstruction, the sigmoidoscope is passed up to its full length of twelve inches.

The most important part of the examination is carried out as the instrument is withdrawn. The doctor rotates the instrument in a spiral fashion so that the entire circumference of the bowel wall is inspected. If a lesion (abnormality) is encountered, it is possible to biopsy (remove a piece for study), or remove the lesion, using special tools that reach through the sigmoidoscope to the lesion.

Recent advances in instrumentation have made possible a longer, better lighted, jointed instrument, the fiberoptic colonoscope. This instrument is able to reach farther into the bowel for examination and it also provides better illumination. It is expected that the fiberoptic colonoscope will provide even higher detection rates of colon or rectal maligancies.

All persons over age forty-five should have sigmoidoscopy performed yearly. Persons under forty-five, but with high risk, such as those with rectal pathology or those with a strong familial history of carcinoma of the bowel, also should have yearly sigmoidoscopy.

If you fall into the above categories, force yourself to undergo this bit of health insurance every year. Remember a cancer can be seen long before other symptoms may occur. When the first pain begins, the cancer may have already spread to a fatal extent.

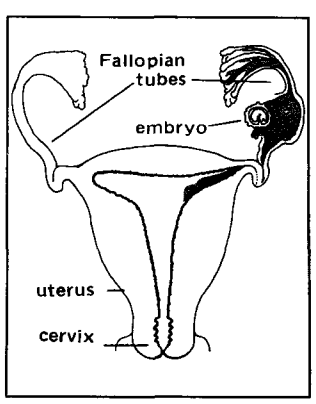
My sister recently experienced severe pain in her abdomen and above her rectum. We took her to the hospital emergency room. The doctor there did a pregnancy test on her urine and a few minutes later told us that she was pregnant. He called it a possible "ectopic" pregnancy and said she would need surgery immediately. Her menstrual periods had been irregular but she did not know that she was pregnant. He told us that she was very lucky and that she might have died if we hadn't taken her to the hospital so quickly. What exactly is an ectopic pregnancy?

A ruptured ectopic pregnancy is one of the true medical emergencies. If hemorrhage into the abdomen is massive and treatment is not given, death can result. The appearance of severe abdominal pain in a previously well patient is not to be taken lightly. An ectopic pregnancy is one which is implanted somewhere out of place (outside the uterine cavity). There are several locations where an ectopic pregnancy might occur, the most common site being in the fallopian tubes (tubal pregnancy). Other locations include the ovaries, the cervix, and in the abdominal cavity. Ectopic pregnancy accounts for about 0.3 percent of all pregnancies, and is said by many physicians to be increasing in frequency.

The cause of ectopic pregnancy is not entirely understood. Explanations usually fall into two categories—factors which prevent or slow down migration of the fertilized egg into the uterine cavity or factors which enhance its implantation at an unusual location. Among conditions which may slow down the progress of the fertilized ovum are congenital malformations of the fallopian tube; previous inflammations of the tube, such as that caused by a pelvic infection; or compression of the tubal opening by growths such as tumors. One other cause of tubal pregnancy is the presence of endometrial tissue (the type of tissue which lines the uterus) in the fallopian tube.

Implantation of an ectopic pregnancy may occur anywhere along the tube. Usually the patient is symptomless or exhibits the usual early signs of a normal pregnancy. Since the wall of the fallopian tube is not sufficiently elastic to allow the fertilized ovum to grow and develop there, rupture of the tubal wall and destruction of the fertilized egg is almost inevitable. The products of conception, together with blood, spill into the abdominal cavity.

Abdominal pain presents a diagnostic problem to the physician in that differentiating between ruptured ectopic pregnancy and appendicitis is sometimes difficult. The onset of pain in appendicitis is seldom as dramatic as that in ectopic pregnancy. In appendicitis, the pain often begins around the navel and then moves to the lower right side of the abdomen. In ruptured ectopic pregnancy, the pain is often knife-like or stabbing in nature and typically, lower abdominal pain develops suddenly. Loss of appetite or vomiting is more pronounced in appendicitis than in ectopic pregnancy.



Frequently, a patient who is not aware she is pregnant will report an abnormal or

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scanty flow at the time of her last period. The rupture of an ectopic pregnancy usually occurs within the first twelve weeks.

Treatment of a ruptured tubal pregnancy is surgery to remove the involved fallopian tube, and often replacement of blood to control the hemorrhage.

Ovarian pregnancy, in which the fertilized egg implants in the ovary, is rare. It also results in rupture of the gestational sac at an early stage. On occasion, it can be confused with an ovarian cyst. Treatment for ruptured ovarian pregnancy is surgical removal of a portion of the ovary.

MEDICAL HISTORY

Digitalis Drugs

Among the most useful of the heart drugs available to physicians are the drugs of the digitalis family. These drugs have enabled countless individuals—who would otherwise have died from failing hearts or struggled on as cardiac cripples—to live useful and full lives. The story of its accidental discovery is an exciting tale.

During the 1700's, there was an old woman in Shropshire, England, who had acquired a reputation for her ability to cure "hopeless" dropsy patients. After her treatments, the thick swelling around her patients' ankles would disappear and the "cure" was apparent for all to behold. William Withering, the son of a Shropshire County doctor, heard of the old woman's concoction of herbs that was her medicine. Withering was able to persuade the woman to give him her secret family recipe for "foxglove tea," the mysterious cure. After analyzing the mixture, Withering found that all its ingredients were useless, except for the foxglove plant. He described the dramatic event of that discovery in his 1785 medical classic:

In the year 1775, my opinion was asked concerning a family recipe for the cure of dropsy. I was told that it had long been kept a secret by an old woman in Shropshire, who had sometimes made the cures after regular practitioners had failed. I was informed also that the effects produced were violent vomiting and purging; for the diuretic effects seemed to have been overlooked. This medicine was composed of twenty or more different herbs; but it was not very difficult for one conversant in these subjects to perceive that the active herb could be no other than Foxglove.

The new drug was mentioned in a contemporary rhyme:

The Foxglove leaves, with caution given,
Another proof of favouring Heaven
Will happily display.
The rapid pulse it can abate,
The hectic flush can moderate
And blessed by Him Whose will is fate,
May give a lengthened day.

For nine years, Withering experimented with the effect of pills or powders made from different parts of the foxglove plant. He found that a powder made from the leaves just prior to blossoming was highly effective.

Although Dr. Withering didn't understand the actions of digitalis, he knew the old woman's recipe brought relief to many of his own patients who were suffering from dropsy due to cardiac weakness.

Other physicians soon followed his lead. Today, digitalis is effectively used in the treatment of many heart problems. Patients whose lives have been saved by the drug are deeply indebted to the old woman of Shropshire and her mysterious recipe.

MEDICAL NEWS

Relighting Your Cigarette Is Hazardous

Some smokers habitually relight their cigarettes, which, for some reason, have become extinguished. A British physician recently published a report which indicates that relighting of one's cigarette increases the chance of developing chronic bronchitis.

Male volunteers, aged forty or more, were used as the sample in this study. They were questioned about their sputum production, their smoking habits, and, when applicable, their method of smoking cigarettes. Of 5,438 cigarette smokers 1,051 (19 percent) claimed that when smoking a cigarette they usually extinguished it at some stage and later relit it to smoke again. Anyone who admitted to producing sputum from his chest on most days of the year for at least the two prior years was classified (in the absence of other disease) as having chronic bronchitis. Such chronic bronchitis totaled 1,864 (34 percent) of the sample.

The rate of chronic bronchitis among relighters was about 15 percent higher than the rate among the remaining cigarette smokers. The difference was significant.

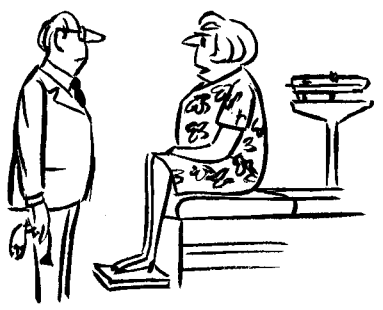
While cigarette smokers in general may be classified as a high-risk group in respect to chest disease, it seems that relighters are an even greater risk.

Chinese Mobile Splints

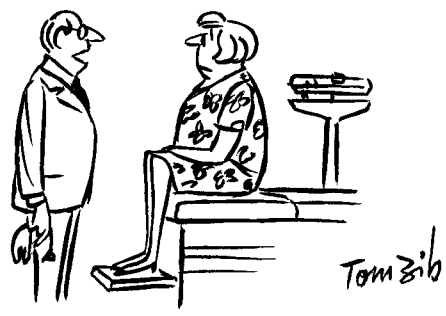
The Chinese system of setting bones makes notable departures from standard American practices, according to Dr. Claude Welch, who with an AMA delegation recently visited in China. He reported that an unusual system of flexible splinting is being used there. The fracture is not mobilized in rigid plastic casts but is bound up in soft material, very often rolls of cardboard. The joints are allowed to remain mobile. Physicians in this country are taught to immobilize joints above and below the fracture.

Chinese physicians perform few open reductions (setting of the bone where surgery is used to gain access to the bone). Instead they move the fracture about freely until they have realigned the bones to their satisfaction. Then a flexible splint is applied and the patient is on his way, sometimes back to work. The result is a fracture that heals quickly, strongly and without frequent complications, according to Dr. Welch. "Their fracture treatment is something we ought to look at closely," Dr. Welch said.

"There's Absolutely Nothing Wrong With You—would you like a second opinion?"



"Yes."



"There's Absolutely Nothing Wrong With You."

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continued from page 68

bank that was burned down by a mob a few years ago near Santa Barbara. Lundborg journeyed to the area to determine how the bank should deal with the situation. The counterculture was waiting. Apparently, Lundborg listened and listened well. His analysis of the youth movement that resulted from conversations and debates with the people he encountered shows great insight and understanding. When he criticizes the current youth movement, knowledge and objectivity shine through. He is neither antagonistic nor defensive. Our cultural values are not, nor should they be, determined by the "under-thirty" group. Issues and values on both sides of the line need thoughtful examination. Lundborg quickly provides this meaningful perspective, tells us how it is, and then proceeds on his central theme—how it might become.

One of the first points that Lundborg makes is that values are changing rapidly and will continue to do so. In the author's words, "We must be prepared to see all our assumptions—everything that we have taken for granted all of our lives—questioned and challenged. That is a painful experience." Regarding the nature of some of these changes, Lundborg turns to an examination of many of the attitudes held by members of the youth culture. He points to dissatisfaction with a work ethic that says work is good for its own sake. In the future, he claims, it must have greater meaning. Next he dwells on the "Growth is Good" concept and warns us that this typically American ideal is dying rapidly. Put another way, the future will be marked more by a quest for quality than quantity and this transition will not come easily. At times Lundborg sounds very much like a typical college student in making his point: "Many values don't depend on material goods. They depend on relations and interactions with other people, or on interactions with things in nature. In many of those relationships what we call material comforts actually get in the way."

The beauty of this book is that it speaks to both sides of the generation gap. Lundborg has harsh words for those who merely seek change for its own sake and then walk away from the difficult job of implementation. Businessmen, young people, and all others in our society will have to pull together to meet the challenges that we face. This is no time for name calling from any sector of society. He takes a crack at his colleagues in the business world by disposing of the old slogan, "The business of America is business," and replaces it with "The business of business and of America is man." He goes on to say, "The quality of life in its total meaning is, in the final reckoning, the only justification for corporate activity." That phrase alone, along with Lundborg's defense of that position, should raise an eyebrow or two in corporate circles.

From beginning to end *Future Without Shock* carries the reader along by its clarity of thought and the reasonableness of its positions. One quickly realizes that the author is a true professional in presenting arguments lucidly and forcefully. There are no emotional outbursts or dramatic predictions of a frightful future unless we follow some pet panacea. This is not to say that the book does not carry a warning. He marks well the drift toward central authority, noting that the ship that tends to be pulled into the maelstrom of Authority and to be destroyed carries the name Liberty. He has a simple answer: "Wake up to the fatal trend before it is too late." Next, we must decide that we really want liberty and exact from ourselves the discipline that will be needed to preserve it. If the decision is affirmative, then it is time to stop looking at someone else to solve society's problems. He asks us what we have done to help even a little bit on any of the problems we are fussing about.

Future Without Shock is an optimistic book that raises our hopes and challenges the best that is within us. It has much of the same thrust and impact as John Gardner's *Excellence* and, hopefully, it will be read as widely. It is worth that extra copy for a friend.

Answers To

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 85)

1. Alaska	7. Colorado
2. Texas	8. Illinois
3. Iowa	9. Kansas
4. South Dakota	10. Arizona
5. Delaware	11. Vermont
6. Georgia	12. Louisiana

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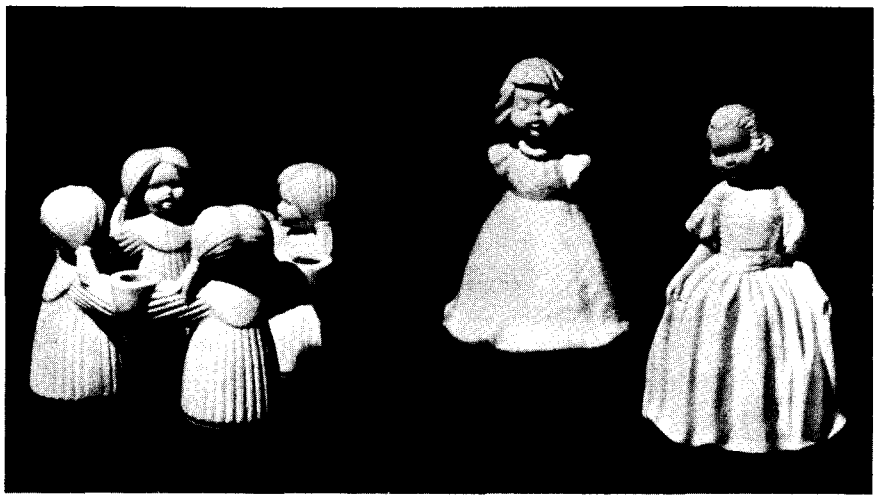
Collectors' Classics

All collectors revere the classics . . . such as Goebel of Bavaria's Candleholder and Teabells, the French Bayel's Wine and Cordial set, Bayel's Bacchante Stemware, and the Italian Giannelli's Alabastrite. The Candleholder and Teabells are fine porcelain bisque pieces of the same quality as the world famous "Hummel" figurines, also by Goebel. Bayel, manufacturing in France since 1666, creates each handmade Wine and Cordial set in lovely lead crystal. The oldest glass factory in France, Bayel also displays the Bacchante pattern of lead crystal stemware. This elegant pattern features a frosted figure of the goddess of wine. And Giannelli has hand carved and signed each of his exquisitely molded figures of gleaming alabastrite from ancient Volterra, Italy.



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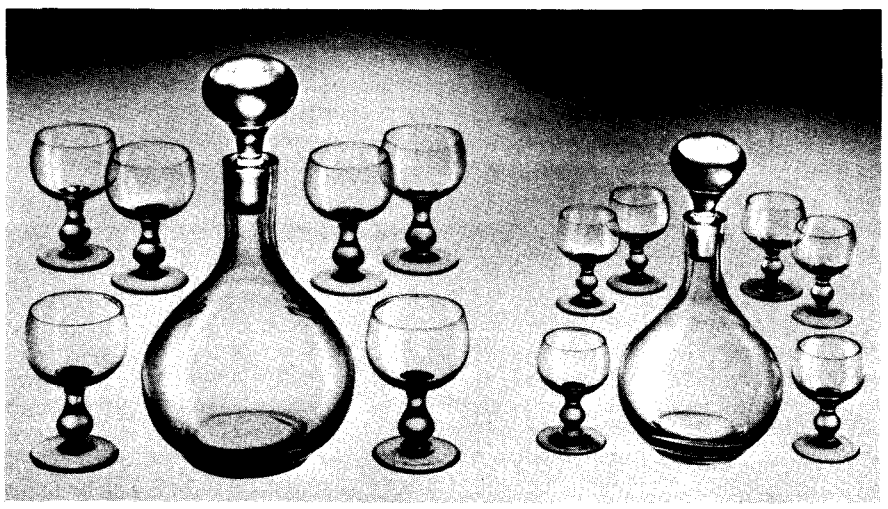

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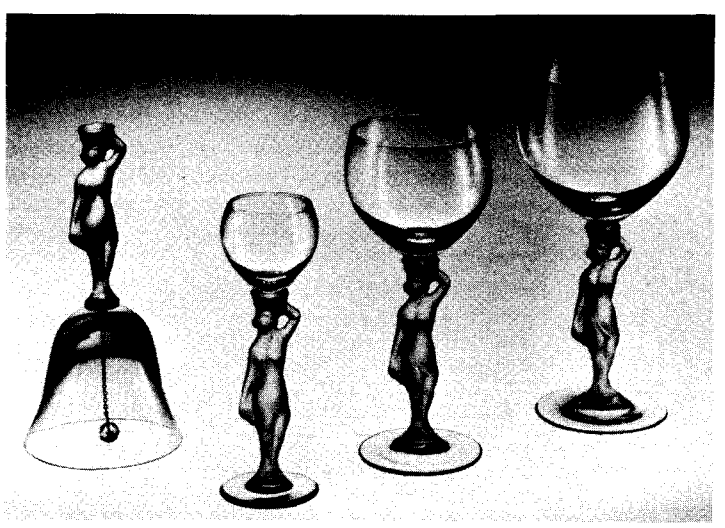

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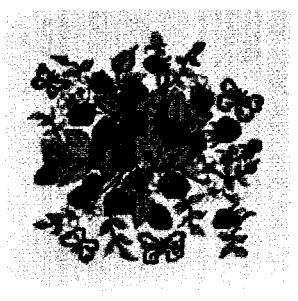

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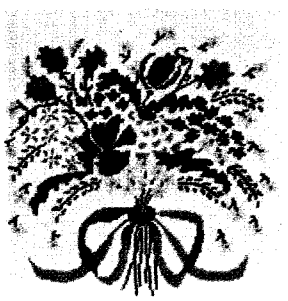

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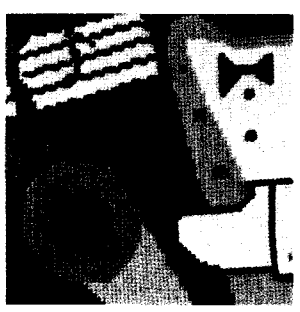

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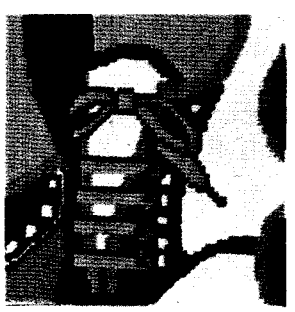

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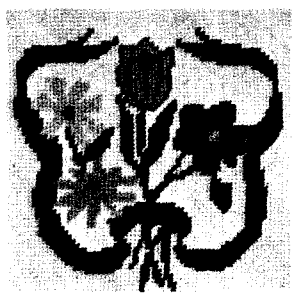

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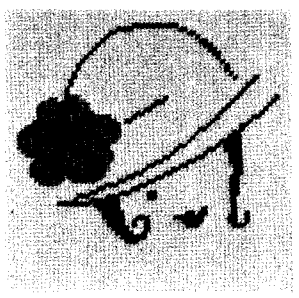

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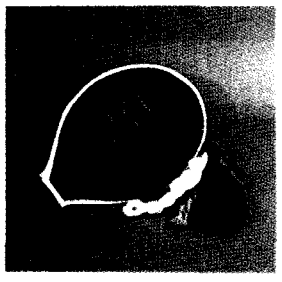

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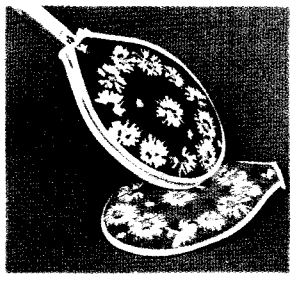

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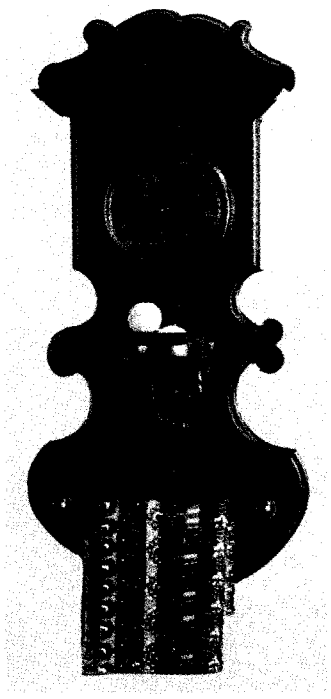

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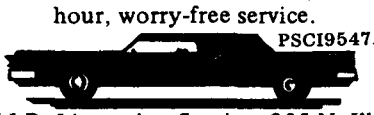

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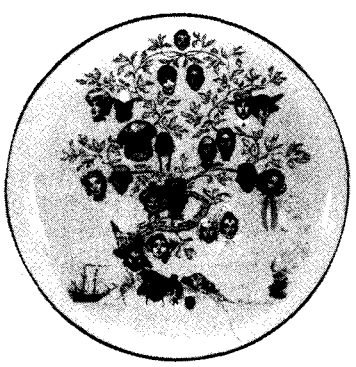

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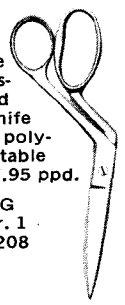

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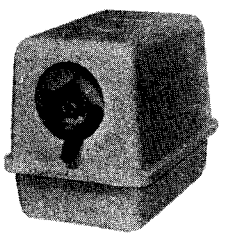

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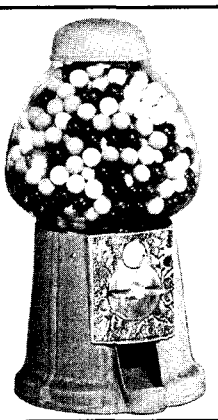

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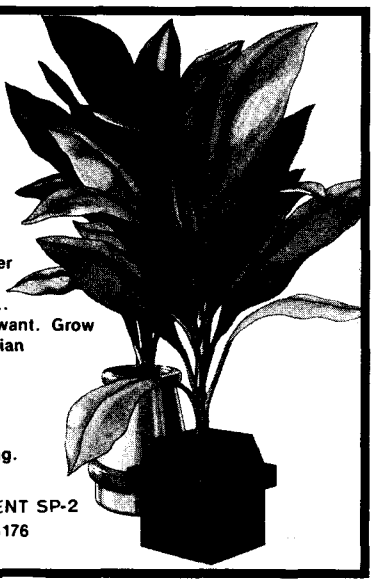

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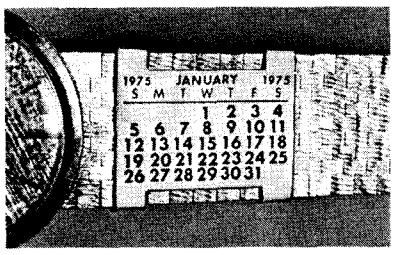

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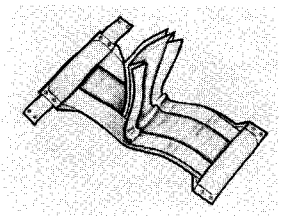

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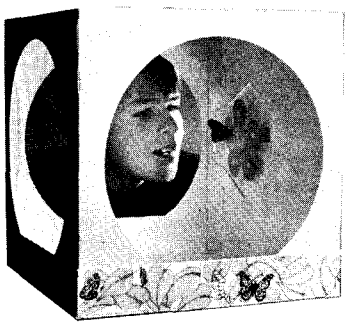

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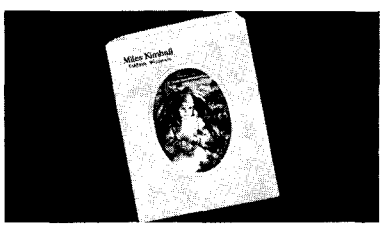

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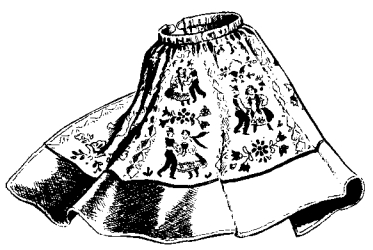

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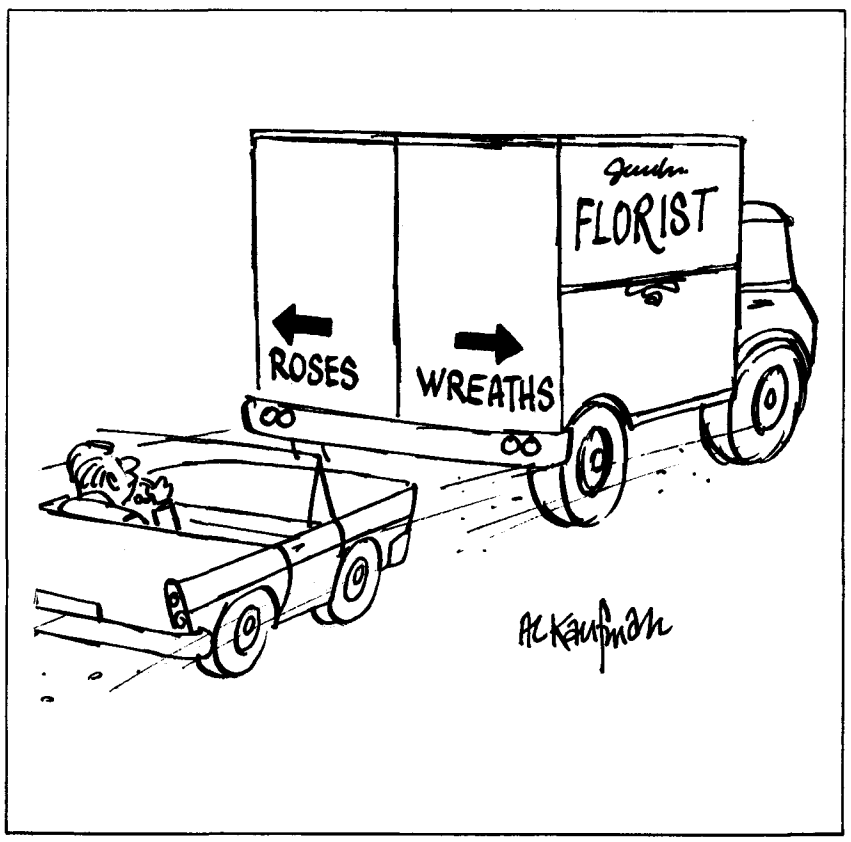

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continued from page 85

she found that her candles never lasted her until the next delivery, but Mrs. Kelly, who was no lover of books even in more intricate times, shared hers with Mrs. Tarrant over the redwood fence. "Thank you," tinkled Mrs. Tarrant's bell as she pressed her button. "You're welcome," caroled the bracelet of Mrs. Kelly, more polite than she had ever been in the days when there were words.

Oh, yes, there were advantages to the new regime.

Only . . . only . . . Mrs. Tarrant sighed, shifted in her seat, and gazed down at the Schuylkill River as the train rumbled over the bridge. The white hands of a black man seated across the aisle next drew her attention. She tried not to stare but she never had ceased to feel shock at Simplissimus's solution to racism. "One color for all," he had suggested. And of course the color was white. His chemists had perfected a pill that did the trick painlessly, quickly, simply. But sometimes, as with the man across the aisle, less than efficiently.

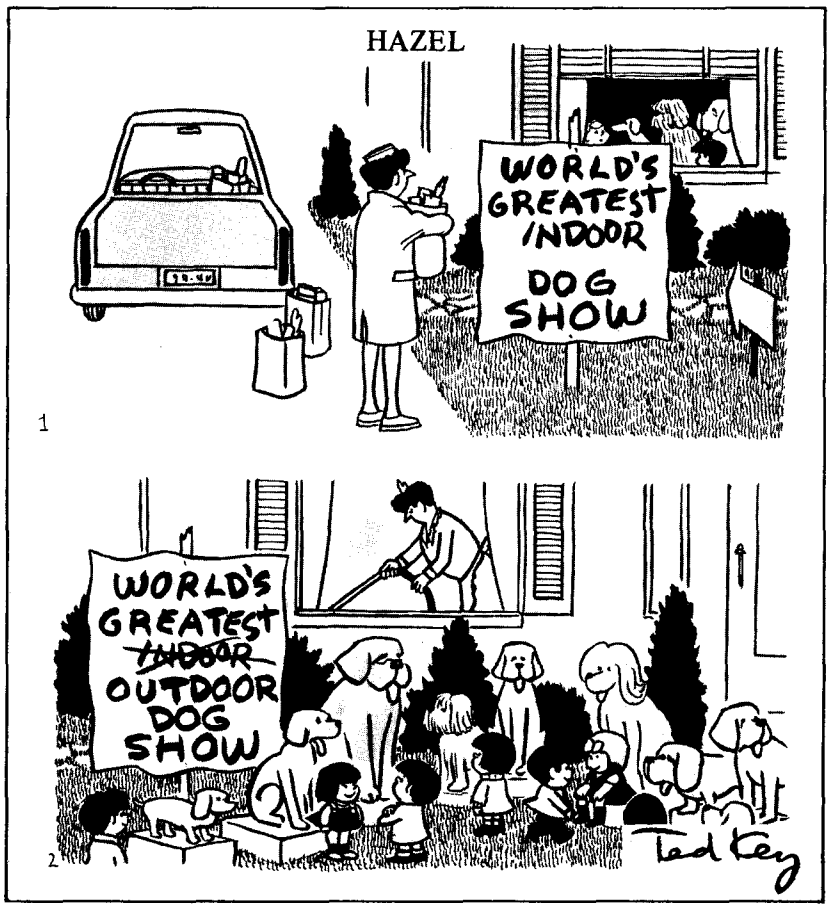
The train stopped, the black man arose and stood back politely to allow Mrs. Tarrant to precede him down the aisle. She felt a strand of hair stir on her cheek as someone behind her took a deep breath and expelled it. Then he spoke some words into her astonished, unbelieving ear.

"Oh, no. Simplissimus is no God. We did it ourselves. To ourselves. To each other." It was a rasp, but they were the first words she had heard since George Tarrant had died, and they were music. But, horror-struck, she shook her head slightly, quickened her step and not until she reached the stairs did she allow herself a fleeting glimpse over her shoulder. But the man was gone, as she knew he would be when the alarm went off.

She continued, her heart pounding, up the stairs to the waiting room. She carried her lunchtime pellet in her purse and intended to swallow it when she reached the ladies' room. Before she said the words.

Some years before, Mrs. Tarrant had discovered, by accident, that the ladies' lounge in Suburban Station had not been wired for sound. It was an earthshaking discovery. Incredibly, the workmen had overlooked this clean austere room with its marble floors and the row of marble wash basins. Incredibly, it seemed that only Mrs. Tarrant had discovered that of all the rooms in all the buildings which towered just below the pointing finger of the William Penn statue atop City Hall, only the ladies' lounge in Suburban Station was free from surveillance. A few little tables, some easy chairs upholstered in hand-woven brown tweed, and three or four dim floor lamps . . . not a beautiful room, but for Mrs. Tarrant it was Elysium, it was an oasis for music, and the music was her own voice saying words, while her ears listened, enraptured, to the instrument of a dead art.

In the beginning, unable to believe her discovery, she had sat in a chair in the dimmest corner of the room, watching, listening, testing, weighing. She was convinced it was a trap; she was determined not to be caught in it. She watched. From time to time a few women came in, but no words were exchanged. Their bells tinged sweetly while they washed their hands and powdered their noses, but there were no words. The women were silent, and at last she accepted the miracle that had been given to her alone. One day in the deserted lounge she took a deep unsteady breath and opened her lips to say some words as she remembered them. But only broken sounds such as those an animal in pain might make broke the deep silence of the



room. She remembered how words should sound, but she couldn't say them. In a panic, she placed her fingers on her throat where she could feel the captive words pulsating. Slowly, haltingly, a tremulous parade of sounds came out, transformed themselves into words and became the funeral sermon that Mr. Tarrant had not been allowed. Only bells had been permitted, and rebellious in her grief his wife knew that they were not enough. Now he was to be given his due.

"Here lies George Tarrant, beloved husband of Emily Tarrant. No better husband ever lived. None."

She stopped abruptly and closed her eyes and waited. That should bring them running, she thought. But no alarm sounded. The room was safe. So she repeated the sermon, this time more musically, and then she wept. Her head dropped to the table, sobs ripped through her throat, and she wept.

After that first time, she allowed herself one visit a week to the lounge. To come more often would be dangerous. But for one hour once a week she read aloud for her own delight. She read poetry, she read history, she read plays, and one day she read the Bill of Rights, and reading it, she was pierced with such intense anger that her voice trembled and broke off. Which was lucky because at that moment two women came into the lounge, looked at her curiously, and proceeded into the inner room where the toilets were.

Now on this day Mrs. Tarrant still shaken from her encounter with the black man on the train, walked hurriedly through the deserted waiting room toward the ladies' lounge. "I am sorry, sorry, sorry," she thought, remembering his eyes. "You should not have spoken," she told him.

"Someone must," the black man said. The words shivered on the air, and terror-stricken, she looked over her shoulder, but he was not there. No one was.

She dabbed at her sweat-drenched forehead with her handkerchief, and reaching the door of the lounge she promised herself a quiet hour with Tennyson.

What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

What pleasure, indeed? For Mrs. Tarrant, no climbing up the climbing wave. No warring with evil. No one should expect it of her. He should not have spoken.

Pushing the door open, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the gloom, she did not at first see the little circle of men crouched over a table in the dimmest corner of the room. But she heard them. They were chanting. In hoarse hesitant voices they intoned: "Lulla-by and good-night, With roses be-dight, With lil-ies be-decked is ba-by's wee bed. . . ."

"No!" Mrs. Tarrant whispered and clapped her hands over her ears. "No!" she said again and this time it was a shout. At the sound, the men whirled around and sprang to their feet. "Fools, fools," she spat at the gray-faced men as they inched by her. They were workmen, she saw, wearing coveralls and hard hats; six of them, in their twenties, she guessed, strong, husky men who shrank from her, trying to cover their faces as they edged toward the door.

Someone must, the black man said. In fear and anger she agreed and added, But not me. Not me. I can't. I won't.

At the door the men turned and looked back at her, their hands falling from their faces. Mrs. Tarrant looked back and swayed as though she stood in the heart of a whirlwind that was sucking her backwards into a night of ignorance and denial and death. She decided. Remembering the pterodactyl on the station platform that morning, she decided.

"Stop!" she cried and put up her hand like a traffic policeman's. Docile, obedient, the men waited. She ran over to the wash basin and turned on the faucet full strength. "Water!" she cried. The men stared. "Chair!" she said, pounding the brown tweed. They took a step toward her. In a frenzy she ran around the room, pointing and saying words, and her urgency drew the men around her in a circle.

"I will teach you to talk," she said, spacing each word, but they did not understand. She held up her wrist and pointed to her watch. Slowly she turned the hand twice around the dial to twelve o'clock. "Tomorrow," she said and smiled, willing them to understand. "Here," she gestured around the room. "Tomorrow. We will talk."

They fastened their eyes on her face; they watched her lips in an agony of concentration. "Talk," coaxed Mrs. Tarrant, with desperation in her voice. She waited. At last it came.

"Talk," one man said, and the others repeated it after him in whispers.

One by one, looking at her over their shoulders, the men left, closing the door softly behind them.

Alone in the center of the room, Mrs. Tarrant stood and went on speaking as though the men were still present. "It will not be simple," she said. "And it must be fast." She wondered how much time they would have before the alarm went off.

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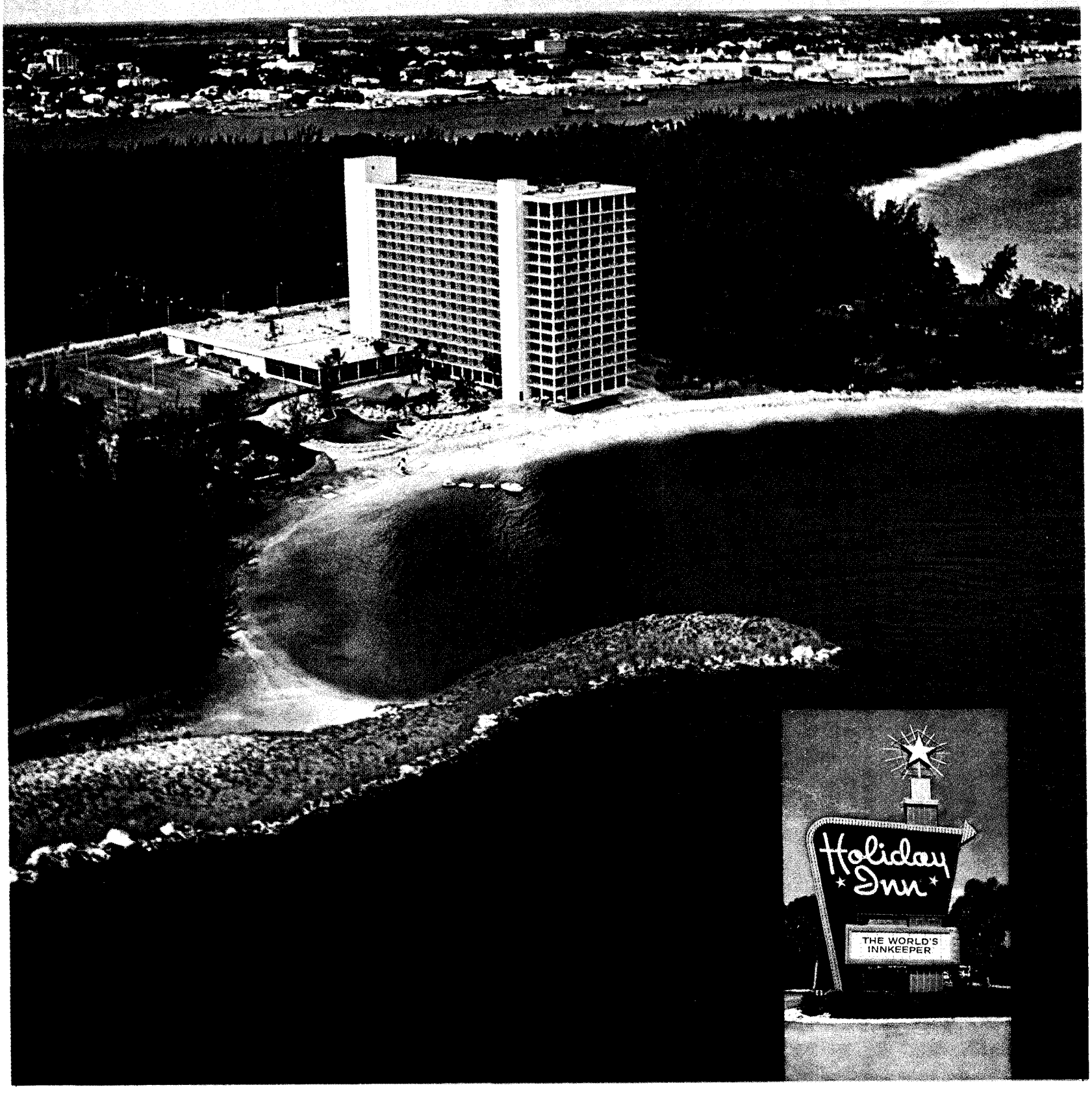

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